



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Counsel

Frank Richardson



2561 . C . 875

ING'S OUNSEL

BY
RICHARDSON

THE KING'S COUNSEL

THE KING'S COUNSEL

A NOVEL

BY

FRANK RICHARDSON



LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1902

The Cover is from a Design by the Author.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.



CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. VICTORIA STREET	1
II. PALACE GARDENS	23
III. PALACE GARDENS	45
IV. THE OLD BAILEY	63
V. KING'S BENCH WALK	77
VI. THE EMPEROR'S THEATRE	88
VII. LOWNDES SQUARE	99
VIII. LOWNDES SQUARE	115
IX. LOWNDES SQUARE	130
X. LOWNDES SQUARE	138
XI. LOWNDES SQUARE	148
XII. LOWNDES SQUARE	157
XIII. LOWNDES SQUARE	171
XIV. BELGRAVIA	181
XV. THE OPERA	187
XVI. PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S	205
XVII. PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S	216

CHAPTER			PAGE
XVIII.	PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S		240
XIX.	PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S		248
XX.	THE COCOA TREE CLUB		263
XXI.	KING'S BENCH WALK		268
XXII.	THE OLD COURT		281
XXIII.	LOWNDES SQUARE		293
XXIV.	LOWNDES SQUARE		314
XXV.	LOWNDES SQUARE		329

THE KING'S COUNSEL

CHAPTER I

VICTORIA STREET

"AND if we're convicted?"

"My dear fellow, you can't be convicted. I tell you it's impossible."

"Vincent Skrene," said Colonel Golding, "I had some experience of disaster when I served in the Confederate Army. I am no pessimist, but—— To-day is Friday. To-morrow the evidence for our defence will be concluded, and all my co-defendants will have availed themselves of the Act which enables a prisoner to convict himself out of his own mouth. Personally, I shall call no evidence as to my character. My co-defendants will, I think, maintain an equal reticence as to theirs. Sunday will be devoted to rest and recreation. On Monday our counsel will place us upon a moral pinnacle, from which Tremayne will drag us down on Tuesday towards three o'clock.

The judge will sum up till about 5 p.m., when the jury will state their views of our commercial morality. After which, I can't see but how the judge will send Messrs. Taubman, Mayer, Bennett-Brinton, and myself into penal servitude."

The colonel, a hatchet-faced American, who spoke with a violent Southern twang, paused as though in expectation of a strong negative from his companion. As it did not come, he added, "Tremayne is the devil."

"That statement is not open to contradiction, but it fails to help the matter one iota."

The colonel lighted another cigar, and looked keenly round Skrene's comfortable library. With an uneasy smile he noted the fashionable old mahogany furniture, which gave the room an atmosphere of solid ease and slightly too orthodox elegance. The thought that after Tuesday these things might be strangers to him caused an ugly shudder on the parchment features of the wizened little man.

He seemed on the point of speaking; then he looked nervously at Skrene, who was standing in an aimless manner by the fireplace. Their eyes did not meet. The colonel seemed to absorb him from head to foot. He was thinking; and there was a good deal to think about. Vincent Skrene's thoughts were pleasant in the main, for from the terrible crash of the Taubman boom he alone had come forth with flying colours—faded a little,

perhaps, but still flying with garish effrontery in the breeze of popular favour.

The history of the Taubman fiasco was the ordinary history of the rise and fall of the mushroom financier.

Three years ago Jacob Taubman had been one of the most prominent figures in London life. All that eminent financiers had done in the past to bring themselves into publicity, he had copied to the letter. As he had amalgamated patent soaps, non-intoxicating whiskies, ineffectual pills, so he had amalgamated all the vulgarities and, incidentally, all the mistakes of his predecessors. His had been a mania for amalgamation. Some bogus wit had circulated the report that it was Taubman's intention to buy up Monte Carlo and amalgamate it with the social wing of the Salvation Army, under the name of "Vice and Virtue, Limited."

Such a rumour seemed scarcely improbable in the case of the man who posed as a financial providence. If the nation wanted any little thing, such as an ironclad or a public park, Taubman always seemed to have an ironclad or a public park for which at the moment he had no possible personal use.

The twentieth century appeared to be the age of innocence, and Taubman apparently was the millennium.

It will be a long time before the public will

understand that when a man gives away things to the public it is because he intends to give the public away.

Suddenly the bubble burst; there were bankruptcy proceedings and horrible revelations.

Then the public cried for the blood of Taubman. Taubman must go to prison for ever. No lighter punishment was fit for that giver of good gifts. The South Sea Bubble is as a recurring decimal in the history of popular finance, and the solidity of financial bubbles is the stablest of popular creeds.

But the commercial integrity of England, which is merely a deep-seated dislike to being swindled by other people, demanded that the bubble-blower should be prosecuted.

The Treasury declined to prosecute.

Then the public turned and rent the Treasury (which is the business side of the conscience of the public).

As the Treasury suffered no whit from the rending process, sympathy veered round to Taubman. Apparently, people sympathized with him for not being prosecuted.

He took the cue. He had a perfect right to be prosecuted; he said so in the Press. It seemed as though prosecution were the main object of Taubman's existence. He couldn't prosecute himself, and nobody dared to prosecute him.

Poor Taubman !

An Irish member went so far as to propose bringing in a Bill to enable anybody with the consent of a judge in chambers to be prosecuted at the public expense. But as the other Irish members objected to the Bill applying to Ireland, he got little support.

It was patent that if any Irish M.P. could insist on his own prosecution for treasonable speeches with a view to being acquitted by a jury of Irish aborigines, the actual business of the distressful country would come to a standstill. All Irishmen would be either in the jury-box or in the dock.

Then the usual "scapegoat theory" was broached. It was said that there were "people in the background"—people with titles, honourable names. The commercial morality of the country would be gone if these names were dragged into the light. Of course no one mentioned the names.

Suddenly a name actually was mentioned, and the theory took form. It was discovered that Vincent Skrene, the fascinating Irishman, the member of White's, the admired of Society, and the inheritor of eighty acres of bogland in Kerry, was a surprisingly clever man.

In fact, his was the brain which had inspired that imbecile Taubman, whose philanthropic rashness had been proved up to the hilt in the bankruptcy proceedings.

Therein he had stated that the Englishman's love of a lord led him to deem the merest lordling's name a guarantee of the *bona fides* of a prospectus. They who could scarcely stutter into the public ear had not been sent empty away. He had even paid thousands to stop the mouths of the dumb.

The public held that the kindly giver of good things had been deluded by a crafty man of evil counsel. So the Press, in order to restore its self-respect, began to say very unpleasant things about Vincent Skrene.

But the Irishman held his peace, believing that to deny a slander is to propagate it.

Then a strange thing happened.

The Courier, which had always been a strictly pro-Taubman organ, appeared with a series of vituperative articles on Vincent, calling him everything that it is unpleasant for a man to be called, and giving chapter and verse for the calling. Views were expressed about him which would have been hard to substantiate even in the case of a prominent American politician.

Then Vincent moved. He issued a writ for libel and retained very eminent counsel.

When it was suggested that he should resign his clubs, he smilingly suggested that it would be well to await the result of the action.

"Bluff," was whispered. *The Courier* said that he would not face the music. A judge of

the King's Bench, whom Vincent consulted in the matter, stated that *The Courier* had done very wrong in prophesying as to what Vincent would or would not do in the musical line, and fined the editor for contempt of Court.

Vincent took every possible step to hurry on the case. But *The Courier* said some more things which were not to his credit. The contempt which that editor expressed for the Court and for Vincent caused all thinking men to marvel. Again, the King's Bench judge was asked to express his views. He was surprised and pained at the behaviour of *The Courier*, fined the editor a larger sum, and said that no journal must mention the name of Vincent Skrene, "save in the way of kindness," till after the trial of the action.

As *The Courier* which had made a corner in Vincent was silenced, all the other papers, knowing that details about the man were of interest to the public, began to say pleasant things on his behalf. So opinion veered round again.

Bluff? Why, the financier was hurrying on the action! Bluff? Certainly not. Conscious innocence. Bluff and conscious innocence, it was said, were very much alike in appearance.

When the case came on, the plaintiff was prepared to face the music, to face it without a fur-coat or a white waistcoat or "a dainty spray of tuberoses in the lapel of his fashionably-cut

frock-coat," as is the custom of the litigating millionaire.

But there was no music to face.

Very eminent counsel for the defence stated that he had, on mature consideration, come to the conclusion that he was unable to substantiate any single allegation made by *The Courier* against the character of Mr. Skrene, and he expressed on behalf of his clients the deepest regret . . . and, after consultation with his learned friends on the other side, he was willing to submit to a verdict of £5000 damages (sensation in court), each party to pay their own costs.

He omitted to state—and, indeed, he was ignorant of the fact—that Vincent owned, through a nominee, the controlling interest in *The Courier*. But that ex-pro-Taubman journal did not omit to advertise a facsimile of the cheque for £5000 which it had never paid to Vincent Skrene.

Everybody complimented *The Courier* on its enterprise and good feeling in not crying over unspilt milk.

The circulation increased enormously. For it is not every journal that will run the risk of losing £5000 by protecting the public from a man whom it believes to possess financial morality worthy of a prominent American politician.

Many such intelligent little schemes had Vincent devised. The success of *The Courier* action was as a halo round his brow, a halo that cast a sinister

light on the character of the crippled Taubman. Everybody cannot wear a halo while the laws of supply and demand are in their present condition. If Vincent was entitled to an aureole, then it was clear to the meanest intelligence that Taubman was entitled to the prosecution that he so earnestly desired. At any rate, this view of the matter seemed clear to the public: and the man in the street stated it openly in the Junior Constitutional Club.

Still the Treasury did not move.

But the City and Suburban Bank did.

This perfectly sound institution had been incidentally defrauded of about £8000 by the Taubman promotions. The C. and S. was a progressive concern. Indeed, only a few years ago it had been a bucket-shop. But its directors, having mended their ways and formed a genuine bank, saw the possibility of a stupendous advertisement. What the Treasury wouldn't do in the interest of A., B., or C., the City and Suburban would undertake in the interest of the "commercial integrity" that we all so much cherish.

It was the City and Suburban Bank which, after consulting Richard Tremayne, the eminent King's Counsel, prosecuted Jacob Taubman, Hiram Asa Golding, Hans (or Henry) Mayer, James Bennett-Brinton (financiers), and the Hon. Herbert Daventry (of no occupation), for conspiracy to defraud against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, and against the Statute, etc.

It was as to the upshot of his imbroglio with His Britannic Majesty that Colonel Golding had expressed anxiety.

The chief proprietor of *The Courier*, a man who was a member of White's, the Garrick, the Beefsteak, Ranelagh, etc., would naturally be a man of the world, but it seemed scarcely probable that such a one would take any sympathetic interest in the fate of that imported financial microbe, the Confederate Colonel.

The contriver of *The Courier* subtlety was in a different position.

In appearance Vincent looked little like a schemer of shady financial schemes. He suggested Hurlingham rather than Throgmorton Street. The only connection with the City that one could have fancied for him was that of the showy aristocratic tout of a stockbroker. His was a perfect figure, but for hips that were too thick. The head was well set on strong shoulders. The black hair was worn like a coat of paint, with a straight white line in the centre. The moustache was small and curled up at the sides. The man's face was of a natural bronze. His nose would have seemed hawk-like but for his powerful chin. When the eyes were closed, the face was the face of a Colonial, the face of one of those men who have by their personal vigour helped to make the Empire what it is, and who invariably secure for themselves whatever purpose may be their

particular desire in life. But the eyes upset the balance of the face. They were frank, blue-grey Irish eyes—eyes that were made for looking at women.

The pioneer theory fell to the ground, and the critical observer saw in this extremely fascinating person, with the soft caressing voice, a man whose real ambition, whose every hope, must be centred in the society of women. But obviously, with his bright eyes and strong colouring, he had the sanguine temperament. The clear skin and mobile expression proved that the nerves were sensitively, highly strung. His was to be classed as a confident, nervous nature ; the kind that has the greatest influence over others.

"I don't know but as I'll have another Bourbon whiskey before I go."

"Perhaps you'd better. It's nearly ten."

They had dined quietly together in Victoria Street : and a man out on bail on a charge of felony is not usually an entertaining guest, even though he be an American. Vincent was tired of him ; besides, he was going to a dance.

The colonel sipped his drink. "Tremayne is the devil," he repeated.

"So you've said several times."

"This trial has been going on for two weeks ; I have not failed to say it every day during that period."

"Tremayne is unquestionably the best man at the Bar."

"Then why didn't you get him for me—for us?"

"Look here, colonel, you know perfectly well that I tried. But he is a peculiar man, and he has a Quixotic sense of honour. And though we move in the same society, in so far as he moves in society at all, he takes a distorted view of my character. I am sometimes astonished at the narrowness of his views as expressed by the way in which he avoids my cheerful conversation. I'm afraid he doesn't appreciate me in any of the capacities in which he meets me"—Vincent smiled cryptically—"or doesn't meet me. It's very odd that a man of Quixotic tendencies should succeed at the Bar either here or in Dublin."

"He knows that you are at the back of us?" asked the colonel.

"He knows, what everybody knows, that I have met you gentlemen, who unfortunately have got caught temporarily in the grip of the law—in different business connections. He knows that I am loyal to my friends, even when they fall on evil days. That's all he knows. That's all there is to know. I have done everything I can for you all. I have provided a large sum of money for your defence, and I object to the expression that I am at the back of you."

The Irishman's eyes were cold—his lower jaw shut like a trap. There was a pause.

"Vincent, how much are you worth at the present moment? Half a million, Vincent?"

"Dollars?"

"No; sterling."

"Nothing like it."

"Oh, Vincent, you're getting very modest these days. Remember I am your old friend. I'm not to be confused with the income-tax collector. You pain me, Vincent."

"What are you driving at? I've done all I can for you, and I hope for the best on Tuesday. I think you ought to be infernally grateful."

"Possibly, but I'm not. I can't quite work it out that way." His drawl was getting fearful. He seemed to be speaking entirely through his nose.

"You see it's going a little too far. It's asking too much of human nature, for the monkey to expect the cat to get the chestnuts out of the fire and then be grateful to the monkey for his burnt paws. The monkey can't have both the chestnuts and the gratitude. The monkey's asking too much."

"What are you driving at?"

Vincent walked about the room.

"I'm getting there now. I'm thinking about the future, no further ahead than Tuesday of next week. I can't help thinking that I shall be jailed. I'm a colonel in the Confederate Army and a married man."

"All that will weigh with the jury. Juries hate to convict colonels, especially in Confederate Armies."

The twang was getting on Vincent's nerves. Besides, he was anxious to go to the dance.

The colonel droned on. "I can't begin to persuade myself that it would be, what you might call, just, for me to be jailed. I shall never see it even when I am jailed. I shall keep thinking all the time——"

"Reflection is a great consolation in solitude," said Vincent. He knew the man would be convicted, and he didn't care. He had served his purpose, and he might serve his time.

"No, I can't say as how it would be—not the way I should be thinking. Do you know what I should think of mainly?"

"Any local event of interest, I suppose."

The American sat with mottled, frog-like hands patting on the arms of his chair. In the manner of a person carrying on an ordinary conversation on matters which interested him but slightly, he spoke these words—

"Local events are few and far between in His Majesty's jails. I should reflect mostly on you. I should think, here am I, a colonel in the Confederate Army jailed, and there is Vincent Skrene, one of the leading blackguards in London, at large in his two elegant London homes. That idea would give me pain."

"Yes."

Vincent seemed interested, but by no means insulted. And yet he was not really a good-natured man.

"It may be selfish of me, but I know the class of man that I belong to"—the drone went on—"and I am convinced that the reflection would cause me bitter pain. You see, this Arrobio Copper Trust which is going to jail me, is a Sunday school picnic to some of the frauds you've engineered me through. The British public undoubtedly has a desire to see the conviction of what is called the "Taubman Gang." It doesn't care what for, but it has an unholy wish to see, not me particularly, but the whole gang jailed. The judge knows all the ramifications of our financial undertakings. We are being tried for stealing a sheep. We shall be convicted of stealing a flock. We shall all go to prison for a long term of years—Taubman, Mayer, Bennett-Brinton, myself, and——" He paused.

"And Bertie Daventry," said Vincent. "No, I think not Bertie ; I hope not Bertie."

The colonel seemed to shrink into his chair, and become smaller and yellower, till he appeared to be all nose and twang.

"No, I guess not. I see the youngster getting off. I was alluding to you, Vincent."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I hesitated to allude to you. I hesitated for some time. But I should be lulling you to sleep in a false paradise if I did not allude to you now."

Vincent was astounded. This shrivelled

American had worked with him for years. A half-educated Southerner with no personal appearance, or any sort of fascination but an immense knowledge of men and things and cities, he had worked loyally with Vincent. He had taken to shady finance as he had taken to the Confederate side. Where his lines were cast there he slaved. In the councils of the "Taubman Gang" his had always been an apparently unbiased opinion based on shrewdly weighed precedents of Anglo-American finance. As a matter of fact, he had never expressed a view that had not been the outcome of Vincent's brain. So it was that he understood the conspiracy better than any of the men in it ; better in some respects than Vincent, who, as far as the Old Bailey was concerned, was out of it. That he should have turned on Vincent baffled belief.

"Well?"

"When I was in the Confederate Army, one way and another we retreated a good deal. I always made a point of defending my rear. That practice I retain, although apparently my rear is menaced by Tremayne, K.C. But——"

"But what?"

Suddenly the little man bounded from his seat. "You can square Tremayne, K.C. And you've got to."

"Nonsense. You can't square a King's Counsel."

"Not with cash, maybe. Walpole, your

English Washington, said that every man had his price. And you've got to pay the price of Richard Tremayne, K.C."

"Impossible."

"Not when I've fixed the point of view—your point of view. Remember your letter to me *re* Ardela Salt Syndicate of the fourth of July—a day ever glorious in the history of my land. I have that letter, also all the correspondence relating to that—well, I don't like the word 'fraud.'"

Vincent hesitated. "Why, that's years ago!"

"Yes, but it's felony to-day. I'd have paid heavily to warehouse that correspondence in a safe deposit. It would have been worth while. When I said I had it, I was wrong. My wife has it. Now, my wife, the day I'm jailed, goes right away to Scotland Yard and hands those documents to the janitor."

"This is blackmail."

Vincent moved threateningly towards him. He had not lost his temper, but he purposely behaved as though he had.

"No; it's common prudence."

"Your wife would do that? She would go to Scotland Yard?"

"My wife is a very peculiar woman. She is absolutely devoted to me. And she never really liked you since the day you made love to her in my home. She was originally the wife of a Kentucky preacher. But I kinder think that she

wouldn't mind seeing you jailed, Vincent. Though I've never felt the call to mention it to you, neither my wife nor I really enjoyed your making love to her."

The hatchet face had become harsher, deep lines were graven round the mouth. The sallow putty of the features had formed into an evil mask of determination.

Vincent yielded before him. "I've done all I can," he said.

"No, you haven't. Abandon that notion right here. What you haven't done is this. 'Tisn't so long since you were all agog over that good turn you did to Tremayne's son. You talked about it to me as though you'd found the North Pole. I began to fancy that you were standing at a bye-election for an archangel, and that I was your constituency. Don't you understand?"

"I don't understand."

"I can't pretend to be able to teach you anything in blackguardism. I never have been reckoned a vain man. But you think it over between now and Tuesday."

He moved to the door. Then he came back.

"You'll know how to take the necessary course, the very necessary course. I'm devoted to my wife, and I should hate her to have to go to Scotland Yard."

He went out.

Vincent Skrene understood. He sat down

in the chair that the colonel had left, put his hands to his forehead and stared at the ceiling for a few moments. Then he drew up a mental balance-sheet of the situation. There was no question but that the little American would act on his threat. What a fool he had been to interfere with the man's wife! He had never cared for her the least bit in the world. He had made love to her, automatically, out of courtesy almost. Still, he had done it, and the irrelevant result must be faced.

He was possessed of very nearly a hundred thousand pounds thoroughly well invested in marketable securities. The furniture in his two establishments wasn't worth much. He had no country house, for he had never felt the wish to pose as one possessing what is called a stake in the country. He could clear out of the country at a moment's notice. But where to? Extradition treaties are as far-reaching as Cook's Tours, and he would unquestionably be extradited. Without having the least inclination to exaggerate his importance, he couldn't help feeling that the Treasury would be only too pleased to prosecute him, on receipt of the documents that were in the hands of Mrs. Golding. He had fancied that he had wound up the affairs of his life, and yet there was this one loose thread which should be his undoing. And the only really fascinating thing about the Confederate Colonel's wife was her

unquestionably pretty throat. Could he square Tremayne? Had any one ever undertaken to bribe a King's Counsel? Probably not. Still modern finance had worked some strange developments in modern life. Jurymen are squared every day of the week. At any rate, he had heard so. But his attempt on the honour of a juror in the Taubman case had been a hideous failure. The man had been a sub-editor on a paper, *The Financial Eye-opener*, which he had used for replying to attacks on his companies, as corrupt a city journalist as any promoter could hope to meet, a Metropolitan Board of Works in tabloid form.

As the trial was not for treason or for murder, the jury were as much entitled to be at large as the prisoners, and Vincent, meeting the man casually in the street, gave him a dinner at the Grand Central Hotel, so called because it is perhaps the most out-of-the-way hotel in London. Here in the strict privacy of a room full of people who stood in no relation to modern life, Vincent had plied him with good wine and good stories, eventually offering him a hundred pounds to stand out for a verdict of "Not Guilty." The man had become purple with rage. A double portion of the spirit of the British jury-system seemed to have descended upon him and to be threatening him with apoplexy. That attempt at corruption had been a complete fiasco. Could he bribe

Richard Tremayne? If any man could, he had the material to his hand. He had heard on the best authority that with the new Ministry it was an understood thing that if Tremayne could secure the conviction of the Taubman crowd he would be offered the position of attorney-general. Sir Arthur Ambrose, an ex-solicitor-general, was unquestionably entitled to the position, but he could never be entrusted to vote straight on any single subject, and was immensely unpopular except with the Bar. He could always make his twenty thousand a year, and he preferred making it, to accepting the paltry ten thousand of a law officer; whilst Tremayne's politics were merely a branch of his work at the Bar, a means to an end—the end, as everybody knew, being to secure the position of attorney-general. And the position would fall from his grasp if he failed in the Taubman case. How could Tremayne be blackmailed into losing the chance of his life?

Blackmailed! The word had a hideously unpleasant sound. And yet half the transactions of life can be reduced to that lowest common denominator. Blackmail only implies an exceedingly unwilling purchaser and a particularly persistent vendor. The man with the supply insists on the necessity for the demand. That is all, except that it is punishable with penal servitude for life.

But then Vincent was nominally punishable

with penal servitude for life, as things stood. (Two sentences of that sort cannot run consecutively except in China.)

The actual risk of attempting to do the thing was nothing to him. The difficulty of doing it was enormous. Yet the tone of the Confederate Colonel had made it perfectly clear to him that the thing had to be done.

But he had made up his mind before he went to the dance. With that buoyant and inexplicable confidence that is characteristic of the worst and the best type of Irishmen, he cheerfully set about the necessary enterprise, the accomplishment of which he firmly believed to be impossible. Also the fact that he was in love with the wife of the man he was going to blackmail, complicated matters or simplified them. He wasn't sure which.

CHAPTER II

PALACE GARDENS

As the only judge on the Bench who wore a cavalry moustache and whose decisions were never upheld by the Court of Appeal, Sir Philip Bryde had attracted a good deal of attention. His summings up were irrelevant soliloquies which had a soporific effect on juries. As a judge he did not exist ; but as the husband of Lady Bryde he loomed very large in a certain branch of social life. She had made him what he was, the best advertised occupant of the Bench. Whenever he changed his religion or his cure for rheumatic gout, Lady Bryde wrote long articles in journals with small circulations explaining the effect of the occurrence on the mothers of England. It was said, indeed, that she compelled him to give judgments which were palpably fantastic, simply that he might obtain the questionable advertisement of having them reversed. In appearance she was a colourless, indistinguishable woman, who could never have been recognized except

in the immediate proximity of her husband's moustache. Each served to identify the other.

Their house in Palace Gardens was a sort of club for the "anybody who is anybody" type of people, and their big receptions were merely an illustrated edition of *M.A.P.* Yet they deceived themselves into the belief that they held a salon.

But every few years some individual crops up with that same delusion, plies the more presentable inhabitants of Bohemia with cakes and ale, and eventually vanishes into oblivion on the tide of a shocking scandal.

The dance at Lady Bryde's was less miscellaneous than usual. It was given almost solely to lawyers, well-known litigants, and people who might require the assistance of the law's delay in order to stave off financial or social bankruptcy. In fact, the dance was very select—for Lady Bryde. Nearly everybody was clean shaven, had a strident voice, danced abominably, and supped proportionately well. So Sir Philip thought the dance was a great success. But nobody cared in the least degree for the opinion of Sir Philip.

Amongst the people who were unquestionably doing well was Lady Hewitt, the only sister of Richard Tremayne. She had been nurtured in a legal atmosphere, and had even married a Chancery judge, who, being a martyr to insomnia

on the Bench, was unable to obtain the amount of sleep which his constitution demanded, and had died leaving her a widow five years before. She was a woman of forty-seven, of considerable physical bulk and no conspicuous attractions.

Surrounded by barristers and solicitors, Lady Hewitt had throughout the evening held a sort of orgies of legal conversation. For, as the sister of the great Tremayne, who, it was an open secret, was to be the new attorney-general, she was a power in the forensic world. Lantern-faced counsel worshipped at her bay-windowed shrine, and offered angular arms to guide her supper-wards. But these invitations she declined, for she supported herself entirely on various portable preparations of pepsine.

"What an exceedingly pleasant man your friend Mr. Vincent Skrene is!" she was saying to Lady Bryde.

"Oh! I'm so glad you like him. He seems to me *quite* fascinating—one of our *merchant* princes, you know," simpered the hostess, with that archness which is so unpleasant to sober-minded men. Then she added pensively, "I think he is quite the handsomest man in the room."

"Handsome!" said Lady Hewitt. "He's all features. He's got a face that could go through a stone wall."

"Well, if a face can go through a stone wall,

there are not many women who are likely to resist it."

"With women, Lady Bryde, resistance is not a very strong point."

"We must try to be womanly, of course," was the cryptic and apologetic answer : she continued with pensive archness, "His is just one of those faces which are—or which are not handsome. That's all you can say."

"And even then," replied Lady Hewitt, who was always accorded the privilege of being rude, "you haven't said very much."

"No, one hasn't, has one? Most women admire him," Lady Bryde answered, with that air of social silliness which was her chief attraction.

Lady Hewitt, annoyed at the fluffy little woman, replied somewhat stiffly—

"My brother Richard does not seem to appreciate him. I fancy he knows him but slightly."

"Ah! perhaps that accounts for it," Lady Bryde chimed in. "It is such a pity that there are so many people that we can only know slightly. I should *so* like to know all my friends *really* well—in their own homes, you know."

"I have just had a most entertaining conversation with Mr. Skrene on the subject of criminal law. I must say that, for a layman, his views on secret commissions are pungent, perfectly—can I say pungent?"

"Ah! indeed. That must be very helpful."

"Some of Mr. Skrene's observations on Richard's conduct of the Taubman case were most flattering. It is astonishing, the knowledge of criminal law that he possesses!"

Suddenly the conversation received assistance from a masculine intellect.

"A financier has to, nowadays. Finance and felony are often horribly involved." Arthur Morrison never made epigrams except when slightly alcoholic. He found that this method of speech required less concentration of thought and allowed more freedom from the requirements of lucidity than the orthodox medium of conversation. He was a very young man, and was getting younger every day. When an undergraduate at Magdalen, he had acquired a great reputation for wit, which he was rapidly drinking down.

Lady Bryde quavered socially. "Mr. Morrison *does* say such amusing things! You know, dear Lady Hewitt, his wit is quite his speciality, quite his speciality." Then she moved away.

Lady Hewitt glared at the unfortunate specialist.

"Mr. Morrison, you have supped?"

"One swallow does not make a supper," he answered jovially.

"Come and sit down here."

Obediently he took a seat by her side, sheltered as it were by a mountain of adiposity. The fabric

of British jurisprudence had taken this juvenile limb of the law under her wing.

There was nothing in his appearance to show that he was in his cups. He and Lady Hewitt were the only people who suspected that he was not as sober as any judge present. She liked the boy, who was a student at the Inner Temple, and, therefore, entitled to her protection.

"You know that you are a discredit to yourself and a disgrace to your profession," she said kindly. "You're completely ruining whatever chances you may have of getting called to the Bar, and of doing any good when you get there."

"I admit I am suffering moral and intellectual damage."

"And you are so painfully flippant about it."

"You, Lady Hewitt, with the shrewdness of your sex, have detected that I am not quite so sober as it is the ambition of every Englishman to be. But the flippancy to which you allude is the only symptom of Bacchanalian excesses. Believe me, when I am as sober as a judge I am as stupid as a judge. The question, therefore, which presents itself to my mind is, Shall I sacrifice my intelligence at the shrine of my sobriety? You, Lady Hewitt, would recommend sobriety at all costs. But would you be wise?"

"Extreme alcoholism is an offence against the law of the land."

"Ah! but only in a public place. Now, I

don't pretend to know whether this is a place within the Act. But it is certainly not a public place. Believe me, the fact that I am embarking on the academic discussion which is extremely distasteful to me, is only a proof of the admiration in which I hold you, and of my sincere sympathy for you in your lonely widowhood."

"Mr. Morrison, you are talking nonsense."

"Ah! It may sound nonsense to you, but it's very real to me. You know I have one unfailing rule in life when a woman attempts to reform me. I always propose to marry her. I find it invariably ends the episode."

"My dear Mr. Morrison," said Lady Hewitt, smiling, "I am sure you will see that the responsibility of sharing with you the hideous secret of your inebriation is weighty enough without your offering to share your entire post-prandial existence with me."

"Every word you have uttered is full of the soundest common sense."

Lady Hewitt looked downwards and sideways at Morrison. He was undoubtedly drunk, but he was drunk in a singularly strange way.

He interpreted her look.

"Port," he said briefly, "'57 port, and brandies and sodas. . . . Yes, certainly, brandies and sodas," he added, as though confidentially revealing a novel system of producing inebriation.

"You have been kind enough to pay me a

compliment as to my intelligence. Do not think that I am encouraging you in your matrimonial campaign when I tell you that if a man finds it necessary to be drunk at a dance you have hit upon quite the most pleasant form of—may I say, drawing-room alcoholism?" She fanned herself.

"Certainly you may, Lady Hewitt," he answered cheerily—"certainly you may. You are the sort of woman that has made England famous."

"Without going into that, I want you to understand that it is my intention to detain you here in more or less lucid conversation till you are prepared to guarantee that you can reach the door without giving vent to your views on politics or finance, or indeed any subject of general interest."

"Now you're wrong—for the first time. I am not garrulous. I am merely succinct. I can on occasions be silent as the tomb. If you would prefer it, I will be silent as the tomb."

"Do not, I beg of you, do anything to excite remark. Silence which may be perfectly soothing in Kensal Green is quite unbecoming in the drawing-room of Lady Bryde. Do not be the tomb."

"To please you I will not. You shall be the depositary of the secret of my wasted life."

"Have we time to do justice to the obsequies?"

"Ample. It is the old story—at least, it is an old story with me. I am in love. I am not altogether successful. Mind you, I have never told my love. But I feel that I should have more chance if I never told it. Think I'm right?"

"The answer to all sentimental questions is—it depends on the woman."

He thought hard for a moment and then said, with a crafty movement of the head—

"That's why sentimental questions are so infernally unfair. Yes; it does depend on the woman. But, between man and woman, I don't mind telling you that it is not a married woman."

"I shall not take advantage of your confidence."

"As it happens, I was one of a small syndicate; I mean, there were three of us in love with the girl, and between three stools she has fallen to the ground. That's the joke of it; I sometimes simply roar. Of course she couldn't marry poor Bertie Daventry. No self-respecting girl could get engaged to a man who was only out on bail for a few days certain. But she never knew I was going to propose to her, and she went and accepted the wrong man. So now Imogen Briggs is going to marry——"

"My nephew!" and her whole body shook with laughter.

"Great Scott! Of course, Dick Tremayne is your nephew. Really, I'm exceedingly sorry.

All through this conversation I have failed to place you. I said to myself, 'She belongs to the Somersetshire Hewitts.' I kept on saying that to myself. Whereas, if the truth were known, you were really all the time the hated aunt . . . the aunt of my hated rival. And I proposed to marry you !”

“And I said, or rather I say, that I will always be an aunt of a hated rival to you.”

“Lady Hewitt, you overwhelm me with gratitude. First you decline to marry me, and then, or rather . . . I beg your pardon, I had no conception of how alcoholic I really was. And you used to come down and tip me at Eton, and now I propose to marry you to close the episode ! I don't know how to ask you to forgive me. I shall call on you very often, far more often than I have done hitherto, far oftener, perhaps, than you will wish.”

He was really heartily ashamed of himself in a vague sort of way. Yet he already began to construct an amusing story of his love-passage with Lady Hewitt to tell to some chorus-girl or other at Romano's the next day.

She smiled at him a large, fat, but distinctly platonic smile.

“Call, my dear boy, as often as you like, but never call when you are in such a condition as to involve a proposition of matrimony. Good night.”

"Perhaps I ought to tell you," he said, taking her hand, "that I haven't been really what I call aggressively sober since dear old Dick had his stroke of luck. Mind you, I'm not jealous of Dick. He was my best pal at Oxford. But I know the girl will be happier with him. That's what makes me so dispirited."

He left the room, jumped into a hansom and drove to the New Lyric Club.

At that moment Lady Bryde came up on the arm of young Theo Lane, the son of the judge. It was Theo who at a dinner of the Hardwicke Society had stated that barristers no longer "married solicitors' elderly ugly daughters" for the reason that now-a-days solicitors had elderly ugly sons whom they sent to the Bar. Very junior counsel were grateful to Theo for this observation, and prophesied that his wit would preclude him from following his father's footsteps to the Bench, though Sir James was one of the few judges who never made puns in business hours.

The hostess was searching for Vincent, and asked Lady Hewitt for information.

"So many of my friends want his advice. It seems that there is going to be a boom in Kaffirs, or that there isn't going to be a boom in Kaffirs, and he is just the man to know. It's astonishing that a man who dances so well should know anything about Kaffirs."

D

"Most Irishmen dance well," said Theo, who was himself a Kerry man.

"I never knew he was Irish," said Lady Hewitt ; "he has no brogue."

"It would come out all right if he tried to sell you a horse or command a militia regiment. No Irishman can talk horse or tell the plain unvarnished truth to a militia regiment without a brogue that you could hit with a shillelagh."

"Did you know him in Dublin?" asked the hostess.

"No one knew him in Dublin. But he knew Dublin too well to stop there."

"It is a remarkable thing about well-known Irishmen and well-known Americans that they are completely unknown in their native lands," said Lady Hewitt. "Ask any American about any other American who is cutting a figure in society over here. The answer is always the same. 'In Boston or in Saratoga or in Old Point Comfort we never heard of her.' The ignorance of Americans of the inhabitants of America is a national phenomenon."

"The number of people that Americans don't know is a proof of the magnitude of their glorious country. The only American with whom all the inhabitants of the United States are really intimate is Admiral Dewey," Theo answered.

The hostess had moved away in order to

advertise further the financial importance of Vincent Skrene.

Lady Hewitt threw out, "I don't fancy you care for Mr. Skrene."

"Did you ever meet an Irishman who thoroughly appreciated any other Irishman?" asked Theo. "I admire Skrene enormously. He is a self-made man and he has made himself extraordinarily well. I wouldn't trust him with a bad sixpence, but if I asked him to lend me a fiver he would make it ten. The man is a contradiction in terms. I mistrust contradictions in terms. Apparently Mrs. Tremayne doesn't."

"Mrs. Tremayne is too good-hearted a little woman, too inexperienced a little girl, to mistrust anybody. But why do you say that she doesn't mistrust him?"

"She was dancing with him in a very confidential way."

"Theo, you are not married, and have no right to be cynical. You forget that Margaret is Richard's second wife."

"I never forget that fact when I look at Mrs. Tremayne. I hope she doesn't."

Without apparently noticing his remark, Lady Hewitt went on: "He married her straight from the nursery with the bread and butter on her lips."

"That was three years ago. Bread and butter is a nutritious but monotonous diet."

"Not unless the monotony is pointed out. I

take the greatest care that the dulness of Margaret's regimen should never become apparent to Margaret. But remember she is still a girl in years, she has a girl's tastes, enjoys a girl's pleasures, with a girl's innocence."

"Then she loses half of them," was on Theo's lips. But he said seriously, "Dancing with Vincent Skrene is a liberal education for your sister-in-law, Lady Hewitt."

As a matter of fact Vincent had not progressed very far with Mrs. Tremayne's education during the dance. He had only got the valse by blatant effrontery and, indeed, almost by force. When he arrived at Palace Gardens, he saw that the ball was at its height, that the guests were bread-winners who had come early with a view to canvassing for their different branches of work. Then they would leave early. He had walked into the room with his usual air of popularity. Vincent always behaved as a popular man. That is the main secret of popularity. Behave as though you expect everybody to be pleased at your appearance and nine people out of ten will be delighted to see you. You can then cut the tenth; and the other nine will in all probability despise him. In the same way many a woman dresses as a beautiful woman, behaves as a beautiful woman, occupies the seat reserved for the beautiful woman of the gathering, and people naturally speak of her as the beautiful Lady So-and-So.

Vincent always wore a halo of popularity on his brow which would have made the fortune of an ultra-ritualistic archdeacon. Smiling intimately and with a pleasant air of confidence to the people he knew slightly, speaking cryptically with the manner of a financial sphinx to the people he knew really well, he made his way towards Mrs. Tremayne : she was talking to a struggling young solicitor whom he knew by sight. He stopped, to compliment a dowager on some merit which she did not possess, till he should catch Mrs. Tremayne's eye. Meanwhile he looked critically at her. She was clothed by some thoroughly British dressmaker, masquerading under the name of Madame Beno. Clearly she owed nothing to her gown. Women who owe nothing to their dressmakers rarely owe anything to their gowns. For no self-respecting modiste does her best for a customer who pays cash.

But the woman ! She indeed was marvellously charming, small, but formed to perfection, a delicate figure of Dresden china. If that woman had been properly dressed, thought Vincent, dressed as he would dress her, that struggling solicitor couldn't have struggled to within a yard of her, if there were any Irishmen in the room. Then she caught his eye and smiled at him. He fled from the dowager and was at her side. Could he have a dance ? Her programme was full. Could he have this dance ? He persisted. No,

didn't he understand that her programme was full?

The solicitor was the assignee of the current dance, he explained with a useless smile.

She introduced them: "Mr. Smallpage, Mr. Vincent Skrene."

"Not *the* Mr. Smallpage!" exclaimed Vincent with an air of awed surprise.

"I cannot say that I am *the* Mr. Smallpage. But I am unquestionably *a* Mr. Smallpage." The struggler was flattered.

"Smallpage *the* solicitor, the solicitor of Austin Friars. Why, I thought you were an older man! A word in your ear. I employ solicitors every day of my life. It'll be your turn next. Take my advice. Don't dance. Never dance. A dancing solicitor is an anomaly. Believe me. If I were walking down to your office with a ten thousand pound case and I remembered seeing you dance, I should turn my back upon Austin Friars."

This speech he had delivered with a pleasant mellow brogue. He was always insolent in Irish. But he wasn't often insolent.

The struggling solicitor was completely astonished.

"My boy, I'm telling you this for your own good. That advice is worth five hundred a year to you. This is the slight charge that I feel myself emboldened to make. Your arm, Mrs. Tremayne."

He led her off. Mr. Smallpage was non-plussed.

The valse was one of those cloying tunes that make one's feet stick to the floor. He took her round two or three times, and then, remembering that the dance was about a third over owing to the Smallpage incident, congratulated her on the rhythm of her movements, said that she ought not to wear out the tips of her feet on a floor without a suspicion of spring in it, and steered her into the garden before she knew what he was doing.

The garden was almost in darkness. A few Japanese lanterns gave a tawdry air of festivity to the night. He knew that there were bound to be two or three tents fitted up as branch offices of the local matrimonial market. The first they came to was engaged. As they passed the second a caressing voice was just audible—

“Are you sure that my darling isn't cold?”

Margaret had never had a question of that sort addressed to her. No one had ever spoken to her in a tone so tender.

It was as though the man with the voice was kissing and soothing the woman he loved. In themselves the words were nothing. To the woman for whom they were meant they were perhaps but a tedious repetition.

To Margaret they seemed suddenly to open up a new world, a world of tenderness, of passionate kindness.

Vincent's comment was merely, "Lucky infants! They're in love, and they both know it."

"The luck is in the knowledge?"

"Yes," he said, half sincerely. "It is no good being in love if you keep the fascinating mystery to yourself."

He led her towards the third tent, which was happily empty.

Anticipating an objection, he said with respectful admiration, as they went in—

"Really, you English women are wonderful. You seem to thrive on the night air."

"You know you treated Mr. Smallpage very badly," she said irrelevantly. There was sufficient light for him to see that she was not displeased with the treatment of Smallpage. Women will nearly always forgive a man who is rude—to other people—for their sakes.

"Men like Smallpage must always be treated badly. A certain amount of turning has to be done in this world, and God creates the requisite number of worms," he answered, in a manner that suggested an amalgamation of metaphors. The speech came from his Hibernian nature, and was in no sense the expression of the financial side of his brain.

"And some of them have not even the strength to turn, you think?"

"Not the Smallpage type."

"You do not care for Mr. Smallpage?"

He saw that she admired strength, and he felt on safer ground.

"Mr. Smallpage does not exist," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not care for men who stand in the way of my dancing with you. That is all."

"Dancing?"

"Is not sitting out a branch of dancing?"

She laughed.

They always got on very well together, for their conversation seemed to dovetail happily. She was entirely serious. He was always amusingly flippant and often surprised her into a ripple of laughter at some quaint turn given to a subject, which she had hitherto regarded quite gravely. She looked on life as a pleasant pageant of which she was a privileged spectator, whilst he made of it a comedy in which he was the leading actor, and for which she might one day be cast for a part.

The music stopped. He had only spoken to her of theatres and dress, and painting, but always weaving in a compliment to herself, paid so as to seem not so much a compliment as a statement of fact, which must be patent to the meanest intelligence, yet particularly appreciated by him.

Suddenly he realized that those dreaded words, "Shall we go back?" must fall on his ears in a few minutes. That she liked him he had no vestige of doubt. Though they had not met

more than five times in all, still on each occasion he had done himself more than justice.

He had sat for her for his portrait in his best positions. He had punted her at Henley. The merits of his figure were proved beyond question. He had taken her in to dinner at a quasi-political function (from which her husband was unavoidably absent), and had held the table for ten minutes on the Irish Question, till several intelligent people were converted to the belief that if there were such a thing as an Irish Question, Skrene was the only man who could answer it. At a luncheon-party at Prince's he had told that amusing and fairly accurate story of how he once got the better of a Welsh Jew over a financial matter involving fifteen thousand pounds, originally in the possession of the Welsh Jew.

She had in her mind a perfect picture of the exterior which he wished to present to the world. He could only repeat the effects. It might not be wise to heighten the tones. Of course he could tell her the story of his life, of how from being a clerk to a financial agent in Dublin he had become a prominent figure in London. But he knew that a woman only cares to hear of the early struggles of man after she has made him her own. Then, and then only, does it seem marvellous that his efforts have brought him to her. The North Pole will never take any interest in the vicissitudes of explorers who fail to get there. Also, he had

a wish to appear as the god out of the machine, the god who was strong by right of his divinity, not the deity who had worked for his godhead.

Everything was said, save the statement of his devotion. She knew him. She liked him. This was the moment to strike. Here was a woman, scarcely a woman even, married to a man twenty years older than herself—a man who for nights at a time slept at his chambers in the Temple ; a man who was a public institution, not a husband for a girl ; and here was her lover—handsome, fascinating, sympathetic—in the same tent, eye to eye, breath to breath, almost lip to lip.

According to precedent, she should drop as a ripe fruit into Vincent's hand.

At any rate, that was the view that Vincent took—according to precedent.

But there were no precedents on the woman's side. She was shamefully neglected by her husband. And she knew it. That was a question between her and her husband, a question in which neither Vincent nor another should ever have part or lot. She had sworn at the altar that she would be true to Tremayne, and the oath that she had sworn she would keep. He, a great man, a man of established greatness, had made her his wife. If he neglected her for his ambition, it would be her sorrow. But he would deal rightly by her. And she—she was his wife.

These thoughts had never clearly fashioned

themselves in her mind, but on these principles her life revolved. It was not a very happy life ; but it was the life that had been allotted to her.

She looked upon herself as a married woman. Vincent regarded her as a woman married. She regarded Vincent merely as a pleasant companion.

* * * * *

But for the words of the hatchet-faced American, Vincent would have told his love to Mrs. Tremayne. Instead, when the music struck up, he himself said to her those dreaded words, "Shall we go back?" and led her into the ballroom.

Then he lighted a cigarette, and walked to and fro in the garden where the Japanese lanterns gave an air of tawdry festivity to the night.

He felt that in spite of the strenuous life that he was living, he was absolutely alone in the world.

CHAPTER III

PALACE GARDENS

As he watched the lights in the ballroom, his own idea was that he had behaved like a fool. He had had his chance ; she had been with him in the completest seclusion. The surroundings which are orthodox for an affair of the heart were arranged to a nicety in his favour. The soothing sigh of the valse, the swaying light of the lanterns, the sympathetic frou-frou of her silken skirt, all must have smoothed the way for the words he had not said. The scene was set, and he had not taken the stage.

Why? There were two futures before him. Supposing he made no attempt to blackmail Tremayne, or supposing he failed in the attempt, he would certainly be arrested. The possibility of arrest and of imprisonment he had realized long ago. He had played the game with a full knowledge of what he stood to lose. But he had never reckoned on the colonel taking a hand.

Now that the colonel had taken a hand, it was

clear that though the colonel did not stand to win, still Vincent unquestionably stood to lose.

It was useless to fight the American. He held all the cards. If he were "jailed," Vincent would follow. He would plead guilty and get—five years? When he came out, he would have his hundred thousand pounds, and would have settled his account with His Majesty's Justice.

He would be only forty-seven, and a richer man than he was now. For the law, beyond making him pay for his own prosecution, which wouldn't be much if he pleaded guilty, would be powerless to touch his capital.

He had only till the following Tuesday to bring this difficult and dangerous matter to a termination.

Again, if he succeeded in blackmailing Tremayne, from the day on which the bargain was concluded, Mrs. Tremayne's society would be denied to him.

In this case he had an even shorter period. After to-morrow he might never see her again.

His judgment urged him to tell his love, and snatch from oblivion whatever of bliss the days might give to him. She was the only woman in the world to him; she was all womanhood to him. Never had his passions been so stirred as by that piece of pretty porcelain. The fact that if she yielded the chances of squaring Tremayne would vanish beyond the realms of the possible,

weighed with him not at all. He wanted the woman. He had let her go from the tent and at the present moment some idiots were flirting in it.

His opportunity was past, and for the life of him he couldn't see how he had let it slip. He wasn't afraid of the woman. Besides, he knew well how to retreat, without giving offence, if a decided advance met with a decided rebuff.

And in her idlest moments Margaret Tremayne never gave a thought to Vincent.

If Vincent had known that he would have driven back to Victoria Street. He would have seen that he had embarked on a hopeless quest, and cut his losses.

As it was, he walked up and down the garden. Suddenly he stopped. An expression of pain passed over his face. There appeared in his mind the vision of a shrunken American elf, seated in a leather chair. Vincent came out of himself, and listened. He was within a yard of the back of one of the tents in the garden. From it came the clear, sweet voice of a girl. She was telling in faltering tones that came from the heart of the love she felt for the man to whom she spoke. Never had Vincent heard words more impressively sincere.

Then the man answered slowly, mumblingly, after the manner of an amorous young Englishman. What he said was inadequate, hopeless, foolish. She was Juliet, he was merely a hero

of Gaiety Burlesque—and yet each was the affinity of the other. But the Confederate Colonel? How had his crazy shape been conjured up? As she spoke again he understood. She was an American.

The moment that Vincent realized that the speakers were Dick Tremayne and Imogen Briggs, he showed himself in the glow of the Japanese lantern. He was too much of a gentleman to attempt to overhear a conversation which could be of no possible use to him.

“Ah! So here you are!” he cried.

There was a movement in the tent.

“Oh! I beg your pardon. I see you’re busy. Talking politics, I suppose?”

“No, no, old chap,” said the boy, hospitably.

“I was telling Dick just how much I cared for him, and expressing the hope that he was not indifferent to me,” Imogen said frankly.

“I’ve been looking for you all the evening—to congratulate you. You know I’ve only just heard of your conspiracy to obtain perfect happiness.”

“Thank you, Mr. Skrene,” said Imogen, rising from her seat and taking his hand in both of hers with honest enthusiasm.

Dick, the ordinary smart young Englishman, with the ordinary good looks, the ordinary moustache, and the ordinary morals, looked at her with the admiration of a proud proprietor.

And, Vincent thought, she was well worthy of that admiration. She would receive all the admiration she might want. Tall, with a faultless complexion, and dead black hair parted, and waving over her temples, she was a wonderfully attractive girl. Her eyes were magnificent. They seemed to kindle with enthusiasm. In truth, they only kindled with sound common sense, as is so often the case with the most beautiful American women. Eyes like Imogen's, if set in the face of an Italian or a Spanish Venus, would mean romance and passion and tragedy. With her, they merely implied honesty. Americans fix these eyes at their proper optical value. They simply say that they "snap."

An idea struck Vincent. He would ask them and Mrs. Tremayne to the Lennox Club. They might refuse? It occurred to him that attached to his watch-chain in his waistcoat pocket was a little red-enamel heart set in diamonds, given to him by a woman who had bought it with his own money, a sort of income tax that she paid to him as the giver of all good gifts. The thing was worth about ten pounds. He fingered with the split ring, and detached the trinket. If she accepted that, she couldn't very well refuse to dine with him.

"I haven't come here simply for the gratification of feeling myself in the way. I want to give you this, not as a wedding present, but as a little

engagement gift. It's a custom in the South of Ireland."

It wasn't; but anything might be the custom in the South of Ireland. He held out the heart to the girl.

"Why, it's elegant! And a heart, too, a red heart! What a beautiful emblem!" she exclaimed, her eyes "snapping" as though she had discovered America.

"Yes," said Vincent, "I expect that's what it is—an emblem of something."

"Thanks awfully, Vincent. You're awfully good to Imogen."

"I hope it hasn't got scratched; but the fool of a jeweller couldn't mark the case for me in time for to-night. So I took it as it was."

"And that's how I like it, just as it is. It's much more of an emblem without the case!"

"I thought you'd think so. You American girls, you know, you see things as they really are."

"We try to, Mr. Skrene." Imogen apparently was making a confession of faith for which she would readily seize her "grip sack" and go right away to the guillotine.

The proud proprietor beamed on the performance.

"It's too cunning for words. I don't know how to thank you enough." She looked like a Bostonian Boadicea.

"Don't worry about that. I'll tell you how to thank me. I want you both to come to a concert at the Lennox Club on Sunday, and, Dick—perhaps your step-mother would come. Then we should be four."

"But we should only be increasing our debt of gratitude," said Imogen, whose eyes kindled with protest.

It must have been in some such manner that Lady Jane Grey talked with Bishop Gardiner on the subject of transubstantiation in the Beauchamp Tower. The American girl's tone was more suitable for confuting a heresy at some personal risk to the disputant than to the discussion of an invitation to a concert.

"Don't talk of gratitude," said Vincent; "a debt of gratitude makes most of us bankrupt."

"I should just love to go. Shouldn't you, Dick?"

"I've never been to the Lennox."

"Nor I. Say, it's that new club on Albemarle Street, isn't it, Mr. Skrene?"

"Yes, it's in Albemarle Street this year. Next year it won't exist. That is the fate of all these clubs, smart for six months, then enter—the Gaiety Chorus, and that is the end of all things. But I think you'll like it on Sunday. It's going to be rather a good concert."

"Look here, Vincent," said Dick, rather diffidently, "we're going directly. The ladies will go

in the brougham. I don't suppose you'll want to stop. Would you mind dropping me at Lowndes Square? Then we can talk about it."

"One doesn't need to call a meeting to discuss an invitation to a concert," Vincent answered brusquely.

"No, old chap, one doesn't. But that's the only way of preventing my having to refuse," the boy replied.

Vincent looked at him.

"You're infernally mysterious," he said; "perhaps you will explain yourself in the cab."

Then they went into the ballroom to look for Lady Hewitt and Mrs. Tremayne.

Vincent, as he crossed the room, noticed a particularly smart young man dancing with the most dishevelled pen-wiper type of spinster who ever talked at the wild orgies of Bedford Park. She was so phenominally unkempt and he was so conspicuously jewelled that the couple were very noticeable.

Vincent, in saying good-night to Lady Bryde, asked who they were.

"The woman is one of my dearest friends. She once wrote a pantoum which was considered very clever. The intellectual world is waiting eagerly for another. But the man—I don't seem to know him."

"Ah!" said Vincent, with elaborate gallantry. "The society goddess does not know the names of all who worship at her shrine."

"How nice of you," she simpered. "I'll ask him, if you like."

"No, no, don't trouble. Not for the world. People hate to be asked their names, especially by their hostesses. I only asked out of curiosity to know how it came about that so vapid a youth should admire a woman with such a very intellectual profile."

The music was over and the young man was leading his partner towards them. Lady Bryde stopped him.

"Do you know, I'm afraid I've forgotten your name. Of course your face is very familiar to me, but I cannot remember your name. It's very stupid of me, I know."

"My name is Gilbert Morris."

"Ah! then to which of my friends am I indebted for the presence of that *rara avis*, which is getting rarer every day—a good dancing man?"

"Excuse me one second." He led the writer of pantoums with the Bedford Park profile to a seat, and returned.

"As a matter of fact I have not been brought by anybody. I came."

"You came! But you could not have come by mistake. There is no other dance in Palace Gardens to-night."

"No, Mrs. —"

"My name is Lady Bryde."

"You are, I presume, my hostess."

"Unintentionally, it seems."

"That is my misfortune," said the young man, with perfect calm. "I think I owe you an explanation."

"On that point there can be no two opinions."

"I should be the last to suggest the possibility of a second. As a matter of fact the only explanation is exceedingly simple. I am, as you have been kind enough to remark, an admirable dancer. On the rarity of the species you have made a charming pun, which will ever be for me one of the most delightful recollections of a delightful evening. Puns, Lady Bryde, are a form of wit which is rapidly disappearing from our social intercourse. But an Anglo-Latin pun"—here he bowed with extreme courtesy—"an Anglo-Latin pun is a conversational phenomenon. As I have admitted, I am no indifferent dancer. Also, I have a passion for dancing. I am not, as you may have noticed, particular as to what I dance with. I am fond of society. An awning outside a house after ten o'clock is to me an invitation to enter. To-night, as I was driving down Palace Gardens from a dance in the wilds of Bayswater, I noticed symptoms of festivity in your mansion, your—may I say?—hospitable mansion. So I entered."

Vincent was smothering his laughter as Sir

Philip came up. Lady Bryde, who was completely bewildered, explained the case to her husband.

He said a few rather violent words—"impertinence, effrontery," and so on, with suitable adjectives. Mr. Morris was in peril of being thrust out into the street, when Vincent, who had a fellow feeling for the young man's impudence, intervened.

"Sir Philip," he began, "you know, when all's said and done——"

"But all is by no means said nor done," said the judge, angrily.

"After all," Vincent went on, "what's the poor young man's offence?"

"He will gather a very shrewd idea from the leading weekly papers," chimed in Lady Bryde, fanning herself threateningly. Mr. Morris winced. Vincent came to his rescue—

"Anyhow he's danced; and that is more than most of the loafers do who block that tasteful Byzantine door. He hasn't supped himself into stupidity on your capital champagne, Sir Philip. It is a pleasure to come to a house where you are not expected to quaff *Stereoscopic Company et fils* out of bottles labelled like valentines. This young man danced with your friend, who wrote that beautiful pantoum, of which I shall one day buy a copy, and I'd wager that a woman of such spiritual intelligence as her face betokens, would not dance

with a man who was not a perfect gentleman. Your card, sir ? ”

As Mr. Morris was searching for it, Vincent, who had annexed the episode, nodded to his host and hostess.

“ I’ll arrange this matter amicably for all parties.”

The young man handed Vincent a card out of a superbly lacquered cigarette-case set with uncut stones.

On the card was printed, “ Gilbert O’Connor Morris, Bachelors’ Club,” and an address in Grafton Street.

One would have thought from his manner that Vincent had recovered a long-lost uncle with considerable landed interests in Australia.

“ So you are an O’Connor Morris ! ”

His delight seemed unbounded. Turning to Sir Philip and Lady Bryde, he repeated : “ So the young blackguard turns out to be an O’Connor Morris ! ”

They looked surprised, but uninstructed. To Sir Philip it seemed to be scarcely a matter for congratulation that a young blackguard had turned out to be an O’Connor Morris.

Lady Bryde, whose social experience stood her in good stead, ventured on saying, “ If he’s an O’Connor Morris, that settles it.”

“ Settles it ? ” said Vincent. “ Of course that settles it. Nothing could be more settled.”

As the Lowndes Square party had gone and Dick was waiting for him, Vincent engineered the confirmed Terpsichorean, who expressed deep gratitude, out of the house, and then said confidentially to the Brydes : " I've got you nicely out of that. The man's as mad as two hatters, mad as Lincoln and Bennett. Did you see how I humoured him ? "

Then suddenly : " I've got the Royal box for the new play at the Emperor's Theatre to-morrow night ; will you come, and we'll have supper at the Carlton afterwards ? "

He had been thrown over at the last moment by a theatrically minded Prebendary of Sodor and Man. And Sir Philip and Lady Bryde would make a splendid setting for him in the eyes of a first-night audience, whose conversation is the best advertising medium in London. Tell a thing or show a thing to a first-night audience, and the thing is registered as an established fact. To his delight they accepted.

Mrs. Tremayne he knew was going.

Then he said good-night to the Brydes, and got into a hansom with Dick.

* * * * *

" What is an Oconomorris ? " asked Lady Bryde of her husband.

" I've not the least idea. I suppose it's some new sort of Theosophist. It's astonishing how far astray young men may go when once they embark on Ritualistic practices."

"Perhaps, dear, this mania for dancing is part of the ritual of this unusual religion."

"Possibly," said Sir Philip. "But I doubt if it will ever be popular."

"Still, dear, it would look well in the papers to say that we had an Oconnomorris here. He's evidently something quite new. I wonder what the man's name is."

* * * * *

In the hansom, Vincent realizing that Dick felt himself awkwardly placed, left it to him to begin the conversation.

For a minute or two, nothing was said.

"I wonder you don't keep a private cab," the younger man suggested uneasily.

Vincent smiled. He had never adopted any of the orthodox habits of the unorthodox financier. He was not married to a woman of the cook-house-keeper type, the coarseness of whose texture it was necessary to smother and aggravate with jewels. He did not possess a fur coat, and he had never given the slightest thing to the Nation. It was unlikely that he would build a house anywhere. No, he was not likely to start a private cab.

He only answered, "I don't want to interfere with the cabby. If cabmen were exterminated, what would become of the purity of the English language?"

As Dick had no views on the future of the

English language, and was going to marry a girl who didn't speak it, there was a pause.

"Fine night?" he said at length.

"For June," was the answer. "For June."

"Hang it, Vincent, don't get cynical about the climate."

"I'm cynical about nothing. I believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that I am one of the best possible people in it."

"Oh! Rot."

"Yes. Rot."

Pause.

"You know, about this concert that you're so jolly good as to want to take us to."

"Offer to take you to."

"What's up?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"Well, I should be awfully pleased to come. Imogen would be awfully pleased to come. So would my stepmother."

"Well. I haven't asked anybody else."

"But, my father. You know my father is rather a peculiar man."

"So are all fellows' fathers. The carelessness with which you fellows select your parents is most reprehensible."

"Oh! shut up, Vincent. Don't talk nonsense."

"I'm only sympathizing with you on the peculiarities of your parent, a point upon which

we are at one. But, mind you, I don't think your father is half as peculiar as you seem to imagine. Of course it was a great blow to him that you didn't go to the Bar, and insisted on going into a stockbroker's office."

"Yes, that's true enough. But I should have been no use at the Bar. He knows that."

"Well? I'm just as pleased to ask you out as though you were a budding barrister, budded you never so wisely."

"Yes, but it's you who are the objection."

"I don't follow you."

"My father takes a very pessimistic view about your reputation."

"Well, I suppose your father is old enough to be entitled to be wrong on any subject he may fancy."

"I wish you'd be serious."

"If you understood how liable you are to be thrown out of this cab, you'd form some idea of how serious I am."

"Good God, Vincent, we're pals!"

"I've been very good to you. I know that. Whether you are a pal to me or not remains to be seen. Your value as a pal, I may say, is infinitesimal."

The boy was bewildered. He was devoted to Vincent and he absolutely failed to understand the sinister look in his eyes.

"All I wanted to say was this. My father

takes this narrow view of you. He would object to your taking us out."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

Vincent ejaculated as with sorrow, "Good Heavens!"

"Well?"

"Think it over."

"You mean that I'm a fool for my age?"

"You're a fool for any age."

"I don't want to appear ungrateful."

"What do appearances matter?" said Vincent. "We've got the fact. Of course, I don't care twopence whether you come or not. My interest in your father's opinion of me is not a jot greater. But, I'm disappointed in you, Dick, I'm disappointed in you. And you, of all people, asked me not to be cynical." He laughed a short laugh which was intended to express a rooted disbelief in all humanity.

"Of course I could," said the boy, thoughtfully.

"Of course you could," Vincent chimed in. "He sleeps at his chambers every night now that this Taubman case is on, they tell me," he hastened to add. "Does your stepmother have to take out a licence for her amusements? Does she always get the chance of seeing him to take out the licence? Of course, you could persuade her to come, if you wanted to. Not that I want you to want to. But I am very sorry that you, Dick,

who know me well, should truckle to the opinions of your father, who doesn't know me at all."

Vincent really seemed very much hurt, and Dick felt very uncomfortable. In spite of the difference in their ages, the two had seen a great deal of one another, and a genuine friendship had sprung up between them. At any rate, on Dick's side the friendship was genuine.

The King's Counsel had never inquired into his son's friendships, he knew nothing of his son's amusements.

Dick felt that he would be treating the older man badly if he did not bring the ladies to the Lennox Club on Sunday.

Everything was pleasantly settled by the time they separated at Lowndes Square.

* * * * *

But when Vincent reached Victoria Street he saw a vision of the hatchet-faced American sitting in the armchair.

CHAPTER IV

THE OLD BAILEY

THERE were only two courts sitting. The Taubman case was dragging to its end before the judge in the Old Court, whilst the recorder was finishing up the work of a rather light calendar in the New. As it was a Saturday afternoon, few counsel who were not actually engaged thought it worth while to put in an appearance at the Old Bailey.

The barristers' robing-room was deserted, except for O'Brien, a drink-sodden, tobacco-stained fellow. The little man was standing by the fireplace with a glass of whisky and water in his trembling, flabby hand. Though he was only forty-nine, it was hard to recognize in this wreck of humanity any symptoms of a talent which, fifteen years ago, bid fair to bring him to the front rank of the Criminal Bar. His filthy brown wig was on the back of his head, showing the dingy white hair which it seemed to be wearing off the scalp. Everything about him was dirty; his hair and beard were unkempt; even his stained and

crumpled bands were worn over a crazy brown-black tie, kept together by what seemed to be a small jet lady's hat-pin. The red eyes stared vacantly at the few gowns and hats which hung on the green distempered walls, beneath the labels bearing their owners' names. The worst hat in all the room covered the label "T. H. O'Brien."

Now, there were several good hats covering the names of good men. This was the moment for which O'Brien had waited. He no longer had any accurate taste in whisky : but any moral wreck can tell a bad hat from a good one at sight.

In a moment he had whipped off his wig, his bands, and his gown ; then he seized a hat of fashionable shape and recent construction. It fitted him fairly well, but it didn't look anything like the habitual O'Brien hat. The looking-glass told him that he seemed rather strange in it. But he would not appear again at the C.C.C. till next sessions, when he came for his "soup," the guinea brief which the law gives as an opening to its recruits and as parochial relief to its wrecks. That was his scheme. As he was preparing to leave, he heard steps rushing up the stone stairs from the courts below, accompanied by a whistled chorus of a noisy music-hall ditty, the eternal "Ada was a slavey."

Young Cockburn came into the room. He was a Jew who had come into the world a Cohen. His father had carried on a shady criminal

solicitor's business in Bow Street—which shadiness, on the succession of his elder brother, had been considerably heightened, until the firm of Cohen and Co. bore a reputation as black as any on the rolls. Cohen had, with charming ingenuousness, taken the well-known legal name of Cockburn, surely the most incredible “alias” man ever selected. He wore astrachan hair covered with bear's-grease. Also, he was the owner of the hat which O'Brien had annexed. Very talkative by nature, and not, as a rule, finding audiences easy to obtain, he buttonholed O'Brien, told him his views of the Taubman case, the courses which he should have adopted had he been employed to adopt any course at all: he announced as a certainty that when the last witness for the defence, who was now in the box, had finished, the jury would stop the case and decline to convict.

“Don't you believe it,” said O'Brien.

“I'd bet on it with any one but you. By Jove, you've got a new hat. What are you celebrating—St. Patrick's Day?”

“No, I'm going to synagogue—Vespers. Perhaps you haven't noticed that it's your Sunday.”

The revolting taste of the taunt, and the belief that the wreck was wearing his hat, struck the young man at the same moment.

“You infernal thief, you've got my hat.”

“No, I haven't.”

F

"Yes, you have. There's your rotten relic on my peg."

So Coleridge Cockburn came by his own again.

Then he took O'Brien's hat, stamped on it, and kicked it out of the window into the traffic of the Old Bailey. The position of the Irishman was pitiable. He stood there trembling with drink and the sensation of shame. He felt that the irate young Jew was meditating whether he should kick him or not. Despair, social and physical, was on his nerves. He had five shillings in his pocket which should keep him in drink till—— Even the estimable brothers Hope, who convert the underpaid clerk into an overdressed ape, do not put a five-shilling top-hat on the market; and O'Brien always wore a frock-coat, always the same frock-coat. O'Brien had been born a gentleman; he was capable of stealing a top-hat, but he was incapable of wearing a bowler with a frock-coat. He could not leave the Old Bailey without a hat. All these things were against him. His luck was the worst in the world. In a few moments the Courts would rise, the barristers would come trooping into the room, and Cockburn would address them on his unfortunate hat-stealing propensities. It was all over with the wretched Irishman. Hopeless misery caught him by the throat. He burst into alcoholic tears.

Cockburn smiled. His coarse and ruddy face lighted up with pleasure. Then he looked at his

watch. He was going to take a lady down to Margate, and he was late. Otherwise he would have told the other men what had happened when they came up, expressed sorrow for O'Brien, headed a subscription for him with a sovereign, and secured some fragment of reputation as a "good sort."

"Just my luck," he thought to himself, fired a taunt at the derelict, who was still oozing tears of alcohol, and went off to meet his friend.

O'Brien, cheered with the idea that his public degradation could now only be attempted at a date when it would be possible for him to deny the whole circumstance, went into the adjoining lavatory, washed his face, and decided to levy more or less involuntary contributions on such of the Old Bailey mess as should prove amenable.

The Irish are wonderfully recuperative.

By the time that O'Brien had made himself clean, and shiny with soap, "Willie" Kemble strolled into the robing-room and was being disrobed by his clerk. If Poland was the sleuth-hound of the Treasury, "Willie" was its fox-terrier. He spoke the most perfect English at the Bar, and was one of the most popular of men. Small and shrill of voice though he was, his power with a jury was extraordinary. It was better to be a guilty man defended by "little Willie" than an innocent man prosecuted by him.

He was defending Bertie Daventry, the least

inculcated of the Taubman gang. Lighting an Egyptian cigarette as O'Brien manœuvred towards him, he put a hand in a pocket. Before the Irishman had spoken, Willie handed him half-a-crown.

"It isn't due yet, Tim," he said, smiling, "but one is always hard up at the end of the week."

That was not the sum which O'Brien would have suggested; and well Willie knew it. But he came of a histrionic stock, and his experience enabled him to lend a small sum so courteously that it was received with more gratitude from him than was meted out to most men who lend or elaborately refuse to lend ten times as much.

As the half-crown had come so gracefully and with so little effort, Tim O'Brien accepted it in complete accord and satisfaction of the sovereign for which he had intended to apply.

"Willie, you're a true friend; I'll do the same for you at any time." (Every one knew that Kemble was making four thousand a year.)

The other counsel for the defence trooped into the room; Barton, the gaunt Irish K.C., like an anæmic Mephistopheles, who defended Taubman; Charlie Galt, K.C., hearty, jovial, and healthy, the champion of Bennett-Brinton; he had almost taken the place of the late Sir Frank Lockwood; Harry Stainer, with the appearance rather of a groom than of the exceedingly skilful

cross-examiner that he was. On Stainer lay the responsibility of preventing Colonel Golding from being "jailed." He wanted to know what had won the two o'clock race at Kempton.

Morrison, who as a pupil of Stainer's was entitled to use the robing-room, supplied him with unwelcome intelligence.

"I don't know how it is," Stainer commented, "but any money I put on a horse seems to be a sort of insurance policy to prevent it ever winning."

"I can give you a cert for Tuesday," said O'Brien.

"Well, save up your money and back it," answered Stainer, pushing out his tongue between his teeth—an unfortunate habit of his.

"Anybody can give you a cert for Tuesday," said Charlie Galt.

"Five years for Taubman."

"More like seven," put in Willie. "I was dining with the judge last night, and he was not impressed with Mr. Jacob Taubman."

As a matter of fact, the judge had lost three thousand pounds over one of the Taubman promotions.

"But he's not heard my views on the subject yet," said Barton, with a rich brogue which in a measure toned down the deadliness of the snake-like appearance. "He's safe to get off. Safe as a house. And you can say I said it, in a public

place. D'ye see?" He had removed his wig, and his sleek black hair looked as though it had been ironed on to his head.

"If you can get your man off, our birds can't be touched. But you've got your work cut out for you, Barton." Galt answered.

As opinions were pretty equally divided, somebody proposed a half-crown sweepstake on the result of the trial!

Small pieces of paper on which were written "Not guilty," numbers from one to ten and "Over ten" to represent the years of imprisonment that might be allotted to Taubman were put in a wig-box. The sweep on the fate of Taubman was worth thirty shillings to the winner.

While this was being done, a striking figure entered the room: he wore the silken robes of a King's Counsel and a wig which was powdered, a practice now almost extinct at the Bar. The man was broadly built, with large square shoulders, massively supporting a fine head, such as might have belonged to one of the Roman emperors. He was so very fine a man as far as the waist, that there was a certain disappointment to the eye in not finding him tall. His eyes, beneath their thick smooth brows, were clear and frank, in colour a reddish-brown. His features were clearly cut; he had a full, somewhat heavy chin, a finely-chiselled mouth with regular white teeth,

one of which projected slightly in advance of the others, and large white muscular hands. He was an imposing man, and his face and general personality would not easily be forgotten. One felt instinctive confidence in him, not perhaps unmixed with a slight fear of his judgment. He must, one felt, have a high standard by which to judge his fellow-men. A certain sweetness in the expression of the eyes and mouth modified the imposing impression; the entire individuality was at once awe-inspiring and sympathetic. He would be liked, feared, and trusted, but never passed unnoticed.

There were some fine faces in the room. Barton with his lowering brows and aggressive chin would have been remarkable anywhere. Galt was the type of a refined John Bull. Kemble's features were the epitome of alert shrewdness. But in this man was the embodiment of all that is finest in humanity—mind, muscle, and temperament. Beside him the others seemed to be dwarfed in stature as they were in intellect.

The man was Richard Tremayne, King's Counsel, member of Parliament, and the probable leader of the English Bar. It was on his wife that Vincent Skrene had set the desire of his heart.

"We're getting up a sweep on the verdict in Taubman," said Charlie Galt. "Come in, Tremayne?"

"No, thank you."

The propriety of having a sweepstake on the fate even of a man as guilty as Taubman was not conspicuously apparent to him.

"Of course, if you drew 'Not guilty,' and Taubman got off, you would lay yourself open to having sold yourself for thirty pieces of silver," said Harry Stainer.

Nobody laughed. Tremayne did not answer as he took off his wig, which he handed to his clerk. Oddly enough, the absence of the wig improved his appearance. His hair was iron-grey, and brushed straight back from the square-cut, massive brow.

At that moment a bustling little man came in. He had never taken any exercise in his life beyond lifting ponderous legal tomes from the topmost shelves of the Inner Temple library. And yet he had the appearance of a farmer—scarcely a gentleman farmer. His intellect was originally the intellect of a small tradesman. Had he started life as a haberdasher's assistant, he would by now have become the owner of fourteen haberdashery establishments, fourteen times a haberdasher, but still not quite a gentleman, and probably not even in Parliament. As his attention had been directed to the law, he was simply a lawyer, a leading junior in commercial cases with no wish to make the laws which he should have to interpret, and still not quite a gentleman. This was S. P. Bright,

junior to Tremayne in the prosecution of the Taubman gang.

He was perhaps the last person in the world who would be likely to take an interest in a sweepstake. Unless he had been in a sweepstake case, he probably would not know what a sweepstake was. An unmarried man of fifty-four years of age, he was devoted to his profession. The fact that though he was an exceedingly dull speaker, his income amounted to £3000 a year proved the soundness of his erudition.

The money was paid and the sweep was drawn.

Charlie Galt drew "Not guilty," which he sold for ten shillings to a wealthy and pushing pupil of Stainer's.

"Curse my luck!" said O'Brien, who with the irresponsibility of an Irishman had invested the only half-crown which he had raised towards the hat fund. "I've drawn 'Over ten.' The beggar can't get more than ten years."

"I'll give you a shilling for it," was Barton's offer.

When the nature of a sweepstake had been explained to S. P. Bright, he gave the delighted O'Brien ten shillings for his chance.

Barton drew Kemble aside. "I'm damned if I like the look of it. I believe Tremayne has got something up his sleeve."

"Nothing but his speech and the attorney-generalship," said "little Willie."

Tremayne, who had unrobed, lighted a cigar, nodded cheerfully to the other barristers, and walked out of the room alone.

In the courtyard of the Old Bailey was standing Taubman, massive, flabby, and unkempt. All the glossiness had vanished from the once polished promoter of companies, and an air of dinginess had settled over him like a cloud. Beside him were the ex-hope of Confederate battalions and Bennett-Brinton, the empty-headed man of the people with aristocratic ambitions. The attempt to live up to the double-barrelled name, which he had filched, had been the undoing of a creature whom nature had intended to live in the respectable shabbiness of a bank-clerk.

Probably the most uncomfortable moments in a man's life are those which he spends out on bail.

If he be confined in Holloway pending the result of his case, there is a regular form of procedure, stronger than any rules of etiquette, which prescribes his goings out and his comings in.

If he is out on bail, and avoids his accustomed haunts, he is said to be ashamed to show his face. If he appears in public places, then he is called brazen-faced, and is liable to be cut by his friends. This is a source of intolerable pain to him at the most sensitive period of his existence.

Men left to their own resources are in a parlous case during this time. Their nerves are strung to terrible tension. It is only possible for them to

think of one thing. Few of them indeed are able to sleep unless their senses are drugged by narcotics or by drink. For two years past the terror of prosecution, the horror of conviction, had been heavy on the Taubman gang. Then the blow, the preliminary blow, had fallen, and they had been placed in the dock at the Mansion House. Since then, three months ago, they had been as it were a class apart, men in moral quarantine.

The effect had been disastrous. They were broken: their nerves were strung to snapping point. The miserable Brinton had taken to drink, and sat day by day torpid in the dock on the verge of delirium.

Bertie Daventry found a refuge in his father's house, but occasionally broke out to join in the orgies whereby the others sought to deaden the terror that held them by the heels.

To-night was the production of a new play at the Emperor's Theatre. Taubman, who used to dabble in things theatrical, had secured two stalls. With a complete want of judgment, that is so often caused by overstrung nerves, he was suggesting to the colonel that he should go with him. Even Golding, who had no character to lose by accompanying the financier and was unknown to the general public, marvelled at the brazen effrontery of the fallen Cræsus. But his Transatlantic sense of humour was tickled at the idea of the sensation

that would be caused by Taubman mingling just now with a first-night audience. Taubman was as well known to the public as the Duke of York's Column (and, perhaps, as little appreciated).

"Well, I don't know but as how I'll come."

At that moment, Tremayne entered the courtyard.

He would have to pass, face to face, by these three men whom for weeks he had been hounding to conviction. They all saw him. Though they had met for six hours every day during the last three months, yet they were not on speaking terms. It was an awkward moment. The mountainous Taubman prepared what he intended to be the appreciative smile of a financial magnate for a pettifogging lawyer. But when he remembered that the pettifogging lawyer had called him "the man Taubman," "an inflated financial bubble," and other pungent things, he could not command the smile, and it degenerated into an angry glare.

Brinton took refuge in lighting a cigarette. The American assumed an easy contemplative attitude.

Tremayne passed them as though they did not exist, nodded to the salute of the constable on duty, and walked out into the traffic of the street.

CHAPTER V

KING'S BENCH WALK

THE clear atmosphere of the afternoon was a pleasant change from the oppressive heat of the Central Criminal Court. It was rarely of late years that Tremayne appeared there, for his fees had become so heavy that few miscreants were able to pay them, and lucrative prosecutions are practically always in the hands of the Treasury counsel. Besides, criminal work had never really appealed to him ; his mind was scientific, and he had no appreciation of the sensational element in his profession.

He had begun life as a criminal counsel in the same year as that wretched fellow O'Brien. And there had been a time when these two were running neck and neck for the leadership at the North London Sessions. He was human enough to feel a certain pleasure in contrasting their positions at the present moment. Also he was humane enough also to decide on sending him a five-pound note anonymously ; for poor O'Brien was beyond all but financial assistance.

Yes, he had reason to feel contented with himself as he walked along the Embankment that afternoon.

He was rich, successful, honoured. He had a beautiful wife, and a son of whom he could be thoroughly proud.

The fact that Dick was not following his own profession was the sole cloud on the mirror that his life held up to him. He knew well enough that the boy had not the legal turn of mind ; that he could never have made a success at the Bar. He might have been bolstered up by his father's name, by his father's friends ; but that would have been distasteful to the father and the boy alike.

No, things being as they were, it was well that Dick was in a first-class stockbroker's business—not a fashionable speculative firm, but one of those old family institutions, as sound as the soundest of the private banks. He was perfectly safe there.

In thinking over his cherished treasures, strangely enough, two things that alone would have contented many an equally ambitious man seemed almost negligible to Tremayne. They were his seat in Parliament and his wife. The fact that each was equally safe, and did not warrant the anxiety that in many owners adds value to the possession, weighed with him not at all.

Each, as a matter of fact, little though he would

have admitted it to himself, was but a means to an end.

To reach eminence at the Bar it is necessary to go into Parliament. So he had gone into Parliament—in a spirit of blind adhesion to his party which endeared him to its leaders. That was one of the orthodox rules of the game, and he played the game for all it was worth by the orthodox rules alone.

Politics for politics' sake were, to his thinking, unworthy of the consideration of a man of intellect. Politics were either a profession or a pursuit which a retired hotel-keeper might follow in his old age.

His wife played a scarcely more prominent part in his domestic life than did his politics in his forensic being; and the legal part of his life represented more than two-thirds of his entire personality. But his wife was a safe wife for a man to have, in the same way that his seat was a safe seat to be held by a member of Parliament who was not a politician.

It had occurred to him some four years ago that his house in Lowndes Square was incomplete; there existed a gap that his sister, though one of the best housekeepers of our time, did not exactly fill.

His mind, his heart even, required no complement. He was personally self-contained. But it came gradually to his notice that people expected

him to have a wife ; that the party preferred him to be a married man.

He had not the least objection to being married. For years he had been a happy married man with the only woman for whom he had ever experienced any feeling of passion. On her death, as though by a process of legal succession, her son had inherited the entire devotion that he had lavished on her.

He was heir to all the love that his father had ever felt. So when the party expressed a feeling for his remarriage, he, as on all occasions, voted with the party.

Of course it was due to his position as a K.C., and to his respect for the party, that his wife should be the most attractive woman that he could obtain.

Following the precedent of his first marriage, which had been so eminently successful, he set about finding a wife as nearly as possible in age, in beauty, and in lack of financial endowment, a reproduction of the first Mrs. Tremayne.

Thus it was that at the age of forty he decided to marry Margaret Allardyce, the twenty-year-old daughter of an impecunious admiral. The gallant sailor suffered from a confirmed belief in the near approach of the end of the world ; that alone, in his opinion, could save the decadent British navy from destruction by a progressive German fleet. In the eyes of Admiral Allardyce it was a toss-up

which ended first—the naval supremacy of England or the existence of the world.

After his marriage the social side of Tremayne's political work, which had previously been attended to by himself, fell to the portion of his wife. The party was intensely pleased, and its pleasure at the arrangement gave him more time for his profession without neglecting the party. It never occurred to him that he was shamefully neglecting his wife.

But with the increased opportunity for work there grew an increased appetite for work.

Though not in any way avaricious, it was a painful thing for him to refuse a case. Also, being an honest man (indeed, carrying honesty to a pitch that was hardly compulsory in his profession), he never took up a case that he could not, at any rate, give an eye to now and then.

There were only twenty-four hours in the day, and his work required at least twenty-six. The result was that meal-time was economized. Pleasures, in the ordinary sense of the ordinary man, had long since been eliminated from the programme of his day.

His dinner was a chop brought in from the Temple Restaurant. His lunch might be anything or nothing. He had a bedroom in King's Bench Walk, and there he would snatch such sleep as would not, in his opinion, interfere with his work. Occasionally, for three days at a time, he never set foot in Lowndes Square. But it had not occurred

to him that he was neglecting his wife. In his mind, she was amalgamated with the party ; she was a portion of the parliamentary branch of his life-work.

Most women married to men twenty years older than they, would gladly have accepted the parliamentary - branch theory. But, unhappily, Margaret was in love with the King's Counsel. So much so, that it had not yet occurred to her that if she loved him a little less, or if he had worked a little less, her life would have been infinitely happier than it actually was.

Richard Tremayne never reflected on the subject. His time was money, and he could not spare it for the really vital things of life.

Almost before he knew it, he found himself in King's Bench Walk, his mind being fully occupied with the incubation of phrases which should secure the overthrow of Taubman. When he got to his door he noticed Dick's motor-car standing outside.

A smile of pleasure passed over his face. He had not seen his son for a week. So he hurried into his chambers and found the boy in his room talking to his clerk. Patting Dick on the shoulder, he went immediately to the large table which stood in the centre of the room, covered with haystacks of folio-paper tied up with red tapes. He looked eagerly at the new sets, which had come in during the day, and then turned inquiringly to

his clerk, who informed him of various consultations arranged up till seven o'clock.

"Good," he said. The clerk withdrew. "Only ten minutes, Dick," he cautioned, looking at his watch.

Dick had taken advantage of the Stock Exchange half-holiday to drive down and see his father for two reasons.

To do the boy justice, the first was this. He was anxious about his father's health. A highly trained legal mind is, of necessity, a delicate organization, and it is incapable of supporting the strain to which it was well known Tremayne was subjecting his faculties. Dick felt that to put any question directly suggesting his anxiety was out of the question. He knew that a glimpse of his father's face would dispel or confirm his doubts.

Tremayne's appearance and manner had relieved him. Never had he seen his father looking so strong, looking so strenuous—a Colossus among men.

In the second place, he wanted to find out whether he would be safe in going with Vincent to the Lennox on the next night; for in the morning he had sent a note to Victoria Street asking his friend to call at Lowndes Square at nine o'clock that evening.

Tremayne chaffingly thanked his son for deserting his *fiancée* in order to come and see him, and hoped they were "all well at home."

Yes, they were all well at home, and going out a good deal ; in fact, they were going to the theatre to-night, and to-morrow they were going to the Lennox.

“ Good, good.”

Tremayne was opening a ponderous brief containing views to be placed before the Light Railway Commissioners.

Dick might have told him that they were all going to the Argentine Republic on Tuesday, and Tremayne would have merely said, “ Good, good.” His father was rapidly becoming a forensic machine.

“ Well, I see you’re busy. I’d better be off.”

“ No, no. Not busier than usual. Stay ; I’ve got ten minutes.”

“ No, you haven’t, father. The ten minutes have gone. The people for your consultation are in the hall.”

“ Are they ? Punctual, that’s right. Good-night, my boy.”

They shook hands. Dick went out of the room.

When the little crowd of solicitors, expert witnesses, and light-railway promoters had been shown in to his father, he stopped to finish his chat with the clerk.

Morland, a bird-faced man with bushy eyebrows, was one of the most envied clerks in the Temple. For fifteen years he had been with

Tremayne, from whose fees he extracted an income amounting of late to four hundred pounds. Besides, he had married three times, and he had married money each time.

He knew the financial position of every solicitor in London, and the precise value of his master's services to any particular client in any given case. The man was almost as much use to the master as the master was to the man. A barrister's clerk is as dependent on the barrister as the shadow is on the figure that throws it ; the larger looms the figure, the bigger is the shadow. But if the figure ceases to exist, the existence of the shadow ceases also.

If Tremayne had retired from the Bar, Morland in his old age would have been unable to make a hundred a year in the Temple.

It is for this reason that barristers are better served by their clerks than are any other kind of professional men.

"I don't like it, Mr. Dick ; I don't like it."

"Don't like what ?"

"The way we're going on. We shall win this Taubman case : and we shall be made attorney-general."

"Yes ?"

"But we're doing too much ; we're doing a great deal too much. I may say that we are burning the candle at both ends and in the middle. I know our constitution. He doesn't.

You will excuse my so subdividing ourselves. But if he does not take my advice, we shall break down."

"And what is your advice, Morland?"

"My advice is advice which is not taken. I advise that after we have finished this case, he should go abroad. He might go yachting for two or three months, and then we should be all right."

"That's just what I've been thinking."

"And it's what you ought to say. I thought of telling Mrs. Tremayne; but it wouldn't have any more weight coming from her than it does coming from me. It ought to come from an outsider. It ought to come from you."

"Am I an outsider?"

"Well, Mrs. Tremayne and I are part of the business—so to speak. But you are what he really cares about. If you were frightened, he'd be frightened."

"But need I be frightened?"

At that moment the junior clerk handed Morland a card.

After reading it, he said, "Tell the gentleman that under no circumstances and under no conditions can Mr. Tremayne see the gentleman." He repeated with evident pleasure "under no circumstances and under no conditions can Mr. Tremayne see the gentleman."

The junior clerk went out.

"Is there any cause for me to be anxious?"

"I shouldn't say it is necessary to be anxious, but up to a certain point you may safely be seriously alarmed."

After a little further conversation Dick left the chambers very anxious about his father and with no feeling of satisfaction at the prospect of going to the Lennox Club.

The card which Morland had received contained the words—

Mr. Vincent Skrene,

*18, Park Place,
St. James's.*

White's Club.

CHAPTER VI

THE EMPEROR'S THEATRE

MR. MONTAGUE TRISTRAM was either the best actor on the English stage or the worst. There were not three opinions about him. His architecture was extraordinary. His elocution was unusual. At times he appeared to speak entirely in German. Some critics said that he had succeeded, not in spite, but by reason, of his defects. These defects constituted "his individuality" in the eyes of his strongest admirers. From the point of view of others who were less enthusiastic, and whose enthusiasm only entitled them to free seats after the first night, they were dear old Montie's misfortunes.

His enemies—and he was too bad an actor to have many—called him "a ridiculous old cripple." So he was either our greatest actor, or one of our most prominent invalids. In either capacity he was eminent. He had a preference for plays in which he could wear the minimum of clothing and the maximum of hair. His ideal was

apparently to look as much like a *décolletée* and dissipated dowager as it is possible for an eminent tragedian to look.

This Saturday night was to see the production of *Facing the Fog*.

The facts were these.

That on the light of our National Virtue, our Commercial Integrity, somewhat of a cloud has settled, is a tenable view. Montague Tristram called the cloud a fog and wrote a play about it. This work was probably the greatest thing he had ever done. He said so himself. It contained the greatest part that any writer had ever written for a great actor. That, too, he was fain to admit.

Therefore, if he failed, it would be the fault of unappreciative critics.

The performance was timed for 8.30; but when Vincent reached the theatre, at twenty minutes past eight, the hall was fairly full. People who had neglected to secure seats were lying in ambush by the box-office in the hope of getting something that had been returned. Lady journalists on unimportant papers were standing about in order to describe the dresses of the audience as the dresses came in. Actresses, who had been left out in the cold, were pretending to expect some one who had got the tickets; but in reality they were hopeful of securing a stray seat in a box, or getting permission to stand at the

back of the dress circle. After the first act the hitherto unsuccessful ones would oust chivalrous acquaintances from their seats.

They were perfumed with second-rate scents, and suggested cheap emotions.

In a minute or two the real audience began to arrive. It was an extraordinary mixture. Tristram had secured a couple of German princes whose titles sounded like bad translations of the names of Welsh villages and an unimportant Embassy with a peculiar and striking colour-scheme. Then there were dramatists of every sort: young dramatists, old dramatists, ex-dramatists, problematical dramatists; quantities of critics of all kinds; celebrities legal, financial, and bogus; some few clergymen; here and there a Rural Dean, or a dissenting minister.

But the women interested Vincent most. He had forgotten the insulting message that Tremayne's clerk had given him in the afternoon. In fact, he was devoting less of his attention to his business with the lawyer than to his love for the lawyer's wife. But though he was entirely engrossed in Margaret, a certain amount of interest in the fair sex was constitutional, and therefore chronic with him.

All the women were dressed in their most becoming and most characteristic clothes. Those that were what is still called—for want of a newer term—"æsthetic," were more æsthetic than usual.

A small clique of ladies these—survivals or relics of 1880—who wear on all occasions, and in spite of changing modes, full sleeves, dreamy eyes, fluffy hair, and sashes. They are also still sometimes alluded to as the “Souls,” and include among them a future Duchess, an artistic and social actress, and several very pretty girls whose fancy has been caught by the thoughtful air and picturesque style of these somewhat floppy beauties. On the other hand, those women who wish to be considered “chic” were about three months in advance of the fashion, wearing in their carefully waved tresses higher ornaments or more water-cresses than were yet to be seen except in that prophetic French fashion-book, “L’Art et la Mode.” There was the lady whose face seemed, even at first sight, curiously familiar to one, but who was never seen anywhere except at a first night. She was vaguely supposed, on account of her red hair, to be the wife of an artist, but no one was very sure about her. A stout, serious man from the provinces, who never missed a first performance of this, his favourite actor, and had seen Robson in his best days, and invariably brought up his one stout wife and two thin daughters to their inevitable stalls in the second row. It was the only great treat the daughters ever had, so no wonder if they secretly hoped the play might not “run” too long. The more frequent the *premières* the better for the daughters.

Staying two or three nights at the Inns of Court Hotel and adding to their scanty store of ugly clothes from a London dressmaker, was the delight of their somewhat empty lives: not even the theatrical reminiscences of their histrionic father spoilt their pleasure, though they had to endure them for a fortnight after each attendance at a new production. A dark, picturesque actress, a celebrity—celebrated principally for never having an engagement—was dreamily, but firmly, pushing her way in, piloted by the ascetic-looking actor-manager who accompanied her everywhere and was said to be “all the same” devoted to his wife. There were wives of successful medical men dressed in tight green velvet and unbecoming diamonds, generally also in a “Royal” fringe, trying to look as regal as their structural arrangements permitted. There were ladies, who were somewhat doubtful ladies, in high dresses, and very smart earrings, accompanied usually by fat, dark, sleek, prosperous-looking men, vaguely supposed to have “something to do with the syndicate.”

There were many women who imagined that this was “Society,” and that their presence there proved that they were in it, while other authentically social ladies fondly hoped it was so Bohemian and “Artistic and Clever” an audience, that being there almost proved them to be out of it. Many of these looked with sympathy and desire for his

admiration at Vincent Skrene; and he gave to each her due meed of admiration and notice; but he was to be deceived neither by the cold glitter of correctness, nor by the meretricious charms of theatrical ladies off the stage.

As he stood at the bottom of the steps leading to the stalls and boxes he was surrounded by these semi-celebrities. He might have been receiving the guests at a large miscellaneous party. Every one was pleased to see him, and he was delighted to see everybody.

Singer, the little Irish impressionist painter who hated Vincent with the ordinary hatred that the ordinary sort of Irishman feels for his compatriots, said in a loud and attention-compelling voice—

“My dear Skrene, when am I to paint you?”

“When you can spare time from bringing libel actions against your other sitters.”

This was a home-thrust, for the “gad-fly,” as he called himself (with that delicate wit of which he was at once the sole master and sole student), had lately devoted what time he could snatch from saying cruel things about his friends, to bringing actions to restrain his victims from saying anything at all about himself.

Timmy Singer had brought his insult with him, and he delivered it.

“I think you’d look glorious as a saint—as Saint Sebastian.”

“Why as Saint Sebastian?” asked Vincent.

"Ah! don't you know? All covered with arrows!" and he passed on, chuckling in his usual furtive way.

This tactful allusion to convict costume was not lost on Vincent. The rest of the audience laughed loudly "on spec" at the latest "Singerism." After the thing had got into the *Sporting Times* they found out what it meant, and were justly but aggressively proud of having been present at the birth of the delicate jest.

On Vincent it had no effect. In the drama of his life there were but two players beside himself: Margaret, the heroine, and her husband, the villain. He was to see Margaret that night, and the villain would not take the stage for some time longer. He knew that Mrs. Tremayne was to be in a box opposite to his with a party collected by Doctor Leadam, the greatest living authority on nasal catarrh, whose facial likeness to a prominent dramatic critic had induced him to take an intense interest in the Drama.

At that moment the Brydes arrived. They walked toward Vincent, each, as usual, apparently pointing the other out to the public.

Vincent received them with his best air of pre-historic friendship. He might have been a foster-brother to both of them. It was his idea to pilot them up to the top of the stairs, and there, in the most conspicuous position, engage them in animated conversation. Then when everybody had gone into

the theatre, and was shooting about with opera-glasses, he would enter the box with them in such a way that the public would assume he was the honoured guest of the Brydes. He never lost the opportunity of producing an effect, however misleading. Also, at the top of the stairs he could not fail to catch Margaret as she passed.

In a few minutes she arrived attended by the catarrh-specialist and his party, straight from a hurried dinner at the Carlton. With a patronizing allusion to the important part played by nasal catarrh in modern life, he introduced Doctor Leadam to Lady Bryde.

"My dear Mrs. Tremayne, I am afraid you are going to be terribly bored."

"I don't think so. I have never seen Montague Tristram."

"Then you will be terribly surprised."

"I don't like being terribly surprised."

"May I come and sympathize with you after the first act?"

"Shall I need sympathy so soon?"

He continued talking nonsense to her in a serious way.

Suddenly something happened; everybody felt that something had happened. Amongst all that miscellaneous multitude which was risking the raising of its tone by Mr. Montague Tristram there were only two people who did not feel the peculiar sensation that heralds the happening of

an event. It is inexplicable, but it is absolutely true that almost at the moment that Taubman got out of his cab at the entrance of the Emperor's everybody in the theatre knew of the advent of that monstrous man. The news could not have travelled at that speed by word of mouth.

The thing was felt as one feels the heaviness of an approaching storm. Everybody knew that Taubman had dared to do a thing which was well-nigh incredible, had ventured to come from the Old Bailey to be present at the production of *The Milestone on the Road of National Morality*, the sub-title of Tristram's play ; everybody except Vincent and Margaret.

With the passion that he felt for her gleaming in his eyes, he was caressing with his voice the woman whose soul had been stirred into a new life of enlarged possibilities by the chance words she had heard coming from a tent the night before.

The woman had been awakened. She had realized suddenly the possibilities of passionate kindness expressed by the one word "love." His quick instinct told him of this change in the woman. His knowledge of women (though it included no experience of a woman such as she) induced him to believe that the change was due to the birth of love for him.

He sprang in an instant to the seventh heaven of happiness, the intense joy that comes to him who awaits the immediate utterance of those words

that shall promise him the possession of the woman he loves.

Around them the atmosphere was tense with expectation. On every lip was the word Taubman. But for that word the hall of the Emperor's was hushed, as Taubman, bulky and flushed, alighted from his cab.

The swinging doors of the theatre were open, and into the blazing light of the hall he walked. In his train, as a shrivelled shadow, came the hatchet-faced American.

Every eye was fixed on the mountainous frame of the financier. Suddenly, Taubman was struck as with a blow. He realized the stupidity of the thing he was doing. He had come to a social execution, to which he had unnecessarily sentenced himself. In an instant, he recognized fifty faces that had warmed with smiles of friendliness or admiration in the days of his prosperity. He saw that no single one of those faces recognized him now. He had deliberately arranged to be hit below the belt.

He was surrounded by eyes that received the impression of him as a fact. Not one of these people would have a word for him.

But the huge flabby man moved on. He fumbled for his tickets, muttered something to the wizened jackal behind, and pushed ponderously on towards the staircase. Everybody knew him ; he knew everybody. No one spoke.

H

The only individual who cared to address him was the programme boy in Eton clothes.

“Programme, sir ?—sixpence.”

The childish treble sounded grotesque in the tension. Taubman, relieved in a measure that something was given to him to do, handed the boy a two-shilling piece and, waving aside his offer of change, mounted the stairs like a huge depressing cloud.

He permeated the staircase. And the colonel. No one noticed the colonel.

When Taubman, sick at heart, stifled by the atmosphere of heaviness that he himself had brought into the playhouse, reached the top of the stairs, he saw within a foot of him the back of Vincent Skrene.

On the spur of the moment, with no thought of malice, he put his huge, coarse hand on Vincent's shoulder.

Vincent looked up. Between him and the woman he loved loomed the flabby face of Taubman ; moving stealthily behind him was the hatchet-faced American.

CHAPTER VII

LOWNDES SQUARE

TREMAYNE'S house was of a type that is happily unusual in this century. The entrance hall gave one the idea of a railway terminus in miniature, and one thought twice before removing one's hat and coat on entering, so inhospitable was the atmosphere. The only charm about the house was the unique collection of Middle-Victorian enormities in cabinet-making. To the student of criminal upholstery the house was an inexhaustible museum. That it is now a matter of some difficulty to buy really ugly articles of furniture in the open market is probably due, in a large measure, to Lady Hewitt's enterprise.

For when the task of furnishing her brother's house had devolved upon her, she had apparently purchased all the specimens that had escaped the bonfires of those persons who have a sense of decency in furniture. On Margaret's introduction to the house her senses had shuddered at its systematic ugliness.

It did not take long for her to realize that improvement was hopeless. Destruction alone could have any effect. Those feminine touches that make a home habitable would have been incongruous in Lowndes Square.

The morning room was the least forbidding in the house, and in it the family generally sat. There is perhaps no more forbidding apartment in the world than the waiting-room of a specialist in diseases of the throat. On that model the morning room in Lowndes Square was formed. All signs of human habitation were banished by Lady Hewitt. Not a book or a newspaper was lying about. One would have thought that the house had been let furnished, and that the incoming tenant was expected at any moment. The only engraving that was not after Doré, represented Richard Tremayne's father, leaning on a column and turning his back to a baronial mansion of miscellaneous architecture.

As some of us are deficient in a sense of honour, so Tremayne and his sister had no sense of the beautiful. On the other hand, they were endowed with an unerring instinct for the absolutely hideous. There was a settee in that room which was incredible. It was arranged so that several people could conveniently sit back to back, and consisted of a bun covered with electric-blue rep, and ornamented, at intervals, by swellings punctured with buttons. In the centre of this edifice there rose irrelevantly a sugar-loaf also

covered in rep of the same unfortunate colour. The thing was scarcely a structure on which any right-minded woman would care to sit—especially on Sunday, in the height of the season. And yet Lady Hewitt was firmly seated on it, in post-prandial contentment, the day after the production of *Facing the Fog*. The play had been a conspicuous *succès de fiasco*.

Opposite to her, on a comparatively probable chair, overlaid with yellow satin, was sitting Mr. S. P. Bright.

For the last ten years it had been his practice to come up from his little house at Richmond and dine with the Tremaynes on Sundays. The little house at Richmond was the only unknown quantity in the little fellow's life. He was chaffed about it by those who knew him best. But those who knew him best were so slightly acquainted with him that the point of their innuendo lay in the suggestion of some fair Rosamund delicately preserved at Richmond. As a matter of fact the only relaxation he enjoyed at Richmond was an intense appreciation of the poetry of Mr. Alfred Austin, of whose works he possessed a probably unique collection. The unprofessional side of his nature centred solely in Mr. Alfred Austin and Lady Hewitt.

"I do not understand it," he said ; " you profess a certain regard for me, a regard that I cannot but believe to be sincere. On examination of the

motives which may influence your actions, I am compelled to come to the conclusion that your regard for myself is sincere. Of the sincerity of my affection for you, Eleanor, no thinking man can have any reasonable doubt."

"I don't fancy that your very flattering proposal to make me your wife is a matter on which we need take the opinion of thinking men," she said, with a smile, almost concealed by the upward pressure of her double chin.

"True, true. It is purely a question between the parties. You are right in treating it as a personal matter."

"But you are treating it in such an absolutely impersonal way."

"In these matters one must free oneself from any personal bias."

"I am quite sure that you will have no difficulty in doing that, Mr. Bright."

"I trust not. You may rely on the fact that in asking you to be my wife, I am not led away by any romantic delusions, which, though apparently durable at the time, vanish into the air after, say, fifteen years of happy married life."

"I am fifty-two years of age, and I cannot with any degree of confidence look forward to fifteen years of any sort of life."

"Nelly!" he exclaimed, with an expression of anguish that was almost comical. "I decline to contemplate the possibility of your untimely

decease. I hope, if only for your own sake, you may be spared for many long years to come."

The fat little lawyer was really very much in love with Lady Hewitt. Indeed, he admitted to himself that his admiration for Mr. Alfred Austin and for Lady Hewitt were the only blemishes in an otherwise unimpeachable forensic temperament, but he also admitted (and also only to himself) that his admiration for Lady Hewitt as a woman was greater than his admiration for Mr. Austin as a poet. By a natural instinct he had selected for himself the poet and the woman who were least likely to interfere with his work at the Bar. Every Sunday it was his practice to advance arguments which should induce Lady Hewitt to become his bride. As arguments they were all perfectly sound, but they were not even remotely connected with love-making. They might have convinced a judge. They could never appeal to a woman.

Lady Hewitt endorsed his wishes as to her longevity.

"You see, we are wasting so much time," he went on reflectively. "I only see you on Sundays, and very often during the week I come across some legal point which would be of the greatest interest to you. When Sunday comes, the point very often escapes my memory," he said, dolefully. "We talk about ourselves, and I completely forget the interesting point. Now, if we were married, that would not occur."

"You don't suppose I am going to marry a man simply in order to discuss complicated legal points?"

"Not simply with that view. But I am led to the irresistible conclusion that there is something more in life than is to be found in law books."

"You astound me!"

"Not more, exactly. Not more. But something different, something more—more mellow."

He had never previously been so human in his love-making. Lady Hewitt was very fond of the quaint little man, but she had got into the habit of not being married—as Americans acquire the habit of getting divorced. If she were sentenced to matrimony without the option of a fine, she would cheerfully become Mrs. S. P. Bright, but as it was, although she scarcely knew it herself, the little lawyer had a rival. That rival was the house in Lowndes Square. For Lady Hewitt was one of the leading housekeepers of our time. She kept house in a way that was far more appropriate to Bayswater than to Belgravia.

Enough book-keeping and correspondence were gone through with regard to her domestic affairs to keep a small government-office fully occupied. It was her firm belief that the tradesmen of England and the servants of England were banded together in an unnatural alliance to prevent her from keeping house as a house should be kept. She held them at bay by her method, which,

incidentally, and with almost superhuman expenditure of labour, made the house as uncomfortable and as perfectly kept as it is possible for a house to be. One would have said that there was madness in her method had not one realized that it was a passion, almost a creed.

Lady Hewitt could never be false to Lowndes Square. Had the house been blown up, then, after an appropriate period of mourning in furnished apartments, she would gravely and decorously have married Bright and installed him in a mansion which should, so far as possible, recall the dismal features of her late, lamented home.

"And," she replied, rather amused at his warmth, "you think that I am the 'something more mellow'?"

"I am inclined to that conclusion. You do not think that I am too romantic?"

"No, no," she said, "I realize that at our age we are a little late for a romantic marriage. Our honeymoon would not suggest midnight on Lake Como; it would be more like, say, a meat tea at Dover."

"Personally," answered Bright, feeling that he was conducting a winning case, and being an absolutely literal person, "personally, I should prefer Torquay. Of course, it is not bracing. Still you have more experience in honeymoons than I have. What would you say to Bognor?"

She had nothing to say to Bognor. What she

said to Bright was, "We are chattering like silly children."

The cup was dashed from his lips. He demanded to know why she would not marry him. He "administered interrogatories;" he insisted on "further and better particulars;" he "cross-examined" her. He set all the machinery of the law in motion to secure her hand. He indirectly threatened to apply to Richard for a "mandamus" to compel her to marry him.

At last, she gave him a reason which satisfied him, without giving him any satisfaction. It was not the true reason, nor was it a reason that did her either credit or justice.

She hinted that he was merely an obscure barrister, that she was a knight's dame, and that it would be folly for her to marry him. Even had she known it, she would not have told him the true reason—that she was in love with a house. Men are said to have fallen in love with the Sphinx, but no man will ever believe in a woman's preference for an architectural rival.

Directly the words had passed her lips, the broken, despairing appearance of the little lawyer touched her heart. She understood that there was such a word as love even in that perambulating law-lexicon. From the kindness of her heart she promised him more than she meant—that if he made a position for himself she would be his wife.

From his point of view he had already acquired

his position, the position that suited him, the cosy little income, the cosy little villa, and the appreciation of the cosy little poet.

The prospect of arriving at matrimony *via* martyrdom was a grievous one to him.

At that moment Imogen came into the room. For some occult reason it was not the custom for the Tremaynes to dress for dinner on Sunday. So the contrast of the girl's brilliant, shimmering gown and the two drab figures in the forbidding room was strikingly marked. She had spent two hours since dinner in "fixing herself up," and the time had certainly been well spent. It seemed incredible that the girl's mother was an illiterate Irish woman, whose only accomplishment was a certain skill in milking cows, and mixing drinks. Since her father, Scudamore J. Briggs, ex-traveller in refrigerators and ex-bunco steerer, had made his millions out of a type-writing machine, her mother ceased to take any pride in her own accomplishments. She led society in a very creditable manner at Saratoga and Old Point Comfort. Her summer home on the Hudson was one of the most sumptuous of those that adorn that noble river.

The period required to make an English gentleman is now said to be reduced to two generations. But an American lady can be made in six months, and one sitting to an English portrait painter. America is unquestionably the land of progress.

"Popper," Briggs had been represented by Tremayne in some important litigation in which the House of Lords had decided that the Unicorn Type-writer was not liable to be mistaken by the unthinking public for the Unicorn Cooking Range. This happy state of things put thousands of dollars into the already well-filled pockets of the ex-commercial traveller, and established very friendly relations between the two men. It resulted also in the advent of Imogen to the mausoleum in Lowndes Square.

She had come to spend the season, "and have a daisy time generally." But within a month of her arrival she discovered that Dick was specially selected by Providence to be her husband, a view in which that intelligent young man readily acquiesced.

"Popper" consented by cable, and "Momma" supplied the American Press with the necessary imaginative details.

As Imogen entered the room, Bright prepared to leave. He had a great deal to think about.

"Why so soon, Mr. Bright?" she said, with the assurance that makes an American girl, no matter where she is, appear to be playing the part of hostess. "I call that real cruel."

"I must get back to Richmond," he hesitated. "I have work to do."

"What, on Sunday?"

"Gentlemen in Mr. Bright's profession have a

seven days' working week, and no eight hours' days," said Lady Hewitt.

"Aren't you helping Mr. Tremayne in that horrid Taubman case?"

"I am his junior."

"Do tell! Why, you look weeks older."

"Mr. Bright means that he is assisting my brother to convict the Taubman people."

"But say, you won't help him to convict poor Bertie Daventry? That would be real mean."

"My assistance, I'm afraid, is not of much value. There is only one man in England who can secure the conviction of Taubman. That man is Mr. Tremayne. If he is at his best on Tuesday the whole gang will be sent to prison."

"Well, that is cute! Do you mean to say that they will imprison a peer's son just the same as though he were a common criminal, or an Irish member of Parliament?"

"That is the idea I intended to convey."

"You see," said Lady Hewitt, "this is a free country; we are perfectly free to send our peers to prison."

"And to think that there aren't enough to supply the American marriage market as it is!"

"You Americans look upon our depreciated peerage as a sort of compensation for your degenerate conversation," was Lady Hewitt's comment.

"I suppose Bertie Daventry has no money?" the American asked.

"I believe not."

"I guessed as much; that's why he proposed to marry me. I notice that your aristocracy generally make a proposition to us American girls when they can't make a proposition to their creditors."

She said this with a charming smile, and Lady Hewitt acknowledged the thrust.

"But," she asked, "I never knew that he proposed to you?"

"Well, you can't quite call it a proposal. But he certainly asked me to marry him at lunch at Ascot. I didn't mention it because proposing to one at lunch at Ascot is only another way of drinking one's health. If a man proposes to me at Henley, provided it's in a Canadian canoe, I think he's entitled to an invitation to my wedding and a paragraph in the *New York World*."

She enunciated these views with an air of supreme conviction.

Then she deliberately asked Bright, "I suppose if Bertie had money he'd bribe you, wouldn't he?"

"Certainly not," he answered, very much ruffled.

"Well, how *do* lawyers live over here?"

"Good-night, Lady Hewitt; good-night, Miss Briggs." And the little barrister left the house

without remembering the existence of his hostess, Mrs. Tremayne.

Lady Hewitt's massive frame shook with pleasure at Bright's discomfiture.

"My dear Imogen, you Americans have the most phenomenal ideas!"

"We are a phenomenal people. We are the latest thing in countries."

"With us, lawyers are not bribed."

"If a New York lawyer could not be bribed, it would be impossible for our millionaires to get justice."

"My dear child! What a scandalous state of things!"

"Well, I suppose your judges have a good time. Perhaps it's better to go to headquarters right away—to pollute the source of justice as it bubbles from the fountain."

"No judge has ever been bribed in England since the Petition of Right." And he added with forensic humour, "One would scarcely credit that you are the countrywoman of George Washington, who gained a world-wide reputation by his inability to lie on a trivial matter of arboriculture."

"Times have changed. If George were alive now he would not have a seat in Congress."

"No," said Lady Hewitt; "he would probably be the London correspondent of the *New York World*."

"Why, no! His inability to lie about the

English royal family would not commend itself to the American people." Then, half-regretfully, she added, "I confess I don't see any opening for George, except as a weather-prophet."

"Yes," said Lady Hewitt, "there is a demand for accuracy in that department."

"Ah, only in England. In the States we have our climate under proper control. Our weather is supplied wholesale."

Lady Hewitt fell into a mistake, very common in clever women. She assumed that, out of appreciation for her reputed cleverness, people laid their minds before her as an open book. Imogen made a mistake, common in beautiful girls. She assumed that a woman of slight physical attraction was of necessity lacking in all possible attractive qualities. She therefore never talked anything but flippant nonsense to Lady Hewitt; and Lady Hewitt, acting on a misapprehension, believed every word she said. Therefore, she had no idea that the American girl was at heart a woman in whom the sense of honour was developed to an extraordinary degree, who judged the slightest actions of everyday life as though they were affairs of the first importance, who would condemn for ever the doer of a shabby act, and would place in the seventh heaven of her regard the individual who nobly performed a friendly office of a trivial sort; that, in fact, her life was completely governed by her conscience.

Lady Hewitt had little experience of the conscientious, high-principled type of American girl.

At this moment Dick strolled in, smoking a cigarette.

"Dick," said his aunt, "I wish you wouldn't smoke in here. If you want to smoke, there is the smoking-room—a smoking-room is set apart for that special purpose."

"That's why you sit in the morning-room in the evening, I suppose?" he rejoined peevishly.

"And now that we're on the subject," continued Lady Hewitt, "will you kindly empty your cigarette ashes out of the ash-trays when you've finished with them? Nothing looks so untidy as an ash-tray lying about full of ashes."

"Except a coal-scuttle full of coals. Aunt Nelly, you've got a gift for making a home comfortable; that's what it is—a gift."

"I'm afraid it is a gift that is not sufficiently appreciated by those for whom it is employed," Lady Hewitt answered tartly.

The kindly nature of the woman had vanished, and the rampant housekeeper's had appeared in its stead. Mrs. Jekyll yielded place to Mother Hyde.

"And where, pray, are you all going to-night? Nobody tells me. You go out, you come in, and I am none the wiser."

"My dear aunt, you have so many things to think of—the dimensions of the meat-safe, the

character of the cook, the great question of Harrod *v.* Whiteley on the subject of kitchen cobbles, that it would be impertinent for me to hope to interest you in a question such as where we are going to-night."

"Richard, I cannot say that I like your tone."

"You seem to forget, Aunt Eleanor, that I'm a . . . that I'm a marrying man. I am going to take my *fiancée* and my stepmother to a concert at the Lennox Club." This he said with great deliberation.

"Very well. Very well. That is all I wanted to know."

"And that is all there is to know."

"Of course you have not ordered the brougham?"

"No, I have not ordered the brougham. I know the regulations of the house by this time, and I am perfectly aware that the brougham is not used on Sundays, or at any time that it's wanted."

"That is a most unjust observation."

"It's founded on fact, all the same."

"Richard, I see by your behaviour that I had better leave you alone with your *fiancée*."

"Thank you, aunt, and I'll do the same for you at any time it's necessary."

Lady Hewitt floated angrily out of the room like an offended balloon.

CHAPTER VIII

LOWNDES SQUARE

"My own boy, I'm afraid that weird woman has driven you to matrimony," said Imogen, who had listened attentively to the scene.

"Well, if she has," he answered affectionately, "it would be the only good turn she's ever done me. But, of course, dear girl, I should have fallen in love with you anyhow."

"Say that again ; say it twice more."

He said it twice more, and kissed her tenderly.

"I can't understand how your stepmother allows Lady Hewitt in the house. There ought to be Homes for housekeepers like that."

"On all other points she's sane. Besides, Margaret found her here when she married my father. Aunt Nelly is part of the establishment, like that pleasing blue sofa. Also, they have the same sort of figures, Aunt Nelly and the sofa."

"Dick, I can't begin to tell you how much I admire Margaret. The way she let me have her maid to dress me first to-night while she waited

down here in that tea-gown, which don't do her justice any way, was just too cute. If I make you half as good a wife as she makes your popper, I'll buy myself two Dewey medals, and walk down Bond."

"I dare say we shall hit upon some more suitable method of enabling you to express our joint satisfaction, if we think it out," Dick answered, patting her cheek with her fan. "You see that manoeuvre might be misunderstood over here."

"I know that in England any exhibition of feeling is reckoned bad taste, even from a husband to a wife."

"That's true enough if it's his own wife."

"Now, Dick, I want to ask you something. I want to ask it because I want to know. Of course, with us, it's the usual thing for the husband to attend to his business, or what not—and for the wife to gallivant off to Paris, or wherever it's just the thing to go at the time. But over here, I always thought that you didn't go in for the American system of matrimonial separation. I thought it was quite the smart thing for husband and wife to live together now and again. But since I've been staying in your elegant home, I've hardly ever met your popper."

"Well, you see——"

"I know that it's not my affair. But I want you to understand right now, that I'm marrying

you because I love you, and not with a view to permanent separation. We could fix that up without any wedding trouble or marriage settlements."

"I know it must seem odd to you. It doesn't seem odd to me or to anybody else. But my father is playing for a very big stake just now. In fact, he's been playing for it all his life. You see, it's rather an important thing in its way here—to be attorney-general."

"Yes. I understand it's a sort of legal lord mayor—without the procession."

"No, it isn't exactly that. In fact, it is quite different from that. But it is a great honour. And my governor is frightfully keen on that. He would give up anything to get it."

"Even his wife?"

"How do you mean—even his wife?"

"I mean what I say——"

"Well—by Jove!" The newness of the idea compelled Dick to walk about the room. "Yes, from what I know of him, he would give up—even his wife. . . . everything with the possible exception of me."

"A man who is willing to give up his wife—very often—well, that is what happens with us."

Dick smiled. "No, no, dear old Margaret; she's my best pal. Really, the governor might have married her simply to please me. Then, you see, he's twenty years older than she is. You must remember that. She's his second wife."

"Well, I expect Henry VIII. paid some attention to Anne of Cleves."

"Don't you get hold of the idea that Henry VIII. has any weight with us now. You Americans always think that we live in our history. As a matter of fact, we don't know it—it's only Americans who do. Henry VIII. is a dead letter. Probably that affair with Anne of Cleves was all trumped up." Dick certainly knew no more about history than he did about the authorship of the Books of Moses. The pass-degree of B.A. of the University of Oxford is practically a guarantee that the holder is innocent of what is called "Common knowledge."

"Dick," she said after a slight pause, "I admit, no one would admit it more readily, that your father in no way suggests Henry VIII. I was wrong to make the thoughtless parallel."

"Don't mention it, darling."

"You respect your 'popper,' Dick?"

"Of course."

"You value his judgment?"

"Naturally. Why?"

"You didn't mention to Lady Hewitt just now that we are going to the Lennox with Mr. Vincent Skrene?"

"No. It didn't crop up."

"Does your 'popper' know?"

"Does my father often know where we go? I don't suppose he reads the *Daily Mail*."

"He doesn't think that Mr. Skrene is an honourable man."

"I do. I know he is."

"How do you know, Dick?"

"Do you want chapter and verse?"

"Yes. Mr. Tremayne must be a fairly good judge of character."

"Well, I can't give them to you. The thing involves another person."

"Well, then, Dick, I don't see how I can, as your father's guest, go out to-night with a man whom he doesn't consider an honourable man."

"Hang it, you're engaged to me. Can't you take my word?"

"Dick, I love you. I have the greatest admiration for your father. He is a man of stupendous brain. Though I love you, I cannot but think that your father is probably right."

The girl's extraordinarily developed conscience was a novelty to Dick. He bore with it as well as he could, but it irritated him.

"Look here," he said, "I'll tell you what Vincent did for me, if you like. It's not interesting and it's not creditable to me, but it proves that Vincent is a good sort, the best sort, and I want you to feel it. There are lots of lies told about him. And I want you to know they *are* lies, and nothing else."

The boy was warming up in defence of his friend.

"I'm not a picture in the story," he added.
"But you'd better know the whole thing."

He lighted a cigarette in spite of Lady Hewitt.

"I was in the Eton eleven the year Bertie Daventry was captain. We won the match at Lord's entirely through Bertie. I helped him for all I was worth, in my humble way, and people made a bit of a fuss about us. That's how I met Vincent Skrene. He made an awful fuss. Then when I went up to Oxford he was very good to me. He's over forty—well over forty—but he was always a pal to me. During the Vacs, we had dinners at the Café Royal, Savoy, boxes at the Empire, suppers at the Continental. You know the sort of thing. I suppose it's like the Waldorf-Astoria and the Manhattan Club. My knowledge of America is gathered entirely from the 'Belle of New York' and the English comic papers."

"Did you play base-ba—cricket for Oxford?"

"No, no, I didn't. No. But Vincent and a lot of the girls—you see we were all pals. It's awfully hard to make a woman understand——"

"Try. Go on."

"You place me in an infernally awkward position. At any rate, a man got awfully hard up. He was in a very tight place for money. So, as I was his pal, I had to help him. I couldn't go to the governor because he had already given me far more money than I had any right to expect. If

I had asked for it he would have given it to me like a shot. You see, he's such a good sort. That's the worst of him. Most of my pals have beasts for governors. Morrison's governor is an awful brute."

"And rightly, I should say. The position of being governor to Mr. Morrison can be no sinecure," said the girl, who was listening intently to the story that Dick was jerking out in short boyish sentences.

"Well, my friend wanted a bill backed for a hundred pounds. And I, who could have got the money from my father, didn't. That's the long and short of it. I didn't. I wired to Vincent Skrene, who had said he would always back bills for me or my friends. He was abroad. So we were in an awful hole."

"Well ?"

"Then I did an infernally rotten thing. Whichever way it's looked at, it was a rotten thing. But you know I'm not a clever man. If I had been, I should have gone to the Bar. But I'm a bit of a fool in my way. Probably, if I wasn't an only son I should have gone into the Church. As it is, of course, it's all right being a fool on the Stock Exchange, if your firm only does sound investment business." (He was not at all anxious to get to the point of his story.) "But you're so clever, darling, that you won't mind my not being what you call 'brainy,' will you ?"

"Not the least bit in the world," she said

enthusiastically. "There is nothing more awful that crawls between earth and heaven than the clever young man."

"Yes, look what an ass Morrison is."

"Well, what did you do?"

"What I did was this. My friend was in the tightest sort of place. He often was. In fact, Morrison nicknamed him 'the golf ball' because of his always being in holes. But if he hadn't got out of this one, it would have been all over with him. I told you that Vincent had said he would always willingly back bills for any friend of mine, so, as he was abroad, I signed his name."

"You did what?" The girl was standing erect and quivering.

"I signed Vincent's name." He was playing with some rather ugly tassels on the mantel border and was not looking at the girl. "Of course I wrote him saying what I'd done. Now, there are not many men, are there, who would let you do that sort of thing?"

He turned round expecting approbation of Vincent. He met Boadicea smarting from the Roman rods.

"There are not many men who would want to do that sort of thing!" she hurled at him. To his intense surprise he grasped that he, the defender of Vincent Skrene, had been suddenly thrust into the dock on his own defence.

This was the picture presented to her brain.

An English gentleman, to her thinking the owner of the proudest title on earth, brought up in the traditions of all that is noblest, and all that is best in life, had committed forgery. That was the word—forgery. Was the world upside down? He had forged. To get a “class-mate” out of trouble, he said. Would a student of Harvard do such a thing for a friend? Never. And an English gentleman had sunk to these depths. The motive must be stronger than friendship. The motive must be a woman. They stood facing one another, the youth of the Old World and the youth of the New. For her there was no bridge of opportunism that could connect the lie and the truth. No mixture of right and wrong could form an action worthy of praise. Of the standard of honour prevailing amongst young Englishmen she had no sort of knowledge. How was she to know that, as it is etiquette to lie to a school-master in defence of any other boy, be he enemy or be he friend, so it is a man’s duty to lie on his oath in the court of divorce in defence of a woman? That a wife should perjure herself for her husband is a possibility recognized even by our law. That mere friendship formed at a public school, fostered by that strong bond of the victory over Harrow, should induce a boy to do a disgraceful action to save a friend, was a possibility completely beyond the grasp of the girl’s mind. What was impossible in America was impossible in England.

A thing that was too disgraceful to occur at Harvard was not likely to be done at Oxford.

He was lying to her. He was lying to her about a woman. He had admitted the disgraceful truth up to a certain point, but the motive for it, which concerned her as his affianced wife, he had lied about.

It was this impression, which was graven into her mind, that the boy would have to efface—no very easy undertaking. For the girl believed that a man's honour and a woman's were precisely similar quantities, that honour in man had also the same technical meaning that we attach to "woman's honour." It is strange that so old-fashioned a view obtains, to a very large extent, in the maidens of the New World.

"Tell me the rest," she said, staring at the uncomfortable boy. "Tell me everything."

"I have told you everything."

"You have not told me who the woman was." Her heart was throbbing with anguish at the shattering of her ideal.

"There was no woman. What do you mean? I told you it was for a man." He knew that Bertie Daventry had been, and probably still was, in love with Imogen. His feeling of loyalty to his friend prevented him from giving away the friend's name. She had preferred him to Bertie, and he did not propose to blacken the reputation of the unsuccessful and unhappy rival. This

like the incident of the forged bill, was a development of the schoolboy code of honour.

"A man!" she cried. "What type of man demands that type of friendship? For what sort of woman is a man driven to . . . to do that sort of thing?"

"I told you it was 'the golf ball.' You can't call a woman a 'golf ball.'"

"Mr. Morrison might, and a woman who is called that sort of name can't be a very nice sort of woman."

"I swear it was a man."

"Then tell me the name of the man for whom you—forged." The word slipped out.

"Forged! That's the mistake you make. I did a stupid thoughtless thing. I didn't forge. I was at Oxford at the time. I wrote Vincent's name."

"Well, what then?"

"He'd have done it himself. Anyhow, he's the only person who's entitled to object. And he didn't. I made it right. The whole thing is dead and buried. Anyhow, I don't see what it's got to do with you."

"I'm the girl who was engaged to be married to you."

"Was engaged! Imogen!" he cried, "you don't mean to say——" The fearful possibility that her words implied struck him between the eyes. This was no lovers' quarrel. He saw that. The question of the life or death of her

love for him was being decided at that moment. The girl stood erect, statuesque, immovable. He realized, as in a flash, all that there was for him to lose. He could not readily believe that he had lost it. He could not grasp that a hasty, stupid action, committed at the age of eighteen and a half, should close the gates of the only hope of his life's happiness.

Most of us, before we reach the years of responsible indiscretion pass through a species of moral measles. We do not, on that account, suffer to the end from moral disease. Many an undergraduate has a curious fondness for breaking, with champagne bottles, the windows of those set in authority over him. But, when he comes to his own and a house in Harley Street, he does not convert his cellar into an arsenal for the annoyance of a neighbouring County Councillor. One of the greatest thinkers of our day was a red-hot republican, when a scholar of Trinity Hall. A fondness, a passion for barmaids is not unknown at the Universities. It is a rare thing for it to become a settled habit with a man of twenty-one—unless indeed he be a fellow of the pseudo-sportsman type.

Dick's unhappy action was in no sense indicative of Dick's character. It was a symptom of moral measles. It was indeed more. It was the disease itself. And he had recovered. He was not an habitual forger. In no way was he

qualified for the general staff of the French Army. He was a thoroughbred : and, as is usual with thoroughbreds, he had his distemper very badly. That it should have taken the form of this one act of forgery was unfortunate, but hardly unnatural. Dick had shown weakness, want of judgment ; but his moral principles were sound.

When any particular form of crime is brought prominently to the notice of the police, and the Press, an epidemic of that particular crime pervades the country. That prosecution should promote crime would be incredible, were it not true. The thing is as mysterious as the march of influenza ; but it is equally incontrovertible.

During Dick's last term at Eton, the son of a marquis had been sent to prison for seven years, for the crime of forgery. Since Lord Arthur Weardale's conviction many young men of good birth, of what is called liberal education, had taken pen in hand and followed in his steps, *via* the Old Bailey, to the convict prison.

Had Weardale been acquitted there would, perhaps, have been method in the madness of these wretched young men. But that his sentence should have proved an incentive to imitation is inexplicable, except on the basis of the moral influenza theory.

The young fool must give vent to his folly, and in his choice of a folly he follows the fashion of the moment, whether it be in marrying the

least desirable type of woman, or in forging the name of a friend.

The fashion exists, though he knows it not. The microbe is in the air. His instinct drives him blindly in the wrong path, and the wrong path for the young "blood" of the time lay in the direction of taking another man's name in vain—on the back of a bill.

The girl made no answer to Dick's startled cry.

"I was only eighteen. Don't you understand?"

"That's it! That's just what I do understand," she said, with deep sorrow in her voice. "That's just where it is. You did this thing, this hideous thing, as a mere boy. That's what makes it so hopeless."

She believed that it was infinitely worse to embark on a career of crime at eighteen than at eighty. The very youth of the criminal proved his ingrained instinct for devious ways. The principle of the First Offender's Act found no place in her intellect. "Dick," she went on, after a pause, "you have told me only half the truth."

"I swear to you that I have told you all. I didn't do it for a woman. And if I had, I don't see how it would make the thing any worse."

"No," she admitted, "not actually any worse." But it made a great deal of difference in her condemnation. Had she known that the reckless action had been done for Bertie Daventry, had

she understood the almost idolatrous admiration of an Etonian for the captain of the Eton eleven, she might have forgiven the boy—Dick only grasped that her New England conscience writhed in horror at what he had done.

To defend himself was useless. She could never grasp his point of view; they had been brought up in different worlds, and their standards of right and wrong were far apart as the poles. He appealed to her love. Then she told him her love was dead. Dick was completely bewildered, crushed. At that moment Tremayne entered the room.

With a motion of her hand she acceded to the boy's look of entreaty that his father should know nothing of the cause of their estrangement.

CHAPTER IX

LOWNDES SQUARE

Two red spots burnt on Tremayne's pale cheeks.

His manner was feverish as he crossed the room and threw himself down on the sofa.

"Ah!" he said, speaking rapidly, "it's good to be at home again. The Temple on Sunday is a city of the dead. Not a sound. The silence stifles one. It's impossible to work in such silence; but here at home among his family is the place for a man." Then suddenly breaking off, "You're in evening dress. Are you going out?"

"Yes, father."

"But I wanted to have an evening with you all. Is Margaret going out too?"

"Yes, she's going with us."

"Where to? Where, in Heaven's name, do you want to go on a Sunday night?" He was clearly in a very nervous condition.

"The Lennox Club."

"Never heard of it. Who's taking you?"

"Mr. Skrene."

"Any relation to Vincent Skrene?"

"It is Vincent Skrene."

"What!" he shouted. "My wife and son in the company of Vincent Skrene!"

"I know that people say things against him, but I've always found him a very good sort."

"Always? Since when?"

"I knew him when I was at Oxford."

"You've known that blackguard for years! Are you insane, boy?"

Imogen felt sympathy for Dick. He was paying a big price for his friendship with Skrene.

"I think, Mr. Tremayne, that you're rather hard on him. How was Dick to know that Mr. Skrene is as bad as you say?"

The boy gave her a grateful glance.

"If Mr. Skrene has been a good friend to Dick, I can't see but how he is right to stand up for his friend," she added.

"But let him only make such friends as are worth the standing by. More men are ruined by their friends than by their enemies."

His nerves seemed almost shattered; he walked up and down the room. The girl and boy looked anxiously at one another.

"I've met during my career," said Tremayne, "either in the dock or in political circles, all the greatest criminals of our day; and if a man's crime

is to be measured by the misery that he has caused, rather than by the blood that his own hand sheds, there lives no scoundrel greater, meaner, more contemptible, than this Vincent Skrene."

Eloquence seemed to soothe him. The shock of finding himself in the unusual condition of inability to work had alarmed him in the Temple. But it was a great relief to get into an element where he was at home. While he was speaking he felt secure. He continued—

"If a man takes another man's life, death is the price he pays. But if, by setting fools with titles to catch fools with cash, he ruins happy homes and sends their owners helpless and hopeless into the streets, then the law is often powerless to touch him."

His audience listened wondering. As a rule, he talked calmly, in polished, sober English. But this effort was melodrama. And he seemed pleased with these violent periods, while Imogen's wonder was the wonder of a surprised student of manners and customs. Doubtless this was the way in which leading English lawyers discussed social problems in their drawing-rooms.

It seemed strange to her ; that was all.

Dick regarded his father's method of speech as the effect of overwork. He was alarmed. At any rate, it would be prudent to reduce the conversation to a lower pitch.

"I'm very sorry, father. But he goes every-

where. Margaret and I meet him everywhere. I didn't know that he was that sort of man."

"No, my dear boy, of course you didn't. How should you? A man's character is rarely written large upon his face."

He sat down heavily on the sofa, and motioned to them to sit one on either side. With an arm on a shoulder of each he began with an air of benevolent satisfaction—

"I've got some good news for you, some wonderful news. Perhaps I ought to tell it to my wife first, but, well, I've known you longer, and you're my son, and you bear my name; there's something in that, Dick, isn't there? And you, dear," kindly, to Imogen, "you are to be my son's wife."

For her the position was becoming intolerable. She half rose.

"No, no," he said, "you mustn't go. There are no secrets between us." The spirit of eloquence was on him again. His eyes wandered to his father's picture. Dick was in torture. He knew what was coming, and he felt that the worst possible moment had been selected for its advent.

"Father, you're tired."

"Not a bit. Imogen, you see that picture there? That, you know, is my father; but you did not know that he died in prison."

"In prison?" came in a horrified whisper from her lips.

She fixed her eyes on Dick.

"Yes, it's right you should know it. He betrayed a trust. He was a lawyer like myself, but he was a solicitor. His crime was a crime that some men might forgive because he sinned to save a friend."

"He sinned to save a friend," the girl repeated, still staring fixedly at Dick. Her shoulders seemed to tighten. For the second time to-day that same story was being flashed into her brain.

"And what was his punishment?" she asked.

"It was just, but it was terrible. For we must condemn by the deed, though God may forgive for the motive."

"Do you think that God forgives for the motive?"

"If a man meets with the penalty of his sin in this world, if his shame finds him out, and he suffers for it once here, it may well be that he is not called upon to suffer twice."

"But he suffers twice . . . in those who love him," she said.

Tears were brimming in Dick's eyes.

"Surely," Tremayne went on, "he suffers twice in those who love him. I had to come down from Oxford, penniless, the bearer of a name that was dishonoured. One or two friends helped me—Lord Daventry, poor Bertie's father, amongst them—and I went to the Bar. It was a bitter

fight, with that against me. Every one knew of my disgrace ; but the members of the English Bar are good fellows, and they never let it tell against me.” -

That was quite true ; he was proud of the Bar, and the Bar was proud of him. Although all the older men knew of the scandal, they kept it to themselves. It was a point of honour not to speak of it to the younger ones.

A society paper, a few years back, had hinted at the skeleton of Lowndes Square, whereupon the alcoholic Mr. O'Brien had set out, with a horsewhip in his hand and murder in his heart, to the editorial office. Had it not been for the large number of restaurants in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street he would certainly have reached the editor, and a prosecution for assault and battery would have advertised the half-forgotten scandal throughout the country. But as it was, he slept soundly till twelve o'clock the next day, and the editor, having escaped a dire peril, afterwards looked favourably on applications for new public house licences in his immediate locality.

The girl had risen. “ Do you, as a man of the world, as a man of honour, hold your father blameless because he sinned to save a friend ? ”

“ It is not for us to judge those whom we love. Either we judge them not at all, or we judge them too harshly.”

Looking at Dick she repeated, half aloud, half

to herself: "Either we judge them not at all, or we judge them too harshly."

He continued cheerily. "When things were at their blackest, I did a fantastic thing. I swore to myself, but never dared to give it words, so wild it seemed, that I, the son of one who had disgraced his calling, would one day be the leader of the English Bar. Children," said he, rising and taking a hand of each, "that day has come." His eyes were flashing. "Although there are many better men than I, better men and better fitted for the post, I have it from the Prime Minister himself that if I convict this Taubman gang it is certain—it is very likely in any event—that I shall be made the King's attorney-general."

This had been common gossip for some days amongst the well-informed. But he fancied that it would be startling news to his family.

The best that Dick could do was an unconvincing "Oh, father, I'm so glad. That's the ambition of your life."

"No, Dick, no," he said, with the childlike enthusiasm of a very tired man. "You are the ambition of my life." He pointed to the picture of his father. "His life ended in disgrace, but, please God, that is wiped out."

He was on the point of bringing their hands together. Worn though he was in brain and body, he had the strength to appreciate at its full the happiness he thought was his. Then

Imogen said calmly and almost caressingly to him—

“No, Mr. Tremayne, not that.” The words cut her to the heart, and the troubled girl gave a look of extreme anguish towards Dick.

“What do you mean?” Tremayne asked in astonishment. Dick threw an imploring glance at Imogen.

She answered by telling the only lie she had ever told in her life.

“I mean that we have thought it over, Dick and I, and he feels—and he feels that he does not care for me as much as he thought he did . . . and I’m going back to America.”

Then she went sobbing out of the room.

CHAPTER X

LOWNDES SQUARE

FATHER and son were left alone. On the boy's face was misery.

"Do you really mean to say that you don't love her?"

No course was open to Dick, but to adopt the lie which the girl had invented for him.

"No, father."

"My boy, you're too young to know that you don't love a girl. How dare you not love her? You've won her heart. You had extraordinary luck to do it, you young dog. And then you suddenly allege that you don't love her. I repeat, how do you know that you don't love her?"

It is an awkward thing to explain exactly why it is that one does not love the girl to whom one is devoted.

"Well, I feel, that though I worship her, of course—still I don't think—in fact, I know I'm not worthy to make her my wife."

"That is nonsense—sheer nonsense. Men have

lost large sums of money by talking nonsense, which, compared with that observation, was sound sense. What decent man thinks he is worthy of the woman whom he considers worthy to be his wife? After six months of married life his views alter."

"I'm afraid we should never get on."

"Good God! boy, even in the twentieth century, it is not suggested by the most extravagant lady novelist that love on both sides is fatal to happiness in married life."

"She misjudges me. She over-estimates my character. When she finds out—then——"

"There's nothing to find out," laughed his father. "You're not a man with a past. Though I presume that you've not neglected to provide yourself with some amount of experience——"

"Oh yes. I've seen something of life."

Tremayne was reassured. Still, he felt that there was something in the background, something that was being kept from him. For the first time, he was entering into what ought to have been his domestic life. He was not sure of his ground. He had not read his brief. The conviction that this son to whom he was devoted was mentally a stranger to him, suddenly dawned upon his mind.

"Dick, look me in the face," he said, taking the boy's hands. "What is the reason of this?"

"Don't ask me, father."

The boy realized that his father, finding the paternal position unaccustomed, had become the insidious cross-examiner. The father spoke with a semblance of forensic vigour.

"Dick, you and I have always been friends." Tremayne had been an indulgent banker, and an inadequate parent. There had never been anything like friendship between the two. They were slight acquaintances, the younger of whom had taken considerable financial advantage of the elder. The fact that there had never been any sort of friction between them had led that father to believe that there was perfect confidence and sympathy. Whereas they had not been on sufficiently intimate terms for any friction to take place.

"Yes, yes," he went on, chewing the cud of satisfactory but imaginary reminiscence. "We've been friends, that's rare enough between father and son. I've never inquired into your comings and goings; you led your own life, and it has always seemed to me that you led your life circumspectly. What you wished to tell me you told; what you wished to keep to yourself you left unspoken. I've always trusted you implicitly, for if a man cannot trust his own son he has no right to be a father. In your troubles you have always come to me, and in your triumphs I have always had my share. The girl you took to your heart I took to mine. If this is only a lovers' quarrel see that it is nothing worse. Whatever

has come between you, let nothing come between us."

The boy looked at him straight in the eyes. "Father," he said, "I can't tell you." Then he walked out of the room.

Tremayne was completely astonished. The lawyer was unable to obtain a subpoena to compel his son's attendance to give further evidence. The father was incapable of exercising imperious authority to extract filial obedience. To the barrister, terribly tired from overwork, came the need to exercise, for the first time in his life, the kindly but imperative offices of a father. As a lawyer he had failed from sheer weariness of body and mind. As a father he was ineffective from inexperience.

Tremayne had drifted into a new land. From the absolute exhaustion of his brain-power he had sought a haven in his own home.

He wandered about the room aimlessly, nervously, muttering, half to himself, short nervous sentences. "Can't tell me! He's never said that before. Can't tell me! What does he mean? Perhaps he's found out that she's got ten thousand a year. Well, that oughtn't to be an obstacle. He'll have all my money. He knows I'm rich enough. I'm as rich as any honest man ought to be. Of course that's it! Dear boy! He didn't like to ask me to make a settlement on him! When he was at Eton he nearly

got expelled because he wouldn't tell me he owed a hundred and thirty pounds to his tailor. Of course that's it, and a very good sign it is."

It relieved him to put his thoughts into half-uttered speech, though the things he said seemed scarcely true even to himself. They were hastily-formed opinions about the boy he loved ; and it was galling to him to feel that they were the views of a mere amateur who had but the slightest knowledge of his subject.

Whilst he was thinking on the case of his son, his butler announced—

"Lord Daventry."

"Show him in."

He was delighted to see Lord Daventry.

As the domestic side of his life, so newly discovered, held him in its grip, the name of Daventry only suggested his lifelong friend who had come to his help during the evil days following on his hasty and impecunious departure from Oxford.

Daventry came in. He was an absolutely undistinguished peer. One would have taken him for the coachman of some very unexacting Bayswater family had it not been for a growth of chinchilla-coloured whiskers. On the box he would have looked absurd. In the House of Lords he looked almost august. He was profoundly stupid, but absolutely "sound" in all his dealings. The length of his lineage, which had

eliminated all traces of intelligence, had, curiously enough, produced a master of common sense. He always did the right thing at the right time, and in the right way. A thoroughbred fox-terrier is a stupid animal. It has not one-third of the intelligence of the dog with the strain of the bull. But it is the most gentlemanly dog in the world. Daventry was not ornamental. But he was a gentleman. His vices were gentlemanly, his financial troubles had been gentlemanly ; his sons were gentlemen.

He was the best friend Tremayne had in the world.

He was the father of Bertie Daventry, the least incriminated member of the Taubman gang.

The lawyer knew in an instant, from the half-nervous, half-shy expression on Daventry's face, the reason of his call. His welcome was kindly but awkward—

“ Ah, Daventry, this is unexpected ! ”

“ But not unwelcome, I hope ? ” the peer answered, with a sound of trouble in his voice.

Tremayne motioned him to a seat. “ Were you ever unwelcome anywhere ? ”

“ Not till lately. But sorrow has hit me pretty heavily in my old age. What have I done to deserve it ? One of my sons married an American with banjo-strings instead of vocal chords.”

Petulance at his least important grief was a safety-valve for Daventry.

"But he's happy," said Tremayne. "Happiness covers a multitude of sins."

"Yes; damn it! The fellow can't have any self-respect. And now look at Bertie."

Daventry had a habit of taking the bull by the horns. He hoped for an instantaneous assurance from his friend that his son stood in no peril.

"Ah!" was all Tremayne found in him to say.

The pause that followed was awkward for both.

"That's why I've come to see you. You know he's been led astray into this Taubman business by that infernal friend of his—Vincent Skrene. They say that you are the only man in England that can secure his conviction. Tremayne, you and I were at Oxford together. Our sons were at Oxford together. It would be terrible if my old friend should send my son to prison."

In saying this he showed as much feeling as a gentleman can legitimately show in talking of his son's honour or his own.

"Terrible—very terrible. Terrible for you and terrible for me. But for your kindness, Daventry, I should never be in the position that I occupy now."

Tremayne had no wish to imply that Daventry was suggesting a *quid pro quo*.

"Ah! that's nothing," he said.

Each man was anxious to avoid, as far as might be, direct discussion of what each had in mind.

The two looked steadily at one another. Tremayne had a great fondness for the stupid, kindly man. He realized that the request he intended to make to him would be a terrible ordeal for a man who always did the right thing in the right way. He was about to do a wrong thing which could be done in no right way whatever. The suspense was full of anguish for each of them.

Tremayne walked slowly to his friend, looked down into his face, and said slowly, and with something of a tremble in his voice—

“But for you I should never have been a King’s Counsel. Do you ask me to betray the King’s trust?”

“Good God! Richard, I didn’t put it in that way.” He realized that his request had been already conveyed. “What’s the King’s trust got to do with it? You’re a lawyer; you’re not in the army.”

Here comes in the class distinction. Lawyers may be gentlemen by Act of Parliament, but army men are gentlemen by the Grace of God. The last thing a lawyer is supposed to need in his profession is a sense of honour. A soldier fights for his country; a lawyer fights for his client—the highest bidder. That, at least, is the view held by the laity.

“What do you ask me to do?”

The lawyer put the question direct.

"I ask you to save my son. You know that neither of us would care a damn for our lives if we had a son who had disgraced us. If it were your son——"

"If it were my own son I should not spare him," said Tremayne, quickly.

"Ah! you know, with such a son as Dick you're safe in saying that. But it's not much I ask; you could manage it. A word to the jury, a look. Who would know?"

"I should know. It may not, as you say, be much; but it's everything."

"I'm speaking to you as a man, not as a lawyer."

"That's where you're wrong. That's where you are cruel. Don't ask me, Daventry."

Daventry said, in a tone of despair, "The boy is my son."

"I felt that this was coming, Daventry. I wondered that it didn't come before. And then I thought I knew the reason why you didn't speak to me."

He spoke sadly, but without anything of reproach in his voice.

"You are my oldest friend," he continued. "You are the man who made me. There really is something in that Oxford bond—something binding in the friendship of two men, who begin the world together. There is only one thing in life I could refuse you. You have asked that

thing. If you ask it me again, God knows whether I should have the strength to refuse."

"Richard," said Daventry, rising slowly, "I won't ask you again. I never ought to have asked you." He shook him by the hand. "You know my boy is guilty."

"I know your boy is guilty—of a thoughtless action."

"But, I swear to you, not of a crime."

"I do not consider it a crime—a folly, a mistake of the intellect, not of the heart."

"But, the law?"

"The law takes no account of the motive, only of the deed."

"It is cruel."

"It is the law."

"Is there any hope?"

"There's always a chance."

"That's the devil of it," said Daventry, petulantly. "If any man but you were prosecuting, my boy would be safe."

Tremayne looked reproachfully at him.

"Forgive me, Richard," said Daventry, nearly breaking down. "You are blessed in your son, I am cursed in mine. Think it unsaid. I hope your boy won't put you through what I've suffered. Good-bye." And without another word to his old friend he left the room.

CHAPTER XI

LOWNDES SQUARE

MARGARET was passing through a period of transition. All the conditions necessary to complete happiness in a woman were present in her life with the sole exception of the most important one. She had no object in her life. She was not conscious of being a vital factor in the existence of any human being. No woman can be contented who is not engrossed by some absorbing interest. The absorbing interest may be her love for her children, her passion for the career of her husband, or for the personality of her husband or her lover. She may be entirely engrossed in diseases from which she suffers, or from which she believes that she suffers. She may devote herself exclusively to the choice of purple and fine linen, or to depreciating the merits of the purple and the fineness of the linen worn by other women. But without one of these objects in life, it is impossible for her to be psychologically complete.

Even at the present moment Margaret had not discovered the void in her life. She was, perhaps, vaguely conscious that she alone of the dwellers in the house in Lowndes Square had no absorbing interest of her own. Dick was in love with Imogen. Lady Hewitt was in love with the house. Richard was in love with the position of attorney-general to His Majesty. True, she was in love with Richard, or rather with the man whom the word "husband" represented as a symbol.

Her ambition was to be a devoted wife ; but in this ambition she got no sort of assistance from her husband. She was yearning, not only for affection, but for the chance of showing affection. She was in love with love ; she longed to show her love—and her husband called at their house when he had nothing else to do—which was very rarely.

Hers might therefore have been a precarious position. The lover was knocking at her gates. True, she had no idea that Vincent was a lover, or even an admirer. Had she dreamed of what was passing in his mind, she would have been astonished, and would promptly have dropped his acquaintance.

Margaret was not stupid, she was merely inexperienced. Some women, even attractive women, are never approached by admirers for a variety of reasons. Some men are so phenomenally

rich, so severely strong, or so personally unpleasant, that even the casual type of amorous man about town never thinks twice of the fascination of their wives.

Into Mrs. Tremayne's boudoir the expert in women never glided craftily to make arrangements for the early autumn. Mrs. Tremayne was particularly attractive. But the boudoir was so hideously ugly, that the expert—who is exceedingly sensitive to surroundings—was chilled by the aggressive morality of the red rep.

The young and impressionable fellow from the Bachelors' Club was frozen by the acute severity of the great K.C.

So it had come about that the natural purity and loyalty of the girl—she was hardly more—received no extraneous assault. The expressed love of a stranger might have heightened by contrast the reserve of her husband. Her nature was tender, even passionate, and she needed love; but her mind was innocent, so evil would not have come of it. At any rate, at this stage, misery to Margaret would have been the sole result. She was not a coquette; it was not gratified vanity that she needed, but something more serious.

The words she had heard coming from the tent had troubled her heart. The warm love of the man for the woman had suggested that there was somehow more of happiness, of tenderness,

in life than she had hitherto found in the atmosphere of Lowndes Square.

What it was, she did not know. But thenceforth she was a seeker after something.

In this condition of unrest, it was perhaps only natural that the trifling grievances of her life should first attract her attention. She became, almost at once, firmly convinced that it was no right thing for Lady Hewitt to conduct the affairs of her house. It dawned on her that mankind can produce more companionable furniture than monuments in mahogany, that skilled craftsmen could, with advantage, labour in more sympathetic materials than red rep.

Also, it seemed very little short of an outrage that a husband who lived practically in the Temple should oppose her wish to go to a concert; that Richard objected she had learned from Dick.

The woman who, on Sunday night, held these views was very different from the Margaret who, up to the previous Friday evening, had held no views at all, not even those of her father on the neck-to-neck race between the decay of the world and the annihilation of the navy.

Within a few minutes of Lord Daventry's departure she joined her husband. All her grievances were heavy upon her.

"Richard, Dick tells me that you object to our going to the Lennox Club with Mr. Skrene. What is your reason?"

"There are six days in the week on which you go out. Don't you think you might manage to stay at home on Sunday night with me?"

Though he was playing a domestic part for the first time, that inborn instinct which is constitutional in husbands prompted him to give a misleading answer to his wife on the spur of the moment. Eventually he would not, of course, hesitate to give her the right reason. Many husbands consider that it is discourteous to tell their wives the truth on slight provocation.

"You're going to work to-night, I suppose?" she asked.

"No, dear, I'm very tired. Besides, I cannot allow this man Skrene to come inside my doors."

"He is a friend of mine," she said, aggressively on her defence.

He answered her kindly, thoughtfully. "No, dear, he isn't. He is the friend of no decent man or woman. I'm very sorry that you or Dick have ever known him. You must not know him any longer."

"Why not?"

"It is not fitting that my home-life should be associated with any one whose character is not beyond reproach."

He was talking about his home-life! What home-life had he? she asked herself. Why, he was never at home at all! His home-life was

led entirely by her ! Why should *he* bring into her home-life this extraordinary regulation ?

"I don't understand what you mean," she said.

"There is no use in discussing the question," he answered judicially. "In fact, there is no question to discuss."

His pedantically accurate manner of talking, as he sat with his finger-tips patting one another, irritated Margaret. And yet at the same time she admired her husband, and thought how handsome, how fine a man he was, with his correct Roman profile and distinguished air.

"I wish that my son should associate with no one whose character is not beyond reproach."

Angrily in an instant the words came from her.

"Your son !" she cried. "What about me ?"

He looked surprised, and then said reassuringly and in a kind way—

"My dear Margaret, *you* are my wife. You are on a pinnacle beyond reproach, above temptation. He is only a boy."

The thought flashed upon her that she was only a person employed to see that this boy was surrounded by a wholesome atmosphere. She was beginning, as she thought, to understand that he had married her when the object of his life was reached. She had never known the keen pleasure of watching her husband pushing his way through life. He had reached the top. Whatever might come afterwards, being attorney-general, for

instance, would only add a little lustre to the name his son bore, but would not be an event worth mentioning to his wife.

Brusquely, with pain in her voice, she cried to him—"You don't care anything about me at all."

"My dear Margaret, you are talking nonsense," he said, "You have never spoken to me in this way before."

"No, I'm talking sense; and I have only just found out that there were any common interests between us on which we could talk at all."

Troublesome situations were crowding on the weary man who had come to his house for rest. First, there had been the interview with his son. Now, his wife was expressing views on things. In the Law Courts he laid down the law. In his home he had to combat opinions with which he was not in touch. Heavily he rose from his seat. He believed that human beings are influenced by what they read. As a matter of fact, the only book that really influences our movements is the A B C Time-table.

Wearily he drew a bow at a venture.

"You must have been reading some of these stupid books that are written for silly women. You mustn't read these books. They are only sign-posts to the devil. You ought to be happy as a loving wife. You needn't think about these books."

She was astounded at his talk of love. Though he had been engaged in countless divorce cases,

his knowledge of love was purely scientific and analytical—one might almost say surgical. A man may know all there is to know about the law of divorce and yet may be entirely unable to make love in the most elementary way, or to bestow on a woman a kiss worth receiving. That was his case, so far.

She flashed out. "Then give me something else to think of, Richard. All day long I'm here alone. All day long and most of the night you're in the Law Courts, or in Parliament. I've nothing in the world to do—no duties, no interests, no excitements ; and even the care of the house is in your sister's hands. For Heaven's sake, Richard, give me something to interest me ; I'm bored to death. I want something to think of."

He became sympathetic and caressing as far as he knew how.

"Silly little girl !" he said, taking her flushed face tenderly between his hands. "Thinking is bad for the complexion ; it produces wrinkles. Haven't you noticed that bishops always look so abnormally young ? They don't have to think for a living. You ought to thank Heaven that you have nothing in your life that requires thought, and you would if you knew anything of the world."

He kissed her kindly and paternally. The kiss was as a spray of cold water on her throbbing heart. He meant well, that she knew. But his kiss, and his kindness, and his conversation, left

her precisely where she was; they gave her no hope for the future. The protective paternity of her husband's manner proved that between them was fixed a great emotional gulf. She realized every inch of it, while he had absolutely no conception of the distance. For him to attempt the bridging of it with flippant, trivial talk was absurd. But as he was dealing with a woman he attempted it.

"Go and buy yourself some more dresses, some evening ones, pink and fluffy and very expensive, and you might try doing your hair in a new way, dearest. That would take several hours. Then if it doesn't suit you, you could take it down again."

This he said with a smile as he moved towards the door. In his own walk of life he was a brilliantly clever man. Yet he treated her now with extraordinary stupidity.

"I'm going to get something to eat," he said, as he went out of the room. "I've got a great deal to think of, and it makes me tired in body and soul. I'm glad that I bear the burden for both of us. Be happy, little woman, be happy. But don't think, don't ever think. Or if you must think, think of how much we love one another."

And he went out leaving her depressed, nervous, and lonely—a rather dangerous condition for a woman who is the object of love to a man other than her husband.

CHAPTER XII

LOWNDES SQUARE

“OR if you think at all, think of how much we love one another.”

The meaningless words echoed in her ears as she walked up to the looking-glass. She was dressed for an evening of pleasurable excitement, for she had hoped to soothe the tension of the soul by the pleasures of the senses. In the entr'actes of the great situations of life a man smokes or swears—a woman looks in the glass. Her reflection was satisfactory but uninformative.

Margaret turned round on the noxious ugliness of the room, her room. Never had Lowndes Square presented itself to her eyes with such candid and undeniable plainness. The lack of artistic warmth in the house was a symbol of the emptiness of her life. Had she been at the opera, had she been a witness of the simulated emotions of others, her own senses would have been soothed. But the barrenness of her surroundings jarred jaggedly upon her nerves. That was the room in

which her husband kept her, and asked her to think of how much they loved one another ! "Did they even know one another ?" she thought, as she sat down on the monstrous sofa, toying petulantly with the fan for which she would have no use that night. Tears of disappointment peeped out of her eyes. "Did she know more of him than anybody in England knew of Richard Tremayne ? He was a great man. She was the great man's wife." This is no satisfactory position for the woman, if she is yearning for his love, and caring only in a secondary degree whether he be great or no. Her heart might well grow chill while her lips were longing for the love of a man who had no immediate interest beyond the Taubman case. It would never occur to him that unless he brought his love to her she might weary of her love for him.

"Mr. Vincent Skrene."

Immediately on the announcement of the footman, Vincent entered, sleek and smart and confident.

"How do you do ?" he said, and taking her immediately, as it were, into his fullest confidence.

"How do you do, Mr. Skrene ? I'm very sorry, I'm afraid my husband doesn't want me—doesn't want us—to go to the club with you to-night."

She had completely forgotten the personality of Vincent Skrene, and the suddenness of his

arrival surprised her into a complete statement of fact.

"Not go to the club? What's the matter with the club?"

"Oh, it isn't the club he objects to." She had not the time to veil the truth with a convention.

"Can I guess what he objects to?" Vincent asked with the air of one who is surprised and pained.

"I hope you can't," she said honestly.

From the footman he had learned that Tremayne was at home. This information had annihilated the possibility of his party at the Lennox. If the lawyer did not insist on seeing him, he would insist on seeing the lawyer. The interview with Margaret would, from his point of view, be only marking time. The business of the night was the blackmailing of the King's Counsel. If he succeeded with the husband, it was possible that he would eventually succeed with the wife.

"Do you know, Mrs. Tremayne, I'm afraid I do understand what it is that your husband objects to."

Margaret was in the kindness of her heart exceedingly hopeful that Skrene had not discovered her husband's opinion of him. Also, she had a certain wish that he would leave without meeting Richard, for she felt that the meeting would be unfortunate. Vincent was standing by the fireplace, apparently in an attitude of thought. He

spoke impartially as one giving an opinion on a matter which he thoroughly understood, but in which he took no particular interest. She did not detect any symptoms of the early departure for which she hoped.

"Of course, when an elderly gentleman is married to one of the prettiest women in the world, and he objects to her seeing her friends—well, people don't go about speculating on the cause. They speculate on the effect."

This was an astounding statement, but it was delivered so coolly and absently that it scarcely seemed intended to refer to the Tremaynes.

"If people think that," said Margaret, half laughing and only half understanding, "I'm sorry for them."

"And some of them are very sorry for you."

This was personal ; there was no getting away from it.

"Nonsense ! Now you are treating me as a child too."

Vincent warmed a little and became almost paternal.

"Do I treat you as a child—as well as your husband ? No ! When I see a lady and tears have come into her eyes, then I don't treat her as a child ; for I know she is a woman who has suffered—and who is suffering."

He spoke with earnestness, and somehow recalled the caressing voice of the man in the tent.

She trusted the voice, and she asked with all the sincerity that can be expressed in a doubt that is only half felt—

“Do you think that is the case with me?”

He saw security and effect in generalities.

“Mrs. Tremayne, there are two things worth having in this world—love, and money. And neither is worth having without the other.”

“And supposing one had one without the other?” she asked, for information. He replied, for amusement—

“If you have love without money, the usual procedure is to marry at once. In the other case, you can generally find the other man.”

“The other man?” she asked, opening wide eyes of interest.

Vincent was surprised at himself for not taking her in his arms. With every look she gave him, with every word she spoke, his passion for her seemed to grow.

But his business was to blackmail her husband.

The position for him was awkward. But he always believed that it was safe to assume that when one is in an awkward position, that of the other party is more awkward still.

“You and I are not old friends—we are more, we are *great* friends—and I’m very sorry for you,” he said sympathetically.

“You are sorry for me! Why?” she asked in surprise.

M

He could not have guessed her sudden antipathy to the phenomenal furniture, of which Lady Hewitt and the blue sofa were the most prominent examples, in Lowndes Square. Why should he be sorry for her?

"When a woman is married to a man who only looks upon her as a sort of guardian angel to his son, I say the position of the woman is dangerous," was his oracular reply.

"I don't understand what you mean by dangerous!"

"Because there must come a moment when she will think. Women act rightly from instinct. Women ought never to think."

Oddly enough, her husband had recommended her not to take up thinking as a hobby. Clearly the world was conspiring to frustrate her mental development. She went off at a tangent, saying seriously—

"And by telling her of it do you make her position any less dangerous?"

"Surely. Otherwise why should I tell her?"

"I don't know. I don't know, Mr. Skrene, that I always quite understand you, and the things you say, or why you say them. After all, you are only a casual acquaintance."

There was no suggestion of rudeness in the way she spoke.

"All friendships begin in that way. But sometimes a casual acquaintance alters the course of

one's life—for evil or for good," he said with an air of sorrow, as though to be a casual acquaintance was the saddest of all sad lots in life.

She was awakening to the sense of her individuality. She lived in a family of strangers, the chief of whom was her husband. Skrene appreciated her, and she liked Skrene. He treated her as a real person. True, Richard disapproved of him; very likely on inadequate grounds. Her husband, she felt convinced, had but the vaguest idea of her own temperament. Skrene was an expert in life. She had heard things against him; but no one had ever alleged that he was not an expert in life. He clearly was prepared to give her disinterested advice. It did not occur to her that it could be otherwise than the height of prudence to listen. She flattered herself that it was an intelligent stroke of woman-craft to extract information from this wary man of the world. With absolute honesty she said—

"I believe that you are a good man."

Vincent was delighted with her—a married woman with the innocence of a child.

"Let me hasten to give you my assurance on that point. And being a good man—as good as a man can decently be who moves in decent society—I naturally take great—a very great—interest in a woman who suffers."

Evidently he was a man of great penetration. He understood that she suffered. She had only

just made the discovery herself, and almost instantly he had grasped that she suffered. There are certain women who are never really happy unless they are really miserable. This, fortunately, was by no means Margaret's usual state of mind ; she longed genuinely for happiness, for contentment. But it was not unpleasant to know that she had suffered, and that somebody else had found it out. No woman would care to have the latest and most complicated indisposition, unless she could talk about it.

Possibly Vincent could tell her precisely from what she suffered. She felt that it would be absurd to ask deliberately for information.

" Ah, you have found that out ! " she suggested simply.

She loved to be sympathized with. But she was no coquette—the very thing that charmed him in her.

" I know your husband—by reputation. I rather fancy that his reputation is the best thing about him. Forgive me ! But it doesn't tend to make his home brighter and—cosier. Your husband, Mrs. Tremayne, is, if I may say so, nothing but a reputation. Of course, his is the best reputation at the Bar. But it must be a little—can I say chilly?—to be married to a—reputation ! "

This was fairly blunt. It was so true, that she felt inclined to contradict him at once. Instead

of defending her husband, she attacked the teller of the truth.

"How can you say such a thing?" she exclaimed, with a reproachful look, and a flash very becoming to her usually rather languid eyes.

"Probably," he answered kindly, "for the worst reason for which a man ever tells a woman anything, except that he loves her. Because it's true. I am your friend. I am not his friend. I do not pretend to be. You're having a bad time of it, and it is his fault. I trust that the ordinary consequence will not result."

He spoke as though the opening of her mind was a painful duty which his chivalry compelled him to perform.

"What do you call the ordinary consequence?" she asked sharply.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's unhappily an undoubted fact that a woman whose husband neglects her turns for sympathy and love elsewhere."

He had made a shocking mistake. What would merely have been a flippant comment to a woman whom he had won was an outrageous statement to a woman who had no idea that anybody might want to win her.

Margaret's pride and delicacy rose in revolt. "What do you mean? Why do you say that to me?"

"Because I admire you ; I feel for you."

He was not prepared to go further at that moment; and his tone implied less than his words. But he saw by her face that generalities, however flippant, would not salve the wound he had made. He saw that her senses were wide awake, and that the present was a crucial moment in her life. He therefore hastened to add—

“Also it seems to me a sad thing to see any man, however great his reputation, neglecting a perfect wife for a singularly imperfect son.”

“Imperfect? I don’t understand.”

“Yes,” he said, pointing to the engraving of Tremayne’s father. “You know that picture well enough. I hear that Mr. Tremayne lectures on it day by day, glories in it, talks of the taint in the blood he’s—stamped out.”

This was absolutely untrue. Tremayne rarely mentioned the matter.

“But he hasn’t stamped it out. And some day, tired of being sacrificed to his ambitions, tired of leading a wasted life, you will see things as they are, and you will see your position as it is. You’ll look for love in a heart that isn’t adamant. And you’ll take that picture from the wall. At any rate, that’s what any woman who wasn’t an angel, as I think you are—as you look—might be likely enough to do.”

He felt that he had let himself go too far, so in the last sentence he hedged.

She was longing for information ; and she was bewildered.

He was perfectly willing to sow any seed which should produce a crop of dissension in Lowndes Square.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Skrene," she said, in a slightly trembling voice.

He answered reflectively, "It's rather irony— isn't it?—that while he is prosecuting criminals, gaining his living by suppressing crime, here, in his very home, in his very heart, his own son is . . . Well, it doesn't matter. I don't want to make you miserable."

"What do you mean ? You seem to be telling me only half-truths."

"Nothing. Nothing at all ! The thing slipped from me."

This was by no means definite. He had suggested an accusation. An accusation can be disproved. It is impossible to refute a suggestion.

She pressed him for the word that was on his tongue. He did not require pressure, but he saw that the statement he intended to make would not come readily from his lips. Therefore he hesitated. She insisted to the point of hinting at the advisability of his leaving the house for slandering her husband's son unless he explained.

The word slander seemed to fire him. "Slander, did you say ?"

"A slander so cowardly and cruel that it could only come from a man such as my husband believes you to be," she said indignantly.

"I'm very, very sorry that you've taken that line. Because, however generous a person is conscious of being, it is very painful to be considered anything like what your husband unhappily supposes me to be."

He was humorously pained, and continued, as it seemed, a little reproachfully. "So I owe it to my self-respect—strangely enough, I *do* respect myself just a little—to prove that the accusation I tried to spare you is unhappily quite, quite true."

"And the accusation is?"

"I don't accuse. You are dragging from me an unfortunate domestic detail, and even you shouldn't drag it from me, were you anybody but yourself, Mrs. Tremayne—an angel—who ought not to be hoodwinked and deceived."

He was quite Irish, and was enjoying an Irish pleasure in breaking up the home of a man whom he intensely disliked. If he did nothing more, he would be doing Tremayne a very evil turn.

"But I have a feeling of justice which makes me think it hideously cruel—do you see?—for your husband to sacrifice you to his worthless son; though I hesitate to blame a boy who has the honour of being your stepson, Mrs. Tremayne.

You drag it from me. I don't blame the boy. But he committed one of those little indiscretions which the law calls, well—a crime."

"A crime! What crime?" she cried.

"Oh! it's called forgery by the unsympathetic. But I know the facts, and I realized that his case was exceptional. Though nominally guilty, he is actually innocent."

"Do you mean to say—No, you can't mean to say that Dick has ever——"

"Committed a forgery? No, I never meant to. But I must. You make me."

"Impossible! How do you know?" A woman generally follows a firm denial with a feeble question.

"Because it was my name he forged. But he was gentleman enough to write me a letter saying so."

"If he did that, and you are what my husband thinks you are——"

"Believe me, I don't know exactly what it is your husband thinks I am. But, from the way he treats me, I have an inkling that he underrates my character. People don't like having their characters underrated. They can't afford it. But happily, my character places me in a position to overlook it. I gather that you were about to ask why, in order to injure your husband—who, I regret to say, loses no opportunity of injuring me—I don't prosecute his son?"

"I was wondering."

"Then you misjudge me. I know, of course, that it is my duty as a citizen to set the law in motion against the malefactor. Still, on your account, I should never dream of doing any such thing."

"And yet you allow Richard to misjudge you. That is very generous, Mr. Skrene."

"I should not wish the name *you* bear to be dragged through the mud again," he said, looking at the picture of Tremayne's father.

"And my husband said you——"

"We needn't go into that. Your husband's mistakes do not interest me."

"Then I shall tell him. It is right that he should understand how nobly you have behaved."

"Please do not. If you are in any way grateful for a mere nothing, I rely upon you to say no word of this to your husband. His opinion of me matters not at all. But I am in no way anxious to be misjudged by *you*, though I am only a casual acquaintance."

She held out a grateful hand to him. "You said a good friend, and you were right." She was flushed and trembling.

At this moment Tremayne entered the room.

CHAPTER XIII

LOWNDES SQUARE

TREMAYNE felt vividly that he was being outraged in his own home. The presence of Vincent Skrene in his house was a thing outside the possibilities of his life. That Skrene was talking familiarly to his wife was an episode which was thrown into insignificance by the astounding fact that "the man Skrene" had dared to enter his house. He had been refused admission to King's Bench Walk, and yet he had established himself in Lowndes Square. Vincent felt that anything he might say was bound to put him at a disadvantage. Clearly, it was his policy to allow the lawyer to take the first step. Besides, after all, he was in the lawyer's house.

"Margaret," Tremayne said quietly, "I have a word or two to say to Mr. Skrene."

She looked at her husband and at Skrene as she left the room; but her last look lighted on the Irishman and left him more in love than he had ever expected to be.

When she had gone there was only a second's pause before Tremayne said, with a great deal of warmth, "I consider your conduct impertinent. I shall be obliged if you will leave my house at once."

The Irishman did not move. He appeared aggressively at his ease.

"This is damned impertinence," said Tremayne.

"Why use strong language? It shows such weakness."

There was in Vincent as he spoke the air of a man in a strong position. He was standing with his back to the fireplace, apparently regarding Tremayne as an object of curiosity. It is intensely galling to a man with an established reputation to be looked upon in his own house by an individual of whom he had the lowest possible opinion as an object of curiosity.

Tremayne was taken aback.

"I want to talk to you," Vincent said, with extreme courtesy but with no suggestion of humility or any consciousness of inferiority of position, "on a slight matter of business. When I say 'slight,' I perhaps under-estimate its importance to you. But——"

"Mr. Skrene, it is impossible for me to have any business dealings with a man of your character."

"Your time is, I know, of value, and I should be the last person to ask you to waste it in discussing a subject with which you are—unhappily—so little acquainted as my character."

Tremayne's voice rose.

"I think——"

"No, Mr. Tremayne ; I don't want you to. I'm afraid I'm presuming on your hospitality as it is. I've come here with a view to doing all the conversation. This conversation will be the result of deep thought on my part."

Tremayne was in an extraordinary position. His original feeling of anger had given way to a sensation almost of bewildered surprise. The astonishing impudence of this man, whom he knew to deserve a long term of imprisonment, was a phenomenal novelty.

If Skrene had come to him as a client, he would have refused the brief, and said, "On my own knowledge you ought to be in prison, and therefore I do not feel justified in appearing for you."

This man had the impertinence to invade his house. The etiquette of the Bar, as well as the ordinary considerations of propriety, demanded that he should be shown the door. But Tremayne had been driven by the stress of his legal work to take refuge in his own home. The most alarming symptom of his physical weakness was the otherwise inexplicable fact that he sat down and prepared to listen to Skrene.

"You will excuse me if I am brief, Mr. Tremayne."

The other nodded.

"I shall be very disappointed if I don't interest

you. Stop me the moment I'm tedious," he said, smiling slightly.

Tremayne looked loweringly at him, but said nothing.

"On Tuesday, the day after to-morrow, you will make your last speech for the prosecution in the Taubman case. It is said that all the defendants will be convicted, and that you are the only man in England who can do it."

"Your compliments are insulting, sir !"

"Not at all. No one has a keener appreciation of your talents than I."

"I believe that I have a certain reputation with the criminal classes. Their admiration does not gratify me."

"Wait. Now, supposing there were some man in the background who had practically worked and chiefly profited by what the law is narrow-minded enough to call, with your assistance, the 'fraud' of Taubman and his friends. Supposing a member of the Taubman 'gang,' as you call it, were to have assured this man in the background that in the event of your speech on Tuesday being so eloquent, containing such a masterly distortion of the facts, as to secure the conviction of this unfortunate financier and his friends, he would place in the hands of the police such facts and papers as would bring the man out of the background into the—dock is a word I hate. Do you follow ?"

"I think I know as much about the Taubman gang as anybody, except, perhaps, yourself."

"You flatter me."

"Not at all," said the K.C. with elaborate courtesy.

"Well, if this man had the same antipathy as I to the word dock, and were to come and offer you certain terms not to be so eloquent on Tuesday ; not to talk of widowed wives and suicides' graves, and all the clap-trap of it ; not to command quite such a mastery of facts ; what would you do ?"

"If such a thing were possible, I should ring the bell, and have the man shown out. But such a thing is not possible."

"A man will do almost anything to avoid imprisonment, if he is a gentleman."

"And guilty !"

"How often is a gentleman found in the dock who isn't guilty ?"

"You forget, Mr. Skrene, that I am a lawyer, not a statistician. I do not make tables of our society criminals."

He got up and walked to the fireplace.

"Am I wrong in assuming that you are the man in the background ?" he asked.

"You are perfectly right."

"And you have come to make the peculiar request you mentioned ?"

"That is my position."

Tremayne was on the point of ringing the

bell. Vincent placed a paternal hand on his shoulder.

"I shouldn't do that if I were you."

The touch infuriated the lawyer.

"If you were I?" he almost roared.

"As a man of the world I advise you not to. If you ring that bell I shall go to Bow Street to-morrow and get a warrant for your son's arrest."

His face was stamped with earnestness. In an instant Tremayne realized the strength of the man with whom he had been playing. The two were standing face to face.

Tremayne turned away and sat down at his desk.

"What do you mean?"

Vincent moved towards him and took a chair on the other side of the desk.

"Forgery!"

Tremayne was opposite to his father's picture as that word was hissed in his face. After the almost unconscious look at the engraving his eyes dropped to the face of the Irishman. It was instinct with purpose.

"I see you don't believe me."

Tremayne showed no sign of belief.

Vincent slowly drew a pocket-book from the hip pocket of his trousers. Slowly he opened it. Tremayne noticed that it was of shabby crocodile skin without monogram, or crest, or amorous legend. It was the pocket-book of a business

man, and contrasted strangely with the almost dandified smartness of Vincent's exterior.

After some slight searching he produced a slip of paper and handed it across the desk.

In the awkward situations of life a young man lights a cigarette; an old man puts on his glasses.

Tremayne lighted a cigar. Then he leisurely took up the slip of paper.

He read it and turned it over.

"A bill of exchange for one hundred pounds. Well?"

"The acceptance," Vincent pointed out.

"Accepted by you, I see. Well?"

"No, no. Not by me. Accepted by your son in my name. I believe that constitutes the offence I spoke of."

This was the last blow for the weary man. He took his cigar from his lips and placed it with trembling fingers on an ash-tray. Apparently he understood nothing of his own life. In the limp body the brain was terribly tired. A man of disreputable character came and sat in his house, and accused his son of forgery. And he had listened. There was no strength in him to resist. He was exhausted.

"Of course I have no wish to threaten either you or your son," said Vincent, leaning back in his chair. He was doing a villainous action, and he had a desire to tone down the villainy of it as

far as might be. "I am exceedingly fond of your boy. He did a singularly foolish thing of which circumstances have compelled me to take advantage. I have no wish to send him to prison, or to make a scandal in your family. On that point you and I are doubtless at one. If you secure the acquittal of the Taubman gang, or rather the American representative of Taubman finance—that is all I ask. If Colonel Golding is a free man on Tuesday I shall put that forged bill in the fire. If not, I shall get a warrant for your son's arrest. I am aware that you will use your influence to get him lightly punished, possibly to have him dealt with under the First Offender's Act. But I need hardly point out to you that the father of a forger is not precisely the person whom a ministry would select for its attorney-general. On that point again there can be no difference of opinion between us. Possibly you, with the high sense of honour which is one of your most pleasing attributes, would find it necessary to retire from practice at the Bar. That, of course, you will have to decide for yourself."

Tremayne felt stunned. The impudent and daring words of the blackmailer fell almost unnoticed upon his ears. The sting of these words was as nothing to him. He was capable of receiving impressions. But his mind and his body were alike suddenly numbed beyond any possibility of action.

The decrepit appearance of the man completely deceived Vincent. He assumed that the collapse which was palpable in Tremayne was due to the shock of the sudden blow that had fallen. Of those years of overwork, which were the real, if not the immediate, cause of the climax of collapse, he knew nothing.

He was sure that Tremayne was delivered into his hand. He saw a vista of security. He felt the certainty that Margaret was growing to love him. He was winning all along the line.

The King's Counsel, pallid and motionless, stared at him from his chair. Just so the American had sat, wizened, hatchet-faced, and threatening. Now he could laugh at them both, the colonel and the husband of the woman he loved.

He rose from his seat with the prospect of all the joy of life beating in his heart.

He was about to take the bill of exchange. But Tremayne's large white hand closed upon it.

"I can leave it with you? You're a man of honour."

"You can leave it with me," came in hollow accents from the lawyer's haggard lips.

"May I ring for a cab?"

The figure in the chair made no sign. Vincent rang. On the instant, with the sound of the bell, he came down from the seventh heaven of

blackguardism. In the smaller matters of life he often behaved like a gentleman.

Without a word he went out of the room, and let himself out of the house.

When the butler entered, Tremayne was staring at the portrait of his father.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Take that picture down," he answered absently. "Take it away."

CHAPTER XIV

BELGRAVIA

VINCENT stepped out into Lowndes Square in a glow of pleasure. He had stamped upon Tremayne the impression of his strength, and incidentally, of course, the conviction of his blackguardism. Yet he did not feel that he had sunk in the estimation of the King's Counsel. Tremayne must appreciate the fact that he was a man of his word, though not exactly a man of honour. The eminent lawyer could have no sort of doubt that if Golding were convicted Dick would immediately be taken to Bow Street. That would put an end to the father's public career. This situation Tremayne by his complete collapse had proved his inability to face.

Jubilant in his success, Vincent walked for some minutes before deciding where he should go. He was in that exhilarated frame of mind in which a man enjoys walking in the night air. He refused the cabmen's offers of hospitality. In those same moments of depression which had come to him he

invariably jumped into a cab and was driven—anywhere—to Richmond for choice. But in his hours of success he preferred to assimilate his triumph while walking along the streets.

It was a beautiful night, with a dead blue sky. As he strolled in the direction of the Green Park, he took a certain pleasure in reflecting on the horrors which, since the interview with Tremayne, had ceased to terrify him. He dwelt on the noxiousness of arrest, the companionship of a police-inspector in a cab, the long-drawn-out misery of remand after remand, the platitudes of the judge fantastically clothed in scarlet and cotton wool and blots of ink, the hasty downward steps that lead the convicted man out of the habitable world. Then after that, the life of a convict in a pandemonium of pain. The mental anguish Vincent felt would not have been intolerable to a man of his volatile temperament. He had counted the cost of loss before ever he had attempted to win. But the physical pain, the ill-fitting, flesh-rasping clothes, the food fit less for Christians than for cattle, was a fearful prospect. Still, men had undergone worse things to find the North Pole, or to found a new religion, enterprises presumably intended to benefit the public at large rather than themselves. Vincent's suffering would have been incidental to a scheme embarked on solely to benefit Vincent. When he came out of prison he would have settled all his differences with society.

The danger being passed, he began to think that it wouldn't have been so bad after all. A man cannot be hounded altogether out of the world. He can be driven from a certain stratum of society. But there are other strata. Vincent might have been compelled to skip several strata. By reason of his conviction and imprisonment, he might have been driven into Bohemia. But with his money, so important in such a position, he could always buy friends—without even feeling that he was buying them. He was adaptable ; he would always have companionable people around him. He could build a theatre. No questions were asked as to the character of a man who manages a theatre. It is absurd to ask questions that cannot be answered. If the worst had come to the worst, he began to think that he would have pleaded guilty, employed the best man at the Bar to make an impassioned appeal for mercy, taken his sentence like a man, and lived through it as cheerfully as might be. Afterwards it would be by no means unpleasant to have a theatre. He would produce musical plays. He would exploit unmusical women.

If the worst had come to the worst, it would not have been so terribly bad.

But Margaret ? Of course he would have lost her.

And now ? With pleasurable anticipation he quickened his steps. On Tuesday the colonel

would be acquitted, and he, Vincent, would be free from all possibility of anxiety.

Margaret would say no word to her husband about Dick's forgery. Common sense, at least, would close her lips. She would regard Vincent as a man of extraordinary nobility of nature. Tremayne would clearly say nothing to her about the dishonour of his own son, or of Vincent's traffic in the matter. He might, and he probably would, forbid her to speak to a blackmailer, but he would have to invent some reason for his decision.

That would not affect Vincent's reputation in the eyes of Margaret. She would not believe the reason put forward by her husband. And she would regard him as a martyr. If a man be reputed almost a millionaire, if he have a pleasing exterior, if the woman he loves regard him as a martyr, what power is there to keep these two apart? Vincent could think of none.

With all possible publicity he would take her from Lowndes Square, instal her in a gem of a house in Pont Street which he had heard her covet—in all innocence. There would be a terrible scandal. But there would be two sides to the question—the wrong side and his side. His would be the popular one. He would work it by an admirable development of his original *Courier* scheme. When the wretched Tremayne should be at his feet he would not walk delicately.

His whole being was suffused with a warm glow of pleasurable anticipation. It seemed as though his entire existence had been led through devious and rarely trodden paths to bring him at length to the woman of his desire. That she was the only woman in the world for him, that she was the necessary corollary to his personality, he, since his first meeting with her, had not for one instant doubted.

Previously to that meeting the necessity of a woman as a companion in his life had never occurred to him. Strong and masterful in himself, women had hitherto been merely the amusements of certain pleasant days—prolonged into months in the case of the more fascinating.

For each man it may be that there is created one particular woman who alone can complete his existence. That when he had met the one woman in the world whom he needed she should happen to be married, could not seem surprising to the admirer of "the one woman." She was too charming to have remained until her age a single woman. Still her marriage was, of course, an obstacle. But Vincent had overcome so many obstacles in his life's journey from the squalor of Kerry to the splendour of his surroundings in Park Place, that Margaret's unfortunate tie seemed but a trifling barrier. He loved her with all his soul. She held him by the senses, and by all that he had that was spiritual. She appealed to

everything in him, good and bad. And every fibre of strength in his body, and all the craft in his brain, would be devoted to gratifying the dream of his life. Before the year was out he would have her in his arms.

Almost unconsciously he reached Haddon Chambers.

With a cheery "Good-night, constable," he gave a half-crown to the stray policeman who was aimlessly pottering about the entrance. It was pleasant for him to reflect that he was on good terms with himself and society ; also with that stalwart body of blue-coated men, employed by society for its protection against financial brigands such as Vincent Skrene.

On entering the flat he saw no longer that haunting vision of a hatchet-faced American seated in an armchair.

CHAPTER XV

THE OPERA

THE Brydes were intensely musical. In fact, they enjoyed music quite as much as cricket, and they could talk about the one as intelligently as about the other. Sir Philip had taken cricket under his wing, and could maintain with the best of us that "professionalism is ruining the national game." Lady Bryde had gone so far as to state that Wagner was "too sugary" for her. These brilliant *obiter dicta* had enabled the Brydes to claim that they were jointly and severally patrons of athletics and of art. They entertained professional musicians, but they never entertained professional cricketers.

A 'cellist can keep your guests enthralled for a considerable time, but what can the cunningest wicket-keeper do in a drawing-room?

Perhaps it was for this reason that Sir Philip did not maintain that professional musicians were fatal to the best interests of music in this country,

which is, of course, the financial interest of continental musicians.

In the uneasy tension of her mind, Margaret had been delighted to accept a sudden invitation to the Brydes' box at the opera. She was not musical either in the technical or in the social sense. But she had a certain emotional fondness for music ; it gave her pleasure. Therefore, she had anticipated considerable pleasure from the performance of Carrara's "Faustine." The critics had attacked "Faustine" rather bitterly, not because Carrara was a musician, nor because he happened to be an Englishman, nor for any good reason like that, but because he happened not to be Wagner. Also, he had not attempted to compensate for that deficiency by imitating Wagner, which is supposed to be the whole duty of any one who wishes to write really original music. Had he attempted to imitate Wagner, they would have accused him of being "un-English." Clearly it is the office of the English musical critic to stamp out any tendency that may lurk in Englishmen in the direction of writing any sort of music except military marches. Musical critics are unquestionably endowed with a double portion of the Imperial Spirit. In any period of national doubt or stress, they may be relied upon to form a corps of sharp-shooters for the defence of the country. But in the meantime, they devote themselves to urging the decadent Briton with a taste for music,

into more virile fields, such as those in which football is played. The true Briton, says the British musical critic, must not even play the fiddle—he must play nothing but football.

People who have a gift for music are not, as a rule, remarkable for prowess in the football field. They might, therefore, one would think, be pardoned if they sought for laurels elsewhere.

“Possibly,” says the musical critic. “But an Englishman demeans himself (and incidentally poaches on the preserves of the musical critic), if his knowledge of music goes beyond an appreciation of (eight words of unnecessary length and Italian origin) which compel him to take off his hat on the playing of ‘God save the King,’ unless, of course, he be a Wagner; and if he is, by Jove, we’ll deal with him in our own way.”

Carrara’s opera had been critically dealt with, but it had not been annihilated, and it was to see the second performance of “Faustine” that the Brydes had invited Margaret. She had come gladly, looking upon the opera as a possible means of soothing her nerves. Since the interview of the night before she had not seen her husband. He had slept at the house and ridden down to the Temple early in the morning.

During the night she had scarcely slept at all, but had devoted herself to thinking—not, however,

of how much they loved one another. It seemed to her incredible that he loved her at all. But her heart yearned for the strong solitary man lying alone in his room. The secret of his son's folly she had kept to herself. Would Vincent Skrene keep it to himself also? She had every confidence in him. She had complete belief in his honour. Still it was possible that, goaded by insult, he might wreak vengeance on her husband.

She was to be merely a spectator in the drama that some day might be enacted between these two men.

She longed to do something, to perform a significant act that should make her husband feel she was a human being, not a mere piece of furniture in Lowndes Square. The proof of Dick's guilt was safe in the hands of Skrene. But supposing it should pass by any accident—say into the hands of a blackmailer? She knew that there were such people. What then? That calamity, at any rate, she could avoid. Margaret, firmly convinced as she was of the integrity of Skrene, believed that on a word from her he would do the right thing; he would hand over to her the damning evidence, and she could destroy it.

She felt an intense desire for action. Three times on that day she had been on the point of going to Skrene, and asking him to give her what proof he possessed of Dick's transgression.

But though she had been awakened to thought,

she was not yet ripe for action. Still, she thought that if she saved her husband's son from a possibly impending peril, her husband would instinctively be drawn nearer to her.

In this unsettled state of mind she was gazing down on the brilliant house. Lady Bryde sat next to her, looking fluffier than ever. Sir Philip stood at her side. The overture was stimulating and sensuous. Images of passion, and sleep, and sensuality floated before the house. Even the judge hesitated to talk platitudes and looked at Margaret's shoulders. She became as one in a dream. Her senses were not soothed : they were excited. Then there came imperceptibly the *motif* of vengeance troubling the sweetness of the music. The sweetness was swept into sorrow, and sorrow gave place to fear. The crash of broken vows, the clang of soldiery, the shriek of the Roman Eagles led to the last proud and passionate cry of Faustine. Then chaos came to its own, and held high revel with every nerve of wood and wind and brass. In a hush of supreme weariness chaos faded away, and over the pallid figures on the battlefield the moon shone. Full of sorrow, came a cry from the dead that Echo bore to Fear.

Smart young men shifted uneasily in their seats. Aigrettes shivered, and tiaras flashed more brilliantly. As the curtain rose Sir Philip remarked—

"I should like to have an overture like that when I sum up."

Lady Bryde looked gratefully at him. She was doubtful whether she should retail the observation as an example of her husband's wit or of his musical knowledge.

He no longer looked at Margaret's shoulders. The change in the music had a chastening effect on him. From a possible flirtation of his own, the music of Carrara drew him into the tragic and sombre passion of Faustine.

By the time the first act was over, Margaret was in a state of intense nervous excitement. Before her eyes had passed the sumptuous pageant of Imperial Rome, the symbol of the power, the strength, and the colour of life. The music had expressed the triumph of purpose, and the apotheosis of accomplished desire.

A storm of applause greeted the fall of the curtain. Margaret was motionless from the physical collapse, following upon the sensations she had received. She felt the inadequacy, the irrelevance of applause. Other people, less appreciative, expressed their pleasure by the barbaric custom of beating their palms noisily together.

Then an unfortunate thing happened. The curtain rose again, and Carrara appeared in the forum holding Faustine, the Empress, by one hand, and Camilla, the Courtesan, by the other.

People were then justified in making silly noises. If a creator cares to destroy the effect of his creation, it is only right to keep him in countenance by making stupid sounds.

Margaret was annoyed. The emotions that Carrara's genius had evolved were entirely destroyed by the appearance of Carrara. No musician, however great, looks well standing in evening dress in the forum at midday.

"What a pity ! What a pity !" she said, almost unconsciously.

"Oh ! the second act is much worse than that," said Lady Bryde, archly. "It is the most immoral libretto ever put on the stage. Indeed, we had great difficulty in getting a box at all."

"It seems to me that the appearance of the composer entirely destroys the effect," Margaret answered.

"Ah ! the effect ! Yes, perhaps. But not from the musical point of view. This music, of course, is not like Wagner. Everybody is interested in the story. Now, in the great operas no one ever understands the story," Lady Bryde stated educationally.

"I think the music and the story should make one perfect whole," said Margaret, who, although music appealed to her emotionally, was ignorant of its technique, "and if that is so, this is the greatest opera I have ever seen. Every phrase of the music illustrates the emotions of the

o

singers. That is why I do not like to have the effect destroyed by the appearance of the composer. One may, one sometimes does, admire a picture at the Academy, but one does not clap for the painter to appear."

"Ah, but of course so many painters haven't got evening dress," Lady Bryde said, with the charming movement of the eyebrows that always accompanied her wittiest sayings. She considered anything witty that might be true, but that probably wasn't.

"Don't you agree with me, Sir Philip?" asked Margaret, after the necessary smiles of acknowledgment.

"Yes—and no."

The judge was automatically impartial, even when off the Bench.

Lady Bryde craned forward eagerly, as though pouring her very individuality into her opera-glasses. "Isn't that man going out of the stalls the editor of C.O.M.?"

"C.O.M.?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, don't you know? That is a paper that everybody reads and nobody talks about. Or is it a paper that everybody talks about and nobody reads? C.O.M. stands for *Comes Out Mondays* or *Chiefly on Mediocrities*."

Sir Philip laughed heartily, as he always did, at this witticism of his wife's.

Lady Bryde cast a hasty look at Margaret, and,

seeing that she was engrossed in the people in the stalls, whispered to her husband, "Catch him as he goes out" (impressively). "Tell him from me that his wife looks charming in her 'vieux rose'" (diplomatically). "Tell him, I have threatened you that if you dare to appear in his 'Mediocrities at Home,' I'll buy five hundred copies of his paper to send to your enemies. You understand?"

"Yes, dear."

Sir Philip left the box.

"Now, darling," she said to Margaret, "tell me about yourself. We haven't had a cosy chat for ever so long."

"I haven't any news. I told you that I'd decided not to have my new theatre cloak lined with accordion-pleated chiffon?"

"Oh, you little butterfly! You care for nothing but dress."

Lady Bryde, flippant and fluffy, jarred horribly upon her.

"I don't know that I care for anything at all," she answered from her heart, with an expressionless face.

"That means that you care for somebody a great deal," ogled Lady Bryde, who was thinking of Vincent Skrene. She wanted information.

"You're quite right. I care for my husband a great deal."

"No self-respecting woman ever talks about her husband."

Lady Bryde, who was "making conversation," became a burden. But for the absorbing interest that she took in the opera, Margaret would have made an excuse and gone home. She longed for the curtain to rise again. She hoped to leave her own dreary and stagnant surroundings and feel the stir and stress that the music of Carrara would create for her.

The entr'acte seemed a very long and tedious interval in her life. She felt that she would live again when the curtain went up.

The curtain rose upon the wild orgies of the festival of "Pudicitia." The music was monstrously vicious. All the suggestive lasciviousness of the East was blended with the virile passion of the West. This medley of voluptuousness served as a setting to the contest between Faustine and Camilla, for the love of Parmenes, the Persian.

Then in the moonlight, the rippling Tiber gave up its dead, amid the melodious cries of the distant boatmen. Faustine threw herself on the body of her murdered paramour. Parmenes recognized his brother's corpse, and swore to be revenged on the murderess—Faustine. Again the curtain fell to tumultuous applause. Again Carrara appeared, giving one hand to the murdered man, the other to the murderess.

Margaret felt that the man was doing conjuring tricks with her nerves. It is absurd to incubate a murder, and then patch up the differences between the corpse and the murderess by a couple of casual handshakes.

Margaret had come to the opera to be soothed. Instead, her nerves were strung to the highest pitch, and she felt taken out of herself into an atmosphere of surging and strange emotions. Then suddenly she was thrown back upon herself as though she had received a blow on the breast.

"Surely," said Lady Bryde, peering out of the box, "there is that Occonnomorris."

"Ah! Where?" her husband asked.

"In the fourth row of the stalls next the gangway."

Margaret looked and saw a very well dressed youth talking to Arthur Morrison.

"Yes, apparently that is the man," Sir Philip answered after due observation. "That unquestionably is the man."

"What did you say he was?" Margaret asked.

"Oh! he is an Occonnomorris. A sort of dancing Dervish. That is quite the newest fad with the smartest young men. Do you see he is bowing? Ah! he's coming up here!" Lady Bryde said proudly. This was the last straw for Margaret.

She made up her mind. Though she was

anxious to hear the rest of "Faustine," she had not the self-control to bear the miscellaneous sensations she must receive; the tense interest of the opera, the inevitable disenchantment of the composer's appearance, and the irritating futility of the Brydes and their friend the Dervish. She said she was feeling ill and was going home. They expressed surprise, and Sir Philip offered to drive her back. To Lady Bryde's evident gratification, she vetoed this proposition.

"I'm so sorry you're bored, but of course the music is trash. Why have we no English Wagner?"

"I'm not bored at all. I've enjoyed it more than I can tell you; but I am not feeling quite myself." Then she added: "I have never heard an opera which seemed to me finer. You don't think it trash, Sir Philip?"

"I consider it great in a sense. In another sense it is unquestionably beneath contempt."

This was an expansion of his "Yes and No" judgment.

"I'm so glad to have your opinion," Margaret answered as she put on her cloak. "It helps me to understand Carrara's work."

"You can't call it a work. It is a miasma," he answered. It was a miasma that caused him to notice her shoulders. It is impossible to gauge the effect of music on the mind. Even Church music may tend to the cult of the Magdalene

as readily as to the worship of the Virgin. As Margaret left the box with her cloak caressing her shoulders, while Sir Philip pierced with Röntgen Ray eyes the frothy flipperies around her neck, Mr. Morris took off his hat and joined Lady Bryde.

"My dear Lady Bryde, I trust that you will accept this visit as a call after your charming dance which I enjoyed so intensely. I may say that I enjoyed it almost more than *any* dance to which I have not been invited." He caught the eye of Arthur Morrison, who was roaring with laughter in the stalls.

His manner was so conspicuously courteous that Lady Bryde was charmed. She made a movement with her fan towards a chair. But he preferred to stand. The extreme courtliness of his manner was more apparent when he stood. She was on her mettle. "I suppose you are awfully bored." To be bored with the Marriage Service, or the Union Jack, or the idea of Hell, is with certain people the hall-mark of intelligence.

"I may say, yes; I think I may say, that in the company of Lady Bryde I am never wearied."

She tittered with gratification.

"It is a good house."

"I had eyes only for one occupant of it." At the bow which accompanied this remark Arthur

Morrison became purple with laughter. "Need I say that she was in a box?"

"Mrs. Tremayne has gone," said Lady Bryde, with eyebrows raised in archness almost to her scalp.

"*Was* there anybody else in your box?"

"You know that I am at home on Thursdays."

"Which Thursdays?"

"All Thursdays."

"Don't you think you're overdoing it? There are Thursdays *and* Thursdays. Why not make it the first and third? Good-night, Lady Bryde."

"Do you know that I always forget your name?"

"Always?"

"And I want you so much to tell me about yourself and why you became an Occonnomorris. I think," she added soulfully, "that I should like to become an Occonnomorris."

"Possibly you shall, on the death of Sir Philip. Good-night, Lady Bryde."

He left the box.

He never called on any Thursdays, and she has never solved the mystery of his name.

* * * * *

Margaret felt a sensation of relief as the cab drove noisily out of the colonnade and left Sir Philip standing on the pavement in front of the Opera House.

The relief was only momentary. As the cab turned up into Long Acre, the unevenness of the roadway caused her to sit upright. The absence of rubber tyres annoyed her. She was a singularly even-tempered woman, but in her present state of nervous disturbance the slightest detail of any unpleasantness was exaggerated. The cab rattled onwards. Instead of being able to nestle cosily in a corner, she was jerked from side to side. She caught sight of her face in the glass ; her pretty, innocent, oval face seemed to look out sadly at her from the crazy mirror. The sympathetic, sorrowful features, peeping out from the frothy cream of the opera cloak, wore a look of puzzled sadness which seemed quite strange to Margaret. The white aigrette that sprang perkily from her hair gave an appearance of sprightliness which she was far from feeling.

She looked away impatiently. She tried to think of something pleasant. But there was really nothing of that nature to think of. In moments of pain or annoyance one likes to look forward to some pleasurable event arranged for the near future.

Of that sort of event her life seemed void.

Lowndes Square could offer her no peg on which to hang her thoughts. When she got home Lady Hewitt might broach some barren topic of domestic policy ; she might even describe

the present stage of her vendetta with the cook. It tired her immeasurably to sit at the feet of this high priestess of housewifery. No ; that would not help matters one iota. She would have liked to talk to Dick about his love trouble. She was very fond of him, but for some mysterious reason he declined to tell her even why Imogen and he had quarrelled ; while the girl, who was to leave for America by the next Cunarder that sailed, scarcely left her room, and then always with red eyes—danger signals to possible conversationalists. And Richard ? Suddenly she had an inexplicable longing for the presence of that strong, sombre man. If only he were in the cab, she thought. He might ask, “Are my darling’s shoulders cold ?” and his arm might slip caressingly around her waist. Then they might stop at the Carlton and have a little supper, one of those gay, intimate little suppers she had often seen other people, even married people, enjoying.

Suddenly she was seized with an idea. She would drive down to the Temple, and compel him to take her out to supper ; she would drag him into her life. Her eyes sparkled at the idea of the adventure. The cab had reached Leicester Square : the capital of London’s pleasure-system blazed with blatant light. She was in the world of enjoyment. The potent fact that she was a stranger to that world struck her with a chill. She realized that if she did rush down to the

Temple her husband would administer a similar chill. It was impossible for her to influence that leviathan of labour. He would talk to her like an elder brother, and send her back to Lowndes Square filled with sorrow and disappointment. The spirit of adventure was scotched, not killed. It was directed into another channel. Her husband would do nothing for her. Margaret made up her mind that she would go to Vincent next day and ask deliberately for the document. That was settled. She bit her lip firmly to seal the resolution.

As is usual in the season, Piccadilly Circus was undergoing repairs. The Gilbertian humours of the winged statue of Mercury which presides over the local Court of Cupid was barricaded off from the near approach of the public.

The cab turned down the Haymarket into Jermyn Street.

Margaret felt a thrill of surprise. She knew that Vincent lived at 18, Park Place, St. James's. The cab would pass within a stone's-throw of his flat. This was fate—or accident—which is practically the same thing. Accident is the agent that influences the lives of other people. Fate is the power that devotes itself to governing one's own career.

On the spur of the moment—a moment which had been apparently led up to by the events of the last two days, a moment to which Carrara's

opera had been an emotional overture—she made up her mind.

As the cab reached St. James's Street, she put up a white-gloved hand to the trap in the roof. At that instant the clock of St. James's Palace struck ten.

“Stop at 18, Park Place.”

CHAPTER XVI

PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S

THE three small rooms that Vincent occupied in Haddon Chambers, Victoria Street, were known to very few of his men friends. When he had first put his foot on the ladder of prosperity they had been his sole address. But after fortune had beamed on him with indulgent smiles, he had taken the whole ground floor of a new block of flats in Park Place. For purposes of his own he found it convenient to keep on the Victoria Street rooms. They were very cheap and no servants were necessary. Also no questions were asked. He very often went to Victoria Street from Saturday to Monday instead of to Brighton. For the World and the Devil his sole address was Park Place. The Flesh he was accustomed to interview at Haddon Chambers. But since he had been in love with Margaret he rarely went either to Victoria Street or Victoria Station.

The St. James's flat was furnished in a peculiar manner. The dining-room was a scheme of his

own. It was an ornate imitation of the bar parlour of an Irish inn. The walls were entirely panelled with dead-black oak ; the ceiling was dim yellow, with huge parallel rafters, also of oak.

The only ornaments consisted of wrought-iron candelabra, and a quantity of old copper vases and pots. On the walls were framed prints of famous Irish pugilists and infamous Irish politicians. Also there were hand-bills offering rewards for information as to murders. (One might have supposed from the room that the native industries of Ireland consisted solely of speech-making, fighting, and agrarian outrage.) The windows were glazed with small panes of dimly-coloured, leaded glass. Opposite to the huge fireplace, with chimney-corner seats, was the great feature of the room, an enormous bar, screened with glass sides. Once at a luncheon-party Morrison of Magdalen had said that it was like the dock at the Old Bailey, only more dismal. Out of compliment to the host no one had laughed. Morrison was rapidly drinking down his reputation as a wit. In the bar was kept every sort of liquor ever invented to disorganize the digestive system of man. You could get the best Vermouth as readily as the worst sort of Irish whiskey—which alone appeals to certain native connoisseurs.

Eminent comedians had been amiable enough to act as bar-tenders during noisy supper parties. In fact, it was hard for an actor of any sort to

resist that bar. All mummers saw in it possibilities of merriment.

A tragedian with a world-wide reputation had amusingly turned it into a pulpit for the nonce, and given an imitation of a nonconformist preacher whom people said he resembled. The preacher, he maintained, merely—resembled him. As a matter of fact, each copied the other, while at the same time burlesquing himself.

The full meaning of that strange decoration was known to Vincent alone. He was not in the least ashamed of the smallness of his beginning, neither was he particularly proud of the success which he had attained. The room was suggested by a shebeen, in which his father, an impecunious squire, had drunk himself to death.

The sombre simplicity of the decorations represented the beginning of Vincent.

The rest of the flat was furnished in various French styles, from that of the fourteenth to that of the sixteenth Louis. As a contrast to the wrought-iron period of the shebeen, the luxury of gilding and satin and ormolu represented to Vincent the other end of his life—his golden age. There might, of course, be a period of compulsory granite quarrying at Dartmoor which should intervene. But now he was more convinced than ever that a stone age should play no part in his evolution.

Since the prosecution of the Taubman gang, Vincent had not exactly courted the society of its

members. As men when out on bail are generally hypersensitive, they had rather resented the withdrawal of the lavish hospitality of Park Place. Although they realized that their companionship could not have a good effect on the reputation of Vincent, they felt a very natural yearning for the flesh-pots of the shebeen. In the days of their prosperity, they, like all financiers, had lived the costly life of the restaurant. But restaurant proprietors are averse to the patronage of gentlemen out on bail, even if they are willing to pay cash.

Taubman, who had spent hundreds of pounds in the smartest restaurants, now found that all the tables were engaged weeks ahead even at second-rate ones. Since his arrest their trade had apparently quadrupled. Vincent had advised him to urge this fact on the jury, in order to counteract the unpleasant statements about "ruined homes and suicides' graves" resulting from Taubman finance. Let him pose as a pioneer of the restaurant movement in England.

Taubman had stated that any sane juryman who looks into the circumstances and conditions of modern life must understand that this growing practice of spending four or five pounds ahead on your private dinners in public places is a cancer which is eating into the heart of the nation. He had the knack of making any subject which he touched uninteresting. Yet he was ponderously

penetrating. As the upshot of this conversation, that took place in the previous week, Vincent had asked the defendants to dinner on Monday. By that day he firmly believed they would all be convicted.

It was a peculiar gathering that surrounded the long black-oak table on which there was no tablecloth.

Taubman sat at one end, opposite to the host. Between them were two lines of very tall brass candlesticks, like those used in the service of the Church.

As Vincent looked through the row of candles it seemed to him that Taubman was as a false god seated on his altar surrounded by his priests. His large face was like a huge tableland of undulating flesh. The natural flabbiness of the man had absorbed the sparkle that used to flash in his eyes. There was no scintilla of expression anywhere beyond such emotions as may be conveyed by heavy jaws engaged in mastication.

Ada Singlehurst, the music-hall singer, was sitting next to Bertie Daventry.

On the principle of the well-bred, delicately nurtured dog, which in pure delight wallows in offal, Bertie on leaving Oxford had become attached to that notorious female pirate. God had endowed her with innocent childlike features. She had the face of a baby angel, and the instincts of a mature octopus.

Few females better fitted for a professionally amorous career had ever embarked on what is, after all, the most ancient of all professions for women. She had used the music-hall stage to advertise herself. Her voice was *nil*. Her top notes were a higher power of silence. Her salary was eighty pounds a week. She often subscribed one week's salary to the popular charity of the moment. Had she been a man she would have been knighted, but as she was a woman she was not even married.

After three years of adoration at this unholy shrine, Bertie had been temporarily snatched away from Ada by the charms of Imogen Briggs. After his failure with the American girl, he had returned with a certain slight feeling of bored staleness to the harpy of "the halls."

Violet Montgomerie was the chosen of Bennett-Brinton. She was a frescoed chorus-girl, who played a little in musical pieces. She and Maude Meredith "hunted in couples." Their present hunting-ground was the Northumberland Theatre, where they were allowed great liberty, each being always permitted to absent herself from performances on the most trivial pretext. These trivial pretexts generally took boxes at the Northumberland Theatre.

Vincent had indulgently asked his guests to bring any girls they liked, and these three were the muster. Considering the amount of money

that the financiers had sunk in women, the dividend was wonderfully small.

"Still, a lady with the feelings of a lady does not like to be seen by other ladies (also with the feelings of ladies) in company with a Johnny who is out on bail," was the view of a chorus-girl who was regarded in her circle as an authority on etiquette.

Maude Meredith answered to the name of "Trotters," and was absolutely the best specimen of her sex that Henry (or Hans) Mayer could induce to accept Vincent's invitation. But she kept him in his place.

"Who was dat bounder dat I saw you driving with yesterday in Bond Street, my dear?" asked the lanky alien.

"Boulder be hanged! Do you mean Marcus Goldstein?"

"Dat might be de fellow's name. He had astrachan hair."

"Then that shows you don't know a boulder when you see him. Boulder, indeed! Why, he always wears his handkerchief in his sleeve; he must be a gentleman," she said peevishly.

"Now, don't be a complainings-maker, my dear."

"You've no business to call people boulders unless you know them well enough to know that they are boulders. You simply want to show that you were in Bond Street to prove that you don't spend all your time at the Old Bailey."

"Dat's special pleading."

"Well, I should think you want a lot of it, if our acquaintance is not to be interrupted."

"I don't like jokes about dat sort of thing," said Mayer, uneasily.

The dinner, which had begun at seven for the convenience of the bailees (if that be the term), was over, and the guests, having drunk more wine than was really necessary, were torpid or conversational according to their constitutions.

The room was blue-grey with smoke, that produced a tarnished effect on the dead-black of the walls.

The twenty tongues of the flames in the avenue of candles were dimmed by the mist from the large cigars. Vincent, who never drank more than a couple of glasses of claret at a meal, was merely marking time. He was waiting for the acquittal—at any rate, of the colonel. Then he would wash his hands of the whole lot. He had placed the women as far from him as possible. The fact that they were of Margaret's sex revolted him. Ada Singlehurst was on one side of Taubman, and Violet Montgomerie on the other. Each woman was now sitting with her back to that enormous man. Each was busy trying to extract anything which might be left in her particular "boy."

"Good God!" Vincent thought. "And these are women!"

He fell into a reverie about Margaret. The colonel, who was on his right, watching him with extreme keenness, saw a smile of satisfaction steal over his face. That smile annoyed the colonel. Opposite to the American was Mayer, deep in unintelligible conversation with Maude—a conversation that consisted of bad English and bad morals. On his right was Morrison of Magdalen, comatose with-drink. Arthur had drifted into this entertainment with a view to taking snapshots at life. He would go anywhere for a sensation. The sensation, when obtained, was generally obscured by alcohol.

"Say, what are you smiling at?" asked the colonel.

"I beg your pardon," Vincent answered, bringing his mind suddenly back from the woman he loved.

"I can't see that there is anything to smile at," Golding said irritably.

"There is no use crying over unpilt milk. I have told you that you are perfectly safe. Tremayne is a man of honour."

"I can't see that a man who is liable to be bribed—that's about the size of it—is of necessity a man of honour. And I can't say that you did wisely in leaving the forged bill with him. None of the others think so. Taubman don't think it was wise."

"You don't mean to say that you told them?" said Vincent, angrily.

"Yes, I guess I told them. I don't believe in having secrets from this syndicate. Besides, I somehow feel that I've got more hold on you if the others know all the facts. Mind you, I esteem you quite a great deal. But, by Jove! Vincent, you're as slippery as they make 'em. I mean no offence. But if you were not a man, I guess you'd be an eel, and a prominent eel at that. If they had a president in the eel republic, yours would be the popular platform."

"Don't be fulsome."

"No, I'm stating facts. I'm just a bit doubtful about you. You're such a devil for women. And I can't help having a shrewd suspicion that you're gone on Tremayne's wife."

"What the deuce has that got to do with you?" said Vincent, angrily.

"I hope, nothing. But kindly, don't let your love affairs interfere with my liberty." The American stared keenly at his host.

Vincent was very annoyed, but he saw no wisdom in quarrelling with the colonel. He let the conversation drop.

The women at the other end of the table were chattering noisily with the men. Taubman loomed massive and isolated through the fog of smoke. If he was thinking, his face showed no trace of thought. But every now and then he knocked the ash from his cigar when there was scarcely enough ash to drop.

The unwieldy man was nervous. He was like a whale out of water. Taubman was an habitual chairman. He thought in prospectuses. He was never comfortable except when convening extraordinary meetings, or moving votes of extraordinary confidence in himself. Wifeless, caring little for women, his mania was finance—finance for the sake of finance. He hadn't a shilling in the world. Still he thought in millions; mere double figures were of no use to him. It really pained Vincent to think that to-morrow a warder's beckoning hand might fall on the shoulder of Jacob Taubman.

No. There was not a chance of that. Tremayne was reliable.

All of them would be acquitted. And then Vincent would devote himself to the serious business of his life—to Margaret. Before the year was out he would instal her in the little house in Pont Street that she innocently coveted. The shebeen, poisonous with reminiscences of shady finance and shadier women, would be a thing of the past, a thing to be forgotten. Vincent wished to lead a higher life. His passion for Margaret refined his taste, and he was proud of it.

"Is there a gentleman here by the name of Daventry, sir?" his butler asked.

"Yes, talking to the lady in red chain armour."

Bertie followed the servant through the folding doors of the shebeen.

CHAPTER XVII

PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S

IN the Louis XIV. drawing-room he found Dick Tremayne looking rather miserable. They shook hands. Then there was a strained silence between the two young men.

It was an awkward position for each. They were sons of old friends. They were themselves great friends. The father of the one was prosecuting the other.

"I thought you'd be here, Bertie."

"This is about the only place that's open to me. I can't very well pass the day at the Old Bailey, and the night at the 'Bachelors.' The other members might object. No, this is about the only place I *can* go to, and it perhaps won't be open to me to-morrow," he said bitterly.

"Bertie!" burst from Dick, who sympathized very deeply in the danger of his friend.

"I suppose, old chap, you've come to say good-bye."

"Do you think it's as bad as that?" Dick

never for one moment doubted the innocence of young Daventry.

"I don't know. I don't know what to think. All the others, my co-defendants, are very mysterious. I fancy there's something in the wind. I believe they've squared somebody."

"Squared somebody? Nonsense; you can't square a judge."

"No. I suppose it's a juryman. They say it's easy enough to get one man to disagree, if you pay him. It seems a natural process enough. Besides, in the ordinary course of things, I don't see how you can expect twelve men to be either right or wrong on any given subject. But they never tell me anything; never did since the infernal swindle began. I assure you, I've never had any conception of what this company was about even. And if I had known, I shouldn't have understood. I've been an ideal dummy director. It's all Ada's fault, you know, in a way. She always wanted money, and—well, I suppose I had to give it her somehow. By Jove! if it hadn't been for my father, I should have committed suicide. And, of course, Ada—Ada does love me. But these women suck the blood out of you." He walked wearily about the room. Dick noticed that his hair required cutting; otherwise his personal appearance was still smart.

"But you've known such a lot of women, Bertie. Experience teaches——"

"Nothing. People collect all the foolish things they've done in their lives, and look upon them as an insurance policy against ever doing any more. But the day after a kiss, we kiss again. And we're made fools of every time."

He wanted to blame something for his downfall, so, as is ordinarily the practice, he blamed humanity for being human.

"A decent woman might have saved me. Not that Ada isn't a decent woman, because she is. None of the lies you hear about her are true. But if Imogen had cared a rap for me, I shouldn't be in this hole. You're an infernally lucky chap to be engaged to her," he said pensively.

"I'm not ; she doesn't care for me now." The words came slowly and awkwardly.

"You don't mean to say it's all over between you ! Great Scott ! Why ?"

"Upon my soul I don't really understand ; but you know that hundred pounds I got for you at Oxford ?"

"Do I remember ? I don't forget a good turn. That was the first really serious hole I ever got into. But what's that got to do with it ?"

"Well, I never told you, but I had a lot of difficulty in getting the money. As a matter of fact, she knows I had difficulty, and she thinks I gave it to a woman."

"But why didn't you tell her you gave it to me ?"

"No, no. I couldn't very well, considering that we were both in love with her; it would look as though I were playing myself off against you."

"You had trouble in getting the money for me? I never knew that. Why did you get it? I didn't know you so awfully well at that time."

"Do you remember the Eton and Harrow match? People said we, you and I, won the game for Eton. Do you remember the crowd outside the Pavilion, and how they cheered us?" Dick spoke with all the enthusiasm of a school-boy talking of his captain.

"By Jove, I do!"

Young Daventry pictured in his mind the triumph of that afternoon. And he remembered that a few hours before he had been sitting in the dock of the Old Bailey.

"One doesn't forget that sort of thing," said Dick, with a flash in his eyes.

"And I remember it every day when I go down to the Old Bailey and the crowd hiss me," Daventry answered, pressing a hand on his forehead and upwards over his hair.

"Bertie, it is a damned shame."

Daventry shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject.

"I'll write and tell her; last dying request sort of thing. It'll be all right."

"Do you think so? Are you sure?"

"I don't know, old chap ; I thought I understood women. Every man does think *that* till he's thirty. He's wrong. A man's life is only long enough to understand one woman. At any rate, I understand Ada. But, of course, I've paid for the privilege. I'll write and tell Imogen, and put it straight. You'll be a fond father by the time we meet again. I'll put it right."

"If you could, old chap, I should be most awfully obliged."

A roar of laughter came from the shebeen.

"What's going on in there ?" Dick asked.

"Oh, the gang are having a sort of farewell supper."

The door flew open and Ada burst in. She cried impetuously, without seeing Dick—

"I say, Bertie, why don't you come back ? The colonel's going to make a speech. Come on. You can't do any harm by bucking up !"

"No ; if one *can* buck up."

She noticed Dick. "Who's this nice boy ?"

"Mr. Richard Tremayne, dear ; Miss Ada Singlehurst."

"Pleased to meet you. Your father's the lawyer, isn't he ?"

"Yes, my father's at the Bar," Dick answered stiffly.

"Look here, I'll give you a tip. If ever I have a breach of promise, he's my counsel, and you can tell him I said it."

"That would be very gratifying to him."

"It would be an awfully good advertisement for him. Anything about me always gets into the papers, you know. I don't keep my light under a bushel, not much."

When she had looked him up and down, she went up to him, and put her palms on his cheeks.

"Are you a nice boy?" she said, looking him straight in his eyes, as she half closed hers.

Dick drew away.

Bertie interposed, "Don't you worry him, Ada. He's in love."

"I suppose with some woman of forty, twenty years too old and several sizes too large. All you infants fall in love with women like the dome of St. Paul's."

"That is not my case," said Dick, abruptly.

"You're as dull as Bertie. You're not out on bail. What's the matter with you? Bertie's all right, although between ourselves," she added confidentially, "Maudie Meredith—you know what a common little cat she is—well, she says you'll all be hit to-morrow. And she ought to know something about law, considering she had the brokers in her flat. She can't have much refinement about her, if she sits down to dinner with people who are going to be convicts to-morrow. That's what I say. If I was Maudie I shouldn't so bemean myself. You'd be astonished," she said particularly to Dick; "some

ladies have no refined feelings. I could tell you something about some of them. And I will some day, too—unless one or two that I might mention, if I wasn't above mentioning names—at any rate, that I am friendly with for the time being, till I find out their true natures, which I don't naturally suspect, being easily taken in. Often and often have people—and good people too, though not all of them with titles—said to me, 'Ada,' they keep on saying (not once or twice, but often)—'Ada,' they say, 'I'm surprised that you, with all your diamonds, have got such a kind heart,' which is well known to every one in the profession.

"People keep saying to me, 'Miss Singlehurst,' they say, 'it's funny that you, being so refined, don't turn nasty on the other girls.' 'No,' I say, 'no backbiting for me. If I want to backbite another lady, I backbite her to her face. That's my way. If a lady insults me, I tell her what I think of her right out, no matter who's there or where it is. But, mind you, I never say anything either in word or gesture that is unbecoming to a lady. Just to show you : the other night, now, as I was going on the stage, I had a slight altercation with rather a low woman who behaved as no lady would behave, and I told her there and then what I thought of her, and what her children ought to call her if they had been properly brought up—which they weren't. But I did it in a quiet, ladylike way. My dresser said it was a picture.

The low woman only fainted out of bravado. Well, several people who were there, boys from the Eccentric Club—well-known men, you know, came up and asked me why I didn't say this and that, why I hadn't called her so-and-so. 'What say?' I said. 'Why didn't I? I'll tell you. Because I'm too refined.' And I was."

During this oration, Bertie had looked at Ada not only with toleration, but with a certain air of pride. She was the woman he loved. That anybody could love her was inexplicable to everybody who did not love her. She was a crude, blatant woman of the streets. He was the son of a peer, well educated, and looked upon as a good fellow. The man was in love with the woman. The thing cannot be explained; it can only be regretted. Had Bertie been heir to the peerage, Ada would have accepted the first of his offers of marriage.

It is the ambition of ladies of her refinement to marry into the peerage. And they often do, though fortunately, perhaps, they rarely remain in it.

Through the folding doors, which were ajar, came the nasal twang of the colonel.

"... the natural antipathy of all Englishmen to speech-making. The most characteristic speech of the Englishman is the word 'damn.' (Hear, hear.) We are ourselves particularly tired of speeches made about ourselves. (Hear, hear.) Personally, I have lately been blushing at the

kindly things which I have paid one of your leading barristers to say about my humble self. (Laughter.) I can say this in confidence, because we are each of us, with the exception of the ladies and the gentleman who, for purposes of his own, is wearing his neck-tie above his collar—no, don't wake Mr. Morrison up—in the same boat. I use the word 'boat' in a figurative sense. It is a more elegant expression than the word 'dock.' And, after all, boats are sometimes in docks. (Shame.) As a rule, I consider a man who makes puns as bad as the man who drops his h's. But, I venture to make this pun because I regard the present as a very hilarious occasion. Still, before proceeding, I may say that our host, by a courteous nod of his head, dissented from my statement that he was in the same boat with ourselves. At the present moment he is not. But I may say that, in the event of the boat going on a trip to Dartmoor, or any similar unhealthy port, we may rely on his coming aboard there."

He had spoken with extreme deliberation. Every pungent word reached the three listeners in the drawing-room with absolute clearness. The excitement kept Ada motionless. The two men stared at one another in questioning astonishment. Neither understood what the American was threatening. But there was something in the harsh nasal accents that compelled their attention.

The voice of the man gripped his hearers by

the nerves. In each room there was silence. He continued—

“I have every reason to believe that the boat won’t start to-morrow.” He spoke like an oracle. Then he paused, and said in tones that were full of meaning—

“Gentlemen, I give you the health of Mr. Richard Tremayne, K.C., with musical honours.”

In an instant Dick was at the doors. He threw them open. “What the devil does this mean?” As he entered the dining-room he was face to face with Golding, who held a glass of champagne in his hand. Dick sent it shivering on the floor. There was a shuffle of skirts and a grating of chairs as every one rose up through the smoke.

“Don’t be a fool, Dick!” shouted Vincent. In a moment he had caught the boy by the arm and taken him back into the drawing-room. The others followed in a babel of talk.

“What are you doing, you impetuous boy? Are you drunk, or what?” asked Vincent, with a dangerous gleam in his eye.

“Who is de fellow?” began Mayer. “I call it——”

“Be quiet. Leave this to me. This young gentleman has insulted my guest. Dick, you are presuming on my friendship. Why did you attack Colonel Golding?”

“Good God! Do you think that I allow my

father's health to be drunk by prisoners that he's prosecuting?" he said, trembling with anger.

There were murmurs of "his father!" "Tre-mayne!"

The boy's astonishment at what he had heard was so intense that he had not yet grasped the meaning of the situation. His father was prosecuting this man with the appalling accent, and his friends. The man with the appalling accent dared to propose his father's health. That was palpably outrageous impudence. The allusion to Vincent and Dartmoor was an element of mystification which was of eighth-rate importance. The American had insulted his father. Vincent did not know what the boy had heard. The language of the colonel had been intelligible to him as the host, but as he had no idea while listening to it that it might have reached the ears of an outsider, he could form no opinion how much Dick had understood.

"You don't, don't you?"

His business was to get the boy to talk.

Dick merely said, calmly, "Of course I don't."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing else. Unless he cares to insult my father again. In which case, as he hasn't got a champagne-glass to be knocked down, I'll knock him down."

"My dear young fellow," said Vincent, putting his hand on Dick's shoulder, and speaking with a

rich brogue, "I respect you for that saying. If Colonel Golding had insulted your father, you wouldn't have needed to knock him down. I should have done it before you came into the room."

Vincent, reassured as to his position, assumed the surprised and pained demeanour of a misjudged man.

"Colonel Golding is a brave American soldier, who has been mystified by our English criminal law. This stranger within our gates is unfortunate enough to be prosecuted by your father, lad. As is the case with many military men, he is a hot-headed fellow. Your father has annoyed him. Your father has said things about him which are unfair, Dick—deuced unfair. Colonel Golding, in his impetuous military way, has said things about your father which are untrue. I was annoyed. I don't like your father, Dick. But I like you. I said to the colonel, 'You have insulted Mr. Tremayne. If ever you sit down at my table again you must propose his health.' I explained that your father was a decent sort, that he had a decent son. I satisfied the colonel, who is a hot-headed fire-eater (you know you are, colonel), and the result was that he proposed your father's health in a perfunctory way with a slight dig at me ; and there you are."

Dick was amazed. "I don't understand that men on bail——"

Vincent broke in cheerfully, "Let me introduce you, Colonel Golding—Mr. Richard Tremayne, the worthy son of an unworthy father."

Dick nodded coldly. The colonel was all enthusiasm.

"I am delighted to meet you. I regard your father as one of the brainiest men at the English Bar. When I listened to his opening speech, although it was so personal to me, I assure you that the passage about widows' houses nearly made me weep, though I've never wept since I attended sabbath-school in Chicago City. Honest Injun! If my position in the dock had not precluded me from showing sympathy with the prosecuting counsel, I should have shed salt tears."

"And, den, colonel, you'd have given away de whole bag of tricks," said Mayer.

Vincent pulled him away. "For God's sake, don't break the King's English any more. Keep quiet. You can't help matters."

He drew him away to the sofa where Taubman was sitting reflecting on the millions which he would never make, and thinking nothing of the few years of penal servitude which he might very possibly have to undergo.

The women were standing by the fireplace, volubly expressing their views of what had occurred.

Vincent went up to Bertie. "Listen; you

brought that disturber of the peace here. Keep him quiet, or take him away."

Bertie, in all things obedient to Skrene, rescued Dick from the colonel's Niagara of conversation.

"Come and have a drink, Dick."

"No. I'm not going to stay here."

"I don't see what harm there is in having a drink to my good luck to-morrow. Come on, old chap." Bertie looked disappointed.

"All right."

The two young men went through the folding doors into the dining-room to disturb the sleep of Arthur Morrison.

The financiers formed a group round the recumbent Taubman.

The colonel was very uneasy. Somehow he had a suspicion that Vincent was not playing the game.

"See here, you gave Tremayne the forged bill."

"Yes, yes," said Vincent, impatiently.

"Well, where's the letter that accompanied it?"

"I've got that."

"I guess I'd like to see it. I guess these gentlemen would like to see it."

"Dat's just what I should like to see."

"Where is it?" asked the American.

"Here. In that escritoire."

"Show it me."

"You're infernally sceptical," said Vincent, as he crossed the room to a bureau.

"Dat's a good move of yours," whispered Mayer.

"I had an idea that he might have been using it on Tremayne's wife," the American answered.

"Oh, women are de devil!"

Vincent came back to them with an envelope. "This is Dick Tremayne's letter to me on the subject that interests you. Hasn't your experience taught you that there is honour among thieves?"

"As a colonel in the American Army, I cavil at the expression. 'Unsuccessful financiers' is the term in my country."

"Unhappily, fifteen years is the term in ours," said Bennett-Brinton.

Having looked at the letter, the colonel said, "That's all right. But you were foolish to leave the bill."

"Dat was not de right way to conduct de operation with de lawyer."

"You forget he wasn't made in Germany. He's an English King's Counsel," said Vincent.

"Zut! I don't like jokes about dat subject."

"And he is a man of honour."

"You're so infernally sanguine, Vincent," said the American. "You believe in the honour of all men—and of no women," he added, pointedly.

That was absolutely true. Vincent moved

uneasily. The time was to come when he would recall these words, and recognize their truth.

Dick and Bertie came back from the dining-room with Morrison, who at once lay down on a sofa.

The women were tired of being left alone.

"Hullo, my boys, why don't you buck up?" said Ada. "You look like the corner of a street on a wet Sunday."

"More like a lot of scene-shifters out of work," remarked Violet.

"I think it's us that ought to get the hump," said Maude. "We shall miss you something terrible at the theatre, colonel."

Bertie looked affectionately at Ada. "I say, dear, if the worst should come to the worst, you'll come and see me sometimes, won't you?"

"Oh, my dear boy, it would look so bad in the theatrical papers."

The natural refinement of the woman revolted at Bertie's thoughtless suggestion.

"Perhaps it would. But my diamonds didn't look so bad in the theatrical papers," he answered, very much hurt.

"Oh, that's quite a different thing. If I'd known, I should have thought twice at least about accepting them. I should indeed."

"Of course you would have, dear, if you'd known the terrible risk I ran. But then you couldn't know it. I didn't know it myself."

That wasn't what she meant, but it sounded better, so she let the remark pass.

"Won't you give us a song?" said Vincent.

"Give us 'Ada was a Slavey,'" Bennett-Brinton asked.

"Ada was a Slavey" was the lady's great song. It was supposed to be autobiographical. So the public enjoyed it hugely. The extreme bad taste of a woman called Ada singing a ribald song about a servant of that name enchanted the public. The tune was as blatantly vulgar as the words, so the thing had been on every barrel-organ for weeks.

"Oh, that's such a silly song," said Maude.

"All popular songs are," Vincent answered.

Bennett-Brinton added, "They start with kippers and end with treadmills."

"Don't mention de subject. I don't like jokes about dat."

"You don't expect me to sing songs by Wagner to words by Browning?" asked Ada, with extreme refinement.

Violet whispered to Maude, "I never did like her voice."

"I prefer a mezzo-soprano," was that lady's reply. (She had caught the note of refinement from Ada.)

Bertie said to Dick, "Do you know, that one day before I was out on bail I was being driven to Holloway in the prison van, and I heard a

beastly boy whistling her song. It made me feel dead."

Then he went up to Ada and asked her to sing it.

"It may be the last time that I shall ever hear you sing, dear. I'll play the accompaniment for you. It'll be like old times."

"Look here, you boys ; I don't know what you mean by calling the song silly. It was written on purpose for me by a man who knows how to write, considering he's a police court reporter and doing all the tricky little bits about the seamy side. If he doesn't know what the public wants, who does ? I said to him, 'Don't you give me Art. I'll put the Art into it myself. That's my job and always has been. You give me a smoking-mixture of everything the public has liked, and I'll make them like it better.' They eat it. Do you think the public would eat a song that was silly, and that hadn't got refinement ? Not much. The public expect refinement from me—I'm not a serio-comic—and if I didn't give it them I should pretty well be left on the mat and no takers."

Having related the genesis of "Ada was a Slavey," she went with Bertie to the piano and declaimed to his accompaniment the song that had taken London by storm.

"Ada was a slavey who was innocent of guile,
And her solitary virtue was a fascinating smile ;
She was always very busy if you chanced to ring the bell,
And her character was not exactly, not exactly—well——

THE KING'S COUNSEL

What it was is not for me to say,
 But Ada ! Ada !
 Very often made a
 Very, very little go a long, long way.
 If you made the slightest mention
 Of her awful inattention,
 She at once would give you notice in a horrid haughty way.

"Tired of cleaning doorsteps, soon she went upon the stage,
 And some gilded youth or other kept her in a gilded cage,
 In Brompton or in Fulham, or the wood of Sainted John,
 And only carping spinsters asked, 'What did she do it on?'"

What it was is not for me to say,
 But Ada ! Ada !
 Very often made a
 Very, very little go a long, long way.
 And there really is no telling
 What each cosy little dwelling
 Cost the enterprising Johnny who in turn has had to pay."

The horrible confidence with which she sang
 made them all laugh, old though the song was.

"Of course, it's a chestnut," she said. "But
 I put new whiskers on it every time. The public
 wants what it's had. I'm not founding a new
 religion, and don't you forget it."

After this interlude she went on with the song.

"She'd been married to a milkman in the pre-dramatic days,
 Who could never get accustomed to a prima donna's ways
 (As he had to pay the piper, he'd a wish to call the tune),
 So Ada sought for evidence for Mr. Justice Jeune.

What she got is not for me to say,
 But Ada ! Ada !
 Found her counsel made a
 Very, very little go a long, long way.
 But, of course, Tom, Dick, and Harry
 Know that justice may miscarry,
 And it very often does so in the Court of Justice J.

When she asks her poor relations to a family meat-tea,
You will always find it mentioned in the current *M.A.P.*
Though the eatables be winkles, and the drinkables four ale,
You will read about the function in the *Daily Mail*.

How the papers know it, is not for me to say,

But Ada ! Ada !

Very often paid a

Tenner to a Duchess who would call upon her day,
As we all would pay up gaily for a notice *Daily Mail*,
We are grateful for the notice of the great Tay Pay."

There was a storm of applause. The woman was a finished artist in the art of appealing to the inartistic.

"Oh ! I've got a new verse that I'm to sing to-morrow at the Emporium."

Bertie played the opening bars, and she began—

"Ada knew a Johnny who adored her, so they say,

In a really very horrid, unplatonic sort of way ;

But, of course, his crafty schemings were of not the least avail
(I may mention that the Johnny was compelled to go to jail).

Who he was is not for me to say,

But Ada ! Ada !

Very gladly laid a

Tenner to a tanner that she'd live to see the Jay,
Minus shiny hat and collar, try to borrow half a dollar,
Like an absent-minded beggar, in an absent-minded way."

Dead silence filled the room. The faces of the men were frozen. Maude and Violet saw that there was nothing amusing in the situation. Bertie, with his hands still on the keys, was motionless as he stared in sheer horror towards the woman.

"Good God !" he said at length. His hands

fell numbed from the keys, jangling the notes. Vincent's heavy jaw dropped with disgust. Putting a sympathetic hand on Bertie, he said in a low tone, "Poor boy, poor boy. That is the sort of woman you've thrown yourself away upon."

"Oh, she doesn't mean it, she doesn't think," he answered, in defence of the girl. But his head was drooping, and there were tears springing to his eyes.

"My song doesn't seem to go well to-night," said the singer, peevishly.

Then Bertie put the question straight to the woman he loved. He stood up, and there was a tremble in his voice. "You don't mean to say you're going to sing that verse?"

"Well, of course, it depends on to-morrow."

"Whatever happens to-morrow, will you of all people in the world sing that verse?"

"One must be up-to-date, nowadays."

"Then . . . go to the devil." He walked out between the folding doors. Dick followed to console his friend.

Ada was surrounded by a strangely silent and unsympathetic circle. "Huffy, isn't he?" she said awkwardly; "and it'll be such an awfully good advertisement for him. Of course, if he gets off I shall not want to sing it."

No one volunteered an opinion about what she might or might not want to do. She became defiant.

"Do you know, *that* wanted me to marry it." She laughed an irritating laugh.

Vincent was indignant. He walked up to her.

"There's one thing I should like to tell you before you go. You're as heartless a little brute as ever God set a pretty face on. Now clear out of the place."

"But in your case the pretty face was left out. And if it comes to talking morality, and your duty to your neighbours, and that sort of thing, I don't think you need crow so loud, or you'll be left on the mat, Mr. Vincent Skrene."

They stared at one another. She saw in his eyes, cold and angry though they were, that he was essentially a woman's man.

Slightly mollified, she said, "I don't want to break up the party, but I'm due at the Emporium at ten-thirty. What's that?" She looked at Vincent's clock. "Five to ten. I really must be going. Good-night. Many thanks."

No hand was held out to her.

"Good-night, girls."

Maude and Violet nodded uneasily.

In absolute silence she went out of the room with what was intended to be an air of intense refinement.

"After all," said Maude to Violet, "one may be *too* refined."

"Shall we stay?" Violet asked.

"Don't mind if we don't."

"Shall we go?"

"Don't mind if we do."

Violet walked up to Vincent and said, "I think we ought to be going now."

"Yes. You know best. Good-night."

As Violet passed Bennett-Brinton on her way out, she whispered to him, "If it's all right come to the theatre to-morrow night. I won't mind going out to supper with you, if you're at liberty. I'm not proud."

"No, but I am," he answered.

The men were left alone.

The colonel went to the sofa on which Morrison was sleeping. "This gentleman mistakes your elegant home for a Chinatown doss-house," he said, rousing the wretched fellow. Morrison woke up and pulled himself together.

"I'm perfectly blind to the world," he stated, and with head held firmly forward walked straight out of the room into the hall.

"What is he, when he's sober?" the colonel asked.

"He says he's a genius," said Vincent.

"Genius in England seems to be an infinite capacity for taking drinks."

The men were feeling very dismal. The heartless behaviour of the Singlehurst had staggered them.

Taubman, like the leader of a school of elephants, moved heavily to the shebeen.

Vincent was left alone in the drawing-room.

The clock struck ten.

He threw himself on a sofa.

CHAPTER XVIII

PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S

"A LADY to see you, sir."

"What's her name?"

"For the life of me, sir, I cannot quite recall it. For the moment it seems to have escaped me. But it's a name that I know as well as my own."

"Seton, you are not ostentatiously sober to-night."

"I hope, sir, that there is no ostentation of any sort about me."

"I had told you that I wished to see nobody to-night. You have already admitted a gentleman. I shall not want your services after this month."

"Oh, you won't, won't you?" said the butler, rather taken aback. "I had intended to make the same observation to you, sir. I am not in the habit of waiting on gentlemen who are even temporarily out on bail," he added with extreme dignity.

"Get out. Get out of the room." Vincent

was furious. The great mystery of his life to him was his inability to get good servants. The simple solution—that he was not a gentleman—never occurred to him. It occurred to every one in his service. A good servant will forgive a good master a great deal. He will even overlook an inquisitive interest in the wine-cellar. But no really first-class servant can do himself justice in the service of a man who is not a gentleman. Either he leaves, or he takes to drink, or he goes in for speculation.

Seton, with an eight years' character acquired on small wages in the small Bruton Street establishment of a peer's younger son, had been completely demoralized in the lavish surroundings of Park Place.

"Get out of the room, you damned black-guard!" shouted Skrene, who had never sworn at the man before.

"Yes, sir," answered Seton, who at the sound of the oath behaved as though he recognized a master and a gentleman. He moved limply to the door.

Then he turned round, and with extreme submission said, "I remember the name, sir."

"Do you?"

"Mrs. Tremayne."

"Mrs. Tremayne!"

"Yes, sir, I knew it was a well-known name—like Gladstone. I remarked that it was a name shaped like that, sir."

Vincent was astonished. What did this mean? She was coming to his rooms at ten o'clock!

"Show her in."

The man left the room.

Was it possible that there had been some vital disagreement in Lowndes Square, that she had fled from her home and come to him? Even to the sanguine Irishman, it seemed unlikely. Besides, he would prefer to pluck the fruit himself, to wrench it away with his strong right hand, rather than it should drop readily at his feet. Still, what on earth could induce that sweet little woman to come to his rooms at night?

Through the open door she walked in. Her small oval face was nestling between the collar of her creamy opera cloak and her own delicate rippling hair. She had never appeared so entirely made of Dresden china, as she did while stepping toward him across the parquet floor of the room in which Ada Singlehurst had sung her blatant song. On her face was an expression of eagerness, but there was no anxiety in her features. She had come primarily to perform an action of importance, rather than to ward off an impending danger.

In a moment Vincent saw that she was not a woman who was burning her boats. He was completely at a loss.

Welcoming her as though her visit were the most usual thing in life, he took a trustful little hand in his.

"No, I won't sit down. I've only come for a moment."

As he walked across the room and closed the door into the hall, he noticed on her face an expression of purring pleasure at his splendid surroundings. Vincent always plumed himself on the fact that his furniture was all genuine imitation and not bogus antique. The doors into the dining-room were shut. It seemed to him that more than those folding-doors separated him from the iron age of his existence. Here amongst the gold and pomp of Louis XIV. stood the woman who was the goal of his life. But in the instant that he realized that these doors were shut—shut for ever in a metaphorical sense—he remembered that Dick was on the other side of them.

"Come into the library, Mrs. Tremayne."

"No, thank you. I won't keep you from your friends." The smell of cigars and violent scents told her that he was not alone. The knowledge gave her some additional confidence, though the clear view which she took of her object in coming prevented her from feeling more than a very slight degree of nervousness.

In that large Louis XIV. room Vincent and Margaret looked like an Orchardson picture of modern luxury and life. Painted as the two stood facing one another, the work could have fitly been called "The Lovers' Meeting." At any rate, Vincent would have suggested that title.

The first words she spoke showed that such a selection would have been at any rate premature.

"You remember what you said to me yesterday about Dick?"

"Yes, it was all true."

"Mr. Skrene, I do not doubt anything you have ever said to me. I look upon you as a true friend."

"Not as a casual acquaintance?"

"No, no. My husband made a great mistake about you. But then he is so very busy."

"He is naturally too busy to be always right."

"I don't want you to be harsh. But I do want you to see that I understand. That is why I'm here. I want you to give me the proof of—of what Dick did."

"Oh! But what do you want it for, Mrs. Tremayne?"

"I feel that I should be happier with it. That's not a very good reason."

"It's the best of reasons," he said gallantly.

"I was afraid that you would say that it was only a woman's reason."

"My dear Mrs. Tremayne, I should be the last person in the world to find fault with you for being a woman." He did not wish to say anything of a conversationally flattering nature, but he wanted time to think and review the position. Tremayne had the forged bill. There was no chance of the colonel wanting to see again the letter in which Dick had written about the forgery.

The thing was of no value to him. She had set her heart upon it. Why shouldn't she have it? But still, what did she want with it?

A woman's reason, even if it be the best reason of the best woman in the world, does not always rank, even with the man who is in love with her, as more than a caprice. And to a woman a caprice is always the best reason in the world. For a reason can be proved wrong. We do not allow argument about our caprices.

She saw that he was thinking, and assumed, after the manner of her sex, that he was offended.

"Of course, it's a very awkward thing——"

"Your coming here at night?"

"No, no. But I haven't time to explain it now. What I want to say is, that you might perhaps think that I don't trust you, and that's why I've come here."

"Your presence is the greatest possible guarantee of your confidence."

"You don't understand, Mr. Skrene. But I'm asking you for this letter, not because I don't trust you, but because I want it myself."

The little earnest face was looking up pleadingly at him. He longed to take it between his hands. Could a woman look like that—at a man she didn't love? Was she throwing herself at his head? The idea was absurd. And yet she must know that he was made of flesh and blood. No man could stand being looked at in that way.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to give me that letter. Oh! if you only knew how I want that letter!"

"I'd give it to you. I don't know how much you want it. But you've asked for it. That's enough."

He walked to his bureau to get it.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you a thousand times."

"There you are, Mrs. Tremayne," he said, holding out the letter. "Take it."

She gripped it in her hand with a sigh of content.

He thought it well to make as much capital as possible out of the incident. With an air of pain he said—

"I'm sorry you thought there was any danger to you or yours from me."

"Indeed, indeed I didn't," she exclaimed in an eager breath. "You are an honourable man. But supposing that some one became possessed of it, some one like the man my husband mistakes you for? You don't know what might happen. He might try to use it for blackmail. These things *do* happen." She spoke with a mixture of absolute innocence and pride in her own wisdom.

"These things *do* happen," he repeated as she put the letter into her dress.

"You trust me to the extent of not reading it," he said, with a smile.

"I trust you absolutely, Mr. Skrene. I don't suppose I shall ever read it. I don't suppose I shall ever tell even my husband that I've got it. But I want to feel that it is mine."

She took his hand.

"Thank you," she said, "thank you again. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Then she looked up at him with soft grey eyes. "I've done you an injustice. I believe in you now absolutely. And to prove it," she said with a rippling laugh, "I swear to you that I won't read it."

She looked ravishingly sweet.

The electric bell sounded ; it thrilled through the stone hall. There are some rings which one feels instinctively to be ominous. Vincent and Margaret felt that this ring was ominous.

"Go into the library," said Vincent ; "it is better for you not to be seen here."

He was calm, but he knew in his heart that the ring boded him no good.

Without a word she obeyed him and glided into the library. He turned on the light for her, and closed the heavy mahogany door.

Then he walked towards the centre of the room. The night seemed to him to be pregnant with events.

He walked back and stealthily locked the door : then he waited.

CHAPTER XIX

PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S

HE watched the door open slowly, after a tremulous wriggle of the gilded knob, on which was moulded a profile of the Emperor Heliogabalus. Seton stepped in. On his face was the ill-favoured smile of a man who is incubating an awkward situation. "Mr. Tremayne."

The butler did not suppose that the K.C. would be altogether pleased at finding his wife in those rooms. Maliciously he felt distinct disappointment on seeing that the lady was gone.

Tremayne came in. He wore a frock-coat of peculiarly unsympathetic broadcloth.

His face was hard and set ; it looked as if it had been carved out of rock. The door closed upon the two men, who stood silently facing one another.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Skrene," said Tremayne, slowly, "that I now thoroughly understand you, and your position. During the last few months facts have come to my knowledge which prove

conclusively that you are the prime mover in the Taubman frauds. That you are not within the meshes of the law is owing partly to your extraordinary cleverness, and partly also to the defects of our Criminal Jurisprudence."

"Which you so ably administer on occasions," put in Vincent with courtesy, as a mask for his uneasiness.

"You have told me that you stand in peril, owing to some revelations that one of your friends is in a position to make. That statement may or may not be true. I am, however, inclined to believe that it is true. I may say that I should weigh well even an admission of guilt which stood solely on your unsupported word."

Vincent felt crushed by the personality of the other man. With impudent bravado he said, "You overwhelm me."

"Not at all," Tremayne continued calmly. "Whether or not you feel yourself in danger, it is a perfectly possible thing for you to wish to save your puppets from a long term of penal servitude. To this end you might go to any lengths."

"It would be idle for me to deny it."

"It would be equally idle for you to deny that you are an extraordinarily clever man. I use the word 'clever' in the sense of 'cunning.'"

"Oblige me by using words in their ordinary sense, or I may fail to understand you."

Tremayne flashed at him.

"I fancy you understand me fairly well already. You grasp that you have failed in your impudent effort to deceive me."

"I have attempted to do no such thing."

"Pardon me," said Tremayne, whose extreme calmness was beginning to annoy the Irishman. "Up to a certain point, we are, I think, at one. You had the courtesy to call upon me with a view to blackmail. Correct me if I am inaccurate in any detail. As to your motive—whether it was to protect yourself or to protect your friends, that is a matter which concerns me not at all. You, with that discriminating tact of which you are a master, took sufficient interest in my private affairs to ascertain that I was deeply attached to my son. The idea of bribing me was bold. The method of attempting it was bolder. To a certain degree, fortune favoured your enterprise. You happened to find me in a condition of extreme physical and mental fatigue. I may say that some of it was due to the intense labour which I have devoted to the conviction of your friends. Therefore, it came about that you were not ejected from my house for as astounding a piece of impertinence as has ever come to my notice. For the moment I admit that I was deceived. I was not at the time in full possession of my faculties, and it was not until this morning that I realized the depth of your villainy."

In spite of his outward calm, he was burning with hatred for the man who had tried this cruel scheme upon him. To-morrow he would go into court. He would crush these men. They should get what they deserved, if he had the strength to do it. After their condemnation would follow the prosecution of Skrene who had tried to wreck his home. And even though he became attorney-general, who should be without bias and without hate, yet there are moments when every man must be a law to himself: he would see that Skrene should suffer as he deserved. In fact, the emotion through which he had gone had roused an individuality that had so long been obliterated by his forensic ambition.

"Your opinion of me, Mr. Tremayne, does not matter," said Vincent, with an irritating and ill-timed look of contempt.

"Don't dare to speak like that, sir," shouted Tremayne.

That he had listened for a moment to the outrageous proposition of Skrene had afterwards seemed to him a dangerous symptom of his own physical collapse. He regarded his weakness with alarm, and he wished to satisfy the one witness of it that he had returned to his strength. Had he not destroyed the bill in a moment of indignation with himself for having listened to Vincent, he would have returned the document in an envelope

without comment. But in the absence of the bill it had seemed to him that a personal interview was necessary. Night, of course, was the most suitable time for a visit to a man like Skrene. Had the butler not assured him that his master was alone, the lawyer would have closed the whole matter by going away at once. But Seton, on discovering that the gentleman who wanted to see his master alone was Mr. Tremayne, and therefore presumably the husband of the lady who had arrived so mysteriously, did not scruple to lie with a view to arranging a meeting of the two—a meeting which should be awkward for his master. He seized the opportunity of doing his master a bad turn.

At length the Irishman, who had been thoughtfully pacing about the room, spoke from his heart with a violent brogue—

“So ye want y'r son to go to prison, do ye?”

The shock to Vincent had been tremendous. The revenge of going to Bow Street and obtaining Dick's arrest was of no value to Vincent. In fact, he had never had the slightest intention of injuring Dick, for he really liked the boy. But he had happened to have the rod for the shoulders of Tremayne, and he had not hesitated to apply it. As the American had blackmailed Vincent in order to save his neck, so Vincent had blackmailed the K.C. But the American, in

addition, had a violent personal spite against him, and beyond question he and Mrs. Golding would move heaven and earth and Scotland Yard to bring about the ruin of Vincent.

"It's nonsense to talk like that," said Tre-mayne ; "you don't believe in your threat."

Vincent was almost pleased by the suggestion that his enemy supposed him to be too good a fellow to prosecute the boy.

In a moment he was undeceived by the other's bitter sneer : "I don't suppose you would trouble to forge your own name again. A police magistrate would see through it. A police magistrate is not overworked."

A new and astounding view of the position burst upon Vincent ; in a moment he had grasped it, and almost shouted—

"You doubt that your son forged my name?"

"Of course, I deny that my son forged your name."

"Ask him!" Vincent thundered ; "ask him yourself."

"Really, Mr. Skrene, you have played a bold game. But the game is played out. A man of your intelligence must see when he has lost, especially when he has been caught in the act."

"Ask your son!" came hoarsely from Vincent's lips.

"There is no necessity to insult my son. Your character stands on one side : his on the other.

I imagined that you had a sense of honour. And you request me to ask my son whether he forged your name—your name, Vincent O'Shaugnessy Skrene !”

Vincent, trembling with anger, repeated, “Ask him ! Ask him yourself. It's hereditary ! Your father did the same thing !” he hissed.

“That closes the matter,” answered Tremayne, with tightly clenched teeth, as he turned to go. He could not trust himself with the man.

“Not so quickly. Where's the bill ?”

“Write another. Forge another.”

“Where's the bill ?”

“I do not collect specimens of your literary work.”

Vincent was maddened. “I tell you, give up that bill.”

“I destroyed it early this morning.”

“You destroyed it !” he cried, in the purest Irish.

He was beside himself with rage, and moved threateningly towards Tremayne.

“I've told you I destroyed it. I didn't want the thing.”

“It was worth destroying, but it wasn't worth believing !” Vincent shouted.

The lawyer controlled himself. “It was only just worth destroying.”

“You unmitigated blackguard !”

Tremayne looked him firmly in the face, and echoed his words of the night before.

"Don't use strong language ; it shows such weakness."

The Irishman was electric with fury. "My God ! And you hold up your head ! *You* sit in judgment on me ! Do you ? I may be all you say I am ! I may have mixed with swindlers ! But there's one thing I hadn't learnt—to doubt the word of a King's Counsel ! I've learnt it now. You hound ! I trusted to your honour the whole stake I have between myself and prison. I trusted to your honour, you hound, you damned hound ! "

"My dear sir, honour is not a subject about which you and I can hope to come to terms."

One of the dining-room doors was pushed open, and the nasal voice of Colonel Golding, who was making a speech as usual, came through.

For Vincent the shebeen period was not over for ever. He felt himself a beaten man. The gold and the glitter of Louis XIV. whirled round his head. He felt that the manacles were already on his wrists, but he was silent, not knowing what should come next, and shivering with anxiety as to Margaret in the next room.

Tremayne had become human, at any rate, to the point of feeling hatred for his enemy, if not to the extent of feeling love for his wife.

It was by no means an unpleasant thing, after his collapse, on the previous night, to see a similar disaster striking Vincent Skrene. He watched.



" . . . I don't say but that if he were to go to lecture in Chicago we wouldn't give him the best brand of eggs that our hens can lay. He's a daisy. I'm proud to be prosecuted by him. So, gentlemen, I for the second time give you the health of Richard Tremayne, that eminent man of God."

Tremayne recognized the accent of the Confederate strategist.

"What are they doing?" he roared, with that voice which could keep even jurymen awake.

Scared at the familiar sound, the four elder defendants, with Taubman this time in the rear, stood erect, and came trooping into the room. They found Skrene haggard, nerveless, alone with the Counsel for the Crown. No one spoke till Skrene turned venomously to the lawyer.

"What are they doing? Making the mistake I made—thinking that you're a man of honour."

He hissed with impotent rage.

Golding, who had not caught the bearing of this remark, walked up to Tremayne.

"Your hand. I'm pleased to meet you socially."

Tremayne brushed him aside.

The defendants peered anxiously about, and sought an explanation from Vincent.

At last, when he was master of himself, he spoke with absolute contempt.

"It seems that we are wrong. I gave this man the bill that his son had forged. He has destroyed the bill, and he declines to keep his word."

The defendants crowded angrily round the lawyer.

"I told you dat was a silly thing to do," growled Mayer.

"Say, do you know what you're doing?" asked the colonel of Tremayne.

"Yes ; I am refusing to be blackmailed by the most unscrupulous gang of swindlers that I have ever prosecuted. I am declining to believe this man's lies about my son."

"Den show him dat letter."

"Show him the letter !" was the cry.

Vincent turned pale. For some moments he had completely forgotten that Margaret was in the library, and that with her was the letter. True, he might produce her and the letter, and incidentally damn her for ever in her husband's eyes. But there were some depths of blackguardism to which he could not sink. No, he would brazen it out—if he could.

"What letter?" he asked. Delay might give him an idea.

The colonel spoke. "I'm not a father myself, but I understand a father's feelings. I guess it won't be pleasing to you, sir, to read a letter in which your son states that he has committed a forgery. But by the Eternal Jehovah, that's

what you've got to do. Produce the letter, Mr. Skrene."

Vincent walked about the room, stroking the back of his head.

"I haven't got it."

"I should think not," said Tremayne, with a curious smile. How long were they going to play this game of bluff with him?

"It was here five minutes ago," said Bennett-Brinton.

"Well, it isn't here now," Vincent replied.

"Where's that durned letter?"

"Where is it?"

"Where's dat letter?"

"I can't tell you," was the stolid answer.

"Then you've played us false. I knew it," cried the colonel.

Tremayne looked calmly at the raging financiers and said—

"I'm afraid you're dealing with the wrong man. I'm not imposed on in this way."

"May be not. I've met cases like you before."

"One thing we can do. We can confront the father and the son." The colonel walked to the shebeen.

"You'll be surprised to hear dat your son's in de next room."

"My son here!"

The colonel opened the door, and called "Mr. Tremayne."

"It's a shame, a damned shame," Vincent said from his heart.

"And it's you dat's responsible for it if it is. Where's de letter?"

Golding had gone into the dining-room.

The faces of all the men were keenly anxious. Tremayne's brows were knitted with anxiety, but his eyes were wide open with surprise. Dick, on the sound of his father's voice, had been struck with amazement at his father's presence. He assumed that his father had, of course, some all-sufficient reason for coming to Vincent's rooms. But he grasped also that he would see no necessity for his son's presence there. He preferred, therefore, to remain in the background. In that preference Bertie had concurred. Out of that background they were driven by the colonel, though without any clear conception of the situation that they were to face. Into the silence of the golden drawing-room they entered one by one, first Dick, and then Bertie. The colonel closed the doors after them, and saw by a glance at Vincent that he was prepared voluntarily to take no part in this matter. But a glare from the hatchet-faced American seemed to mesmerize Vincent.

"Ask him!" twanged the colonel. "Ask him right now!"

"Did you or did you not, forge a bill on me for a hundred pounds?" Vincent said, in an ashamed and perfunctory way.

"Answer them, my boy," said the father; "give them your denial straight from the shoulder. As they've dared to ask the question, let them be answered. Is it true?"

With a look of agony that Tremayne remembered to the day of his death, Dick answered—

"It is true."

The father's face was of stone.

To the appealing look of his son there was no answer, but a slight motion of the hand. In obedience to it, Dick went out of the room with bowed head.

"Mr. Tremayne," said Bertie, walking straight up to the lawyer, "he did it to save me."

There was no reply from Tremayne except that the eyes answered, "He did it."

Bertie was appalled. He saw the intense baseness of which Vincent had been guilty, and he turned on him—

"You blackmailer! You blackguard! I understand now. You've held this as a threat over his head."

"Yes, to protect you as well as the rest," said the cowering Irishman.

"I don't want that sort of protection." Horror and disgust took possession of the young man.

He would have caught Vincent by the throat, but the others held him back.

A group formed round him as, furious and struggling, he tried to get at Vincent.

Tremayne and the blackmailer stood face to face.

There was a pause, whilst Bertie was smothered into a sofa.

Vincent said to Tremayne, "Now that you know the truth, what is your answer?"

"My answer is unchanged."

"And you'll sacrifice the boy?"

"My answer is unchanged."

"It isn't much of a sacrifice, seeing as how we haven't got any evidence against him now," said the colonel.

"You needn't have told him dat."

"He isn't a fool. He knows."

There was sound of a voice through the mahogany door of the library. It was repeated.

In spite of the thickness of the door, the voice was clearly the voice of a woman—a woman who wanted the door to be opened. The men who had suppressed Bertie moved with curiosity to the door. Tremayne, standing as one dazed, took no notice of the voice. The handle rattled. The key was seen to be in it on the outside.

"Guess you'd better open that door."

"No, no," said Vincent, putting his back to it, "no one shall open that door."

Bertie Daventry flew from his seat, intent on doing Vincent a mischief.

The fact that he wanted the door shut was enough to convince Bertie that it should be opened.

“By God, I will !” He flung himself on Vincent, and in a second, as it seemed to those who looked on, had thrown him down and opened the door. Vincent Skrene lay prostrate. Margaret entered the room of gold and silk and ormolu, into the presence of her husband.

CHAPTER XX

THE COCOA TREE CLUB

As Dick walked out into Park Place, he felt that there were only two courses open to him—to throw himself into the river, or to go back in unbearable humiliation to Lowndes Square. But the former course seemed the more natural sequence of the events which had come about. It was all over with him; there was no doubt about that. Vincent had been his pal. Vincent had behaved like a cur. His father would behave—like a father. If his *fiancée* had thrown him over for the Oxford episode, he could have little hope that the incident would appear in a more favourable light to a father. And his father of all fathers——! No, he couldn't face him again. That the elder Tremayne was devoted to him chiefly in his character of the younger Tremayne, he had always felt. The talk about friendship between father and son was all sheer nonsense. It was only as the inheritor of the name that he played any important part in his father's life. If he'd

been clever he felt that it would have been different. As it was, the father was too clever to understand the son, and the son wasn't clever enough to be companionable to the father. Something horrible was going to happen. He would be cut off with a blessing, at best, and a passage to Australia at worst. He could hope for no forgiveness from that stern man. It would be useless to go to him and say, "Father, I have sinned . . . and have been exposed before a lot of people out on bail." His father would answer, "I am exceedingly sorry. I wish you well. But as the bearer of my name, England is no place for you."

What a brute Vincent was! Presumably, he had some crafty object in telling the father of the son's forgery, but the nature of that object was a mystery to Dick.

No. There were only two possible courses. As the miserable boy turned into St. James's Street, a third course occurred to him : to think it over. He walked down the street, and went into the Cocoa Tree Club. The smoking-room upstairs was deserted, and he was glad of it. He rang the bell, ordered a brandy-and-soda, and walked petulantly about till the waiter brought the drink. Then he sat down in a huge leather chair, and swallowed the brandy-and-soda. His mind seemed to be stagnant. There were two courses open to him . . . beyond that he was not able to go. The alleged immorality of suicide impressed him

but slightly. The world—England, at any rate—was over-populated. There were far too many people about as it was. In France it might not be advisable to encourage suicide. Sin, like crime, is purely local. What is a sin or a crime in one country may be a creditable action in another. Morality is a matter of custom and climate.

Dick had failed in life as he had failed in love. He was young ; but young as he was, he felt that he was an irretrievable failure.

Even as a shadow of his father he had proved inefficient.

He simply couldn't play the game. Therefore he threw down his hand. There was no sin in doing that. Besides, there wasn't a word against suicide in the whole of the Bible. Saul, on the heights of Mount Gilboa, when shattered in mind, in body, and estate, had fallen upon his sword. He was the king of a ruling race, and he fell upon his sword.

Possibly Dick had been drinking too much. He saw the bright side of life as in a glass, darkly. Its pleasures were dull and tarnished. Was it not true that every pleasure is bought with pain ?

He believed that suicide was a right solution of the mystery of life.

Dick ordered another brandy-and-soda. A man who is deciding the question of life and death feels very much alone in an empty club. We never feel quite so acutely the chilliness of being

alone as when we are making up our minds to go away for ever from those who ought to be near and dear to us.

While the waiter was bringing the drink the young man walked to the table where the illustrated papers were laid out. But it is only in the waiting-room of a dentist that illustrated papers excite an absorbing interest. He turned them over with automatic impatience. Suddenly he came across the "Vanity Fair" cartoon. It was Vincent Skrene—not a caricature, but a portrait. The artist, having realized that there is no particular humour in elongating a man's nose, and that the person depicted is far more likely to buy a few hundred copies of a paper in which his caricature is a pleasing portrait than one with his upper lip cut long and his legs cut short, had done skilful justice to the eminent financier. Vincent was in evening dress, smoking a cigar, and presenting the picture of a major in the Guards—not the wicked major of fiction, but the ideal major who does not exist. Underneath was printed "Something in the City."

"Jehu Junior" had only pleasant remarks to make on the subject of the portrait, and wound up by saying "His friends call him Vincent. His enemies call him nothing. He hasn't got any."

Hadn't he? Dick took a different view.

The third course seemed to him the right one.

He would think the matter over. Suicide

should not be undertaken rashly. In fact, it requires far more consideration than, say, marriage, or any less drastic change of estate. Besides, the longer one postpones one's death, the more imperative one's decease may become.

There are, probably, several very good reasons to prevent any one of us from committing suicide.

The weakest is usually the most efficacious with the most serious would-be suicide.

Dick absolutely declined to commit suicide whilst that "Something in the City" felt that he hadn't got any enemies.

He swallowed his brandy-and-soda, jumped into a hansom, and drove to Lowndes Square almost happy, and just a little drunk.

CHAPTER XXI

KING'S BENCH WALK

STUNNED and horrified, it had been with difficulty that Tremayne had persuaded himself to drive his wife home from Park Place. He had thought of putting her into the cab which he found at the door, and sending her back alone. Then it had seemed to him that it was his duty to take her himself to his house.

The drive was silent and terrible for both of them. She tried to speak, to explain, but he severely thrust her back into silence.

As the cab rattled along she was jolted till she caught sight of her reflection in the crazy glass. It was no longer the delicate oval of warm excitement, but the drawn, scared face of a woman full of fear. The man by her side was by no means the loving husband whose caressing presence she had wished for in that very cab. Every now and again on the interminable journey to Lowndes Square their bodies were thumped together, and the shiny black of his unsympathetic broadcloth

overlapped her creamy opera cloak. The great brim of his hat touched the aigrette in the hair of the frightened little woman. She glanced furtively at the large square face of her husband, as with tight-set jaws he stared threateningly out into the night.

"Richard."

He made no answer.

"Richard, won't you speak to me—dear?"

"Not to-night," he said in a voice that sounded deep in his throat. "Not to-night."

His face was like a waxen mask, the death mask of a man who had died fighting death, looking doom firmly in the eyes.

He was by nature oratorical, and the limited space of the cab afforded no scope for expressing the depth of his grief, or the iniquity of the wrong he had suffered from the woman who nestled at his side. The cab rattled, and swerved, and jingled.

There was no sound from husband or wife as they were borne towards their home. At last a deep sob escaped from her like a longdrawn sigh of muffled pain. The strong cold man stared out far away over the horse's head. The soft supple form beside him was the frame of a shameless woman, who had passed for ever out of his life. His heart was throbbing with anger. The personality of the great lawyer was a raging volcano, controlled by the strength of his will.

But his heart throbbed with an unknown pain, and the fire of his fury burnt fiercely. The mountain was in labour. Two things could happen. The fierceness of his anger might split his mind in two. The strain which had lately been put upon his powers might cause the cord of sanity to snap, or the pangs of the mountain's labour might precede the birth of a human heart.

So these two parted at Lowndes Square, the wife to weep feverishly through the night, the husband to return to his work in the Temple.

* * * * *

By the time that he reached his chambers and stood by the table on which his briefs were spread out, the feeling of dumb panic which had seized him was worn away. He realized his position. Standing with bowed head by the mantelpiece he allowed his despair to have full play. His son, who was to have carried on the tradition of his name, was unfit for the society of honourable men. His wife had, beyond possibility of doubt, carried on a systematic intrigue with that blackmailer and blackguard Skrene; so brazenly familiar indeed were these two that she was the only woman invited to meet Skrene's co-conspirators. The wife was on terms of intimacy with the men that her husband was prosecuting! Skrene had smuggled her away on hearing of his presence. Young Daventry, the best of the gang, had, for purposes of his own, and out of hostility to the

men who had duped and brought him to ruin, seen fit to expose the whole matter.

He had been made an absolute fool of by his wife and by Skrene.

If a man's wife must have a lover, it is no consolation to him to know that the lover is a great personal friend of his own. Such a state of affairs is held to place a greater stigma upon the lover, and the man is indignant that his friend as well as his wife has played him false. But beyond all question the agony of finding yourself betrayed by your wife is increased a hundred-fold by the knowledge that she has conspired with a man whom you personally loathe in order to bring about the dishonour of your name.

He summed up the situation as though he were his own counsel in his own divorce case. The guilt of Skrene and his wife was as patent to his own mind as he could, with but slight effort, have made it convincing to a jury. As he would have moved that jury to indignation at the villainy of the Irish adventurer who had corrupted the innocently childish wife, so, in his own mind, resentment was burning hot against Skrene. To the "twelve men of the world" in the jury box he would have pictured the wife as a sweet, sympathetic character in order to exaggerate the heinousness of her betrayer, and to increase the pecuniary damages which should compensate the husband for the loss of such a spouse.

But here his forensic mind parted company from the conjugal temperament of Mr. Tremayne of Lowndes Square. The husband could not quite bring himself to take the lawyer's view of an erring wife as a sympathetic character. Evidently a change was taking place in him. He himself became conscious of the existence of two people in his personality. Hitherto the husband had been unconsciously enveloped in the lawyer. He had been solely a lawyer—a lawyer who happened to be married. Now he became uneasily conscious of the fact that he was a married man who happened to be a lawyer. But he was still far from feeling that the all-important question in a man's life is "What sort of a wife has he got?" A man is never solidly made or eternally marred until he has bound himself by contract to a woman whom he considers the appropriate complement of his life. He may be wrong; he is very often. But in his selection of a wife he shows his own estimate of himself and his merits; and the world, or the astute portion of it, judges him not by his own estimate of himself, but by its own estimate of his wife. Tremayne saw clearly the events which had taken place in the past. He appreciated them with that quickness of judgment that enabled him to go into court on behalf of a plaintiff after having only read the statement of defence. For him the world was divided into two classes—

plaintiffs and defendants. Lawyers were a cross division. The episode at Park Place had revealed to his practised instinct all the events of which it had formed the climax.

Then he looked the future in the face.

He would not divorce her. He would send her away out of the country with a liberal allowance. People would talk. Let them talk. He wouldn't. He would say nothing. She naturally could not, at all events, tell the truth about herself. Who knew the truth? Only the people who would be sent into penal servitude on the morrow.

The conversation of convicts was restricted by the rules of H.M.'s prisons. Dick would have to go to Australia. In fact, he would send everybody away, and he would be attorney-general. He would be the King's sword of justice on the criminal. The first person to feel that sword upon his neck would be Mr. Vincent Skrene.

His mouth almost wrinkled into a smile. No one would come well out of it. He had been made a fool of, but, by God! they should all pay for their treachery.

Work, of course, was out of the question, but Tremayne's eye travelled mechanically over the large stock of labour represented by the bulky papers tied with thin red tape lying on his table like bales of silk in a draper's shop. Irregular

T

stacks stood for the Crown's view of the King v. Taubman and others. With a feeling of fatigue he glanced away to documents relating to numerous light-railway projects, a heavy claim for damages sustained by a leading firm on the metal exchange owing to the shipment of alleged damp iron ore at Bilbao, a defendant's repudiation of a contract for supplying copper in a rising market, a libel case or two which should turn solely on his cross-examination. There was also a divorce petition of a peculiarly revolting nature. For Tremayne, instead of specializing in any particular branch of law, invaded all courts to pick up the richest plums of litigation. If he specialized at all, he was a specialist in *causes célèbres*. Railway companies, tramway companies, omnibus companies, fought for him to fight their battles. He appeared for them against individuals, against corporations, against counties. On that table there was a huge mass of human documents, translated into inhuman language by solicitors, who are the middle men standing between the suppliant for justice and its administrator.

One by one he reviewed the salient points of these cases with the firm conviction that in each one his client should be proved in the right. His brain was packed with facts and figures, with schemes whereby damaging facts should be obliterated by adroit fiction, or verbal manœuvres which

should convert inadequate figures into convincing facts. Extraordinarily comprehensive and versatile as the lawyer's intellect was, the work which he had lately done, and the work which he had assimilated with a view to doing in the immediate future, had taxed it to the uttermost. There was no room for more. In his brain there was no empty cell in which the emotions of his heart could find a refuge.

He turned away from the table with a lassitude that convinced him there was no safety-valve for sorrow in work. He mistook his inability to work for a symptom of physical fatigue only. So he decided to go to bed, and get up early in the morning to prepare for that programme of wholesale eviction from tolerable existence which included among its victims his wife, his son, the Taubman gang, and the man Skrene.

That was his scheme as he turned out the light and went into his bedroom. It was a cheerless little room, containing a small iron bedstead. But it was the room in which he had often slept on nights previous to great forensic triumphs. Tired with reading, with planning, with the fixing of subtle phrases, he had gone direct to a sound and healthy sleep, sometimes at four o'clock in the morning. But on this night he felt only the weariness of labour, without any warm glow of anticipated triumph. With a slow dragging

movement he pulled off his coat and dropped it on a wicker-chair.

At that moment he caught sight of a photograph of his wife in a frame on the imitation marble mantelpiece. The only merit of that mantelpiece was the candid honesty of its imitation. But Tremayne had no sense of beauty.

As is the case with many strong men leading vigorous lives, directed to a set purpose, he regarded questions of art as matters of no appreciable importance. He even considered the artistic temperament, save in a man who made his living by art, as a symptom of degeneration.

It had never occurred to him that his house in Lowndes Square was ugly. It served its purpose as a suitable home. The wives that he had selected to live there were beautiful women because it was the province of women to be beautiful. He did not esteem them for their beauty. But they served their purpose as suitable wives. Their beauty was incidental ; as was the ugliness of the Lowndes Square house.

He took up Margaret's photograph with the set face of a conscientious judge who begins weighing the sentence of a prisoner during the speech of counsel for the defence. Margaret, being blessed with good, clearly-cut features, had always photographed well. But this was the best photograph that she had ever had taken. It was one of those rare likenesses which even the most

“artistic” photographer may sometimes produce. There were in it no lilies, or columns or cosy corners. There was merely the woman’s face, the face of a pretty woman with a pure and passionate soul. The delicate oval, with its soft languorous eyes, was the face of an amorous temperament yet a spiritual one. It was a Rossetti without the materialism of the chin. He looked long at the picture. The eyes of the picture looked out at him—fearlessly and honestly. The honesty seemed to him inexplicable, and yet the face was so like her. The eyes were the eyes that had stared hopelessly at him in the cab that night. He tried the picture at arm’s length. However he held it, the face was honest. He could not understand it. Tremayne had thought it right to have in his bedroom a photograph of his wife; he had, in the time of the first Mrs. Tremayne, put her portrait in the best frame which the best law stationer in Chancery Lane could produce. The thing was made of Cambridge blue leather and on it was painted a robin eating mistletoe. The stationer, who was rather proud of the frame, held that this decoration was painted “by hand.” However that might be, Tremayne thought the frame suitable, bought it at a high price, and installed the photograph of the first Mrs. Tremayne.

When he married Margaret, he put her picture in the frame of his late wife.

While effecting the change, he found that the structure was somewhat decrepit, that it was only by leaving the photograph of the first Mrs. Tremayne in the frame, and putting Margaret in front of it, that the thing would hold together at all. Margaret had succeeded to the position of wife to him, she had become the mistress of Lowndes Square, she was entitled to the companionship of the robin.

Now, as he looked at the frame, he felt that the faithless woman should be ousted.

With angry fingers he set about evicting her. But almost at the first touch the whole crazy thing fell shivering into the grate. The two pictures he held in his hands. He looked at the first Mrs. Tremayne, the woman whom he had loved, the woman who had loved him. She was faded almost out of recognition. She wore a "Langtry toque," had no shoulders, and was coming through a rustic gate accompanied by a snowstorm. In his right hand was the woman he had lost. The eyes looked out at him. They were honest, but tender ; they were pure, but not cold. He stared long at Margaret, and tears were in his eyes. Unconsciously, he allowed the other picture to fall to the floor.

Then, dressed as he was, he threw himself on the bed to which sleep would never come through that long night.

A paroxysm of rage seized him. The physical

image of the wrong that he had suffered suddenly flashed into his brain and stayed to haunt him. He saw his wife as a pure white rose defiled by some loathsome insect. She was his ideal of innocence in womanhood, and she had been false, with the scoundrel who was the type of all that is vile in man. Tremayne had trusted her. She had been brazenly false. There is a dangerous fiction that a man feels greater love for a woman he is "not sure of." This fiction is not even founded on fact. Does a man feel more regard for a trustee whom he suspects of a tendency to decamp with the funds of the trust, than for one whom he deems to be of unquestionable honesty? No. The essence of love lies in complete confidence. It is no proof of affection that a man should mistrust his wife in the most sacred relation of married life. Such a condition of mind is a proof either of the disloyalty of the man or the dishonour of the woman—or of both.

Now he saw plainly that had it not been that Skrene was lying prostrate in Park Place when Margaret entered the room, he would of a surety have knocked him down. But the picture of a man who is lying struck to the floor does not suggest the possibility of further assault.

He longed passionately to have his fingers on the brute's throat.

Then the vision of Margaret came to his mind. He saw her soft and supple with her satin skin.

He saw her delicate hair caressing her shoulders
as her breast heaved to the music of her dreams.
He saw her long black lashes lying on her cheeks,
rose-pink with the glow of sleep, when a fitful
movement caused her lips to part in a smile.

* * * * *

Good God ! And Skrene had seen these things
too !

CHAPTER XXII

THE OLD COURT

AT twenty minutes past ten the next morning, Lady Hewitt was courteously ushered to the seat which had been reserved for her in the "City lands" Division of the Old Court at the Old Bailey.

After a hasty breakfast taken alone, she had perfected such unnecessary household arrangements as could justify her in leaving Lowndes Square for the day. She settled herself as comfortably as might be in a sort of pew that suggested the seating accommodation of an unfashionable Wesleyan chapel. (There are degrees of fashion even in Wesleyan chapels. In the smarter sort the women do not all wear elastic sided boots.)

Although the case had dragged on so long, and for the last day or two had only occupied about half a column in the daily papers, the court was completely full. No matter how long a theatrical production has been before the public, the theatre is always full on the last night. The

Taubman case had run a long time, and this was undoubtedly the last performance. It has been laid down, on strong authority, although the question has never been taken to the House of Lords, that a law court is not a theatre.

Still, the Old Bailey is very much like a bull-ring, and now that the prisoner is liable to go into the box to be cross-examined till he reach fainting point, the parallel to the miserable bull and the alert picadors is heightened.

Lady Hewitt did not look upon the Old Bailey as the new bull-ring. But she regarded the world as a huge household, whose unjust stewards were given their notice at the Central Criminal Court. Influenced by this point of view, she had attended all the leading trials of recent years. In the dock, a roomy loose box with glass elbows, she had seen every type of those servants, who in their several lines had served society conspicuously ill.

She recalled Doctor Lampson, haggard and worn, as his guilty secret was published irrefutably in the proper quarter. Mrs. Pearcey, the cruel lust of whose life was plainly pictured in her vicious lips. Perhaps the white-faced woman trembled more with literary shame than guilt as her disgracefully ill-rhymed love-letters were solemnly read to her cringing paramour in the box.

She had murdered the wife and the child of

the man whom the law compelled to give evidence to prove her guilt.

Neil Cream, the American doctor, with a shiny bald head and glittering glasses, had stood in that dock. The charge, which he had failed to answer, was of dealing out death in capsule form to the pirates of the street. As other men collect stamps, so he had collected the corpses of women.

"Dr." Laermann, a Belgian practitioner, had been sentenced at 11 o'clock at night to sixteen years of penal servitude for constructive murder. As he had only done to death the wife of a barrister, the Lord was not required to "have mercy on his soul." Thus the red-bearded morpho-maniac tottered from the sight of men for sixteen years, with his life intact, and civilly thanked his counsel for the saving of it.

There, too, it was that Fowler, leonine and Herculean, had, within the very precincts of the Court, almost added another murder to his ample list. Maddened at the feeble humour of the chance jibe of a junior counsel, he had turned furiously on his companion in crime.

Eight members of the police force had scarcely restrained him from breaking, with his massive hands, the brain of the puny, weed-like Millsom, the brain which in their partnership set those hands in motion. Muscle was robbed of its belated victory over mind. Both of them standing, one defiant in his rampant animalism with his

hands in iron bands, the other shivering in terror at the savage death beside him, received in silence the fatal oracle.

Mrs. Dyer, the "baby-farmer," with the crafty toad-like face, had gone to her long home for practising that most precarious branch of agriculture. In her lifetime, Reading had been as famous for her baby-farming as for its biscuits.

While she sat in that dock, there had always been a flabby fat right hand that rested on the ledge in front of her. With that hand she had done things of such hideous cruelty that the very wood of the dock is said to have shrivelled in the place.

There, too, had stood Edward Beall and those that were with him in a stupid fraud. It seemed to Lady Hewitt that the crime of "Edward the Black Prince" was but a feeble prophetic effort to forestall the Taubman gang. She wondered what manner of men should step into the place left vacant by those who were represented only by quicklime and concrete under the paving stones of Newgate. Lady Hewitt had no sympathy for unjust stewards, nor for servants who could only produce written characters.

Crime is for most of us the most interesting subject that exists. Politics are not discussed for the all-sufficient reason that there is only one political party in England. There is a government, and there is said to be a newspaper which

objects to it. That is the condition of politics in this country. One is compelled to submit to the government of the country in which one lives ; the reading of that newspaper is optional. This state of things does not afford material for discussion.

But crime is beginning to occupy a very large space in our national life. There is now no such thing as a criminal class. There is, of course, a certain stratum of society in which crime of a certain crude and uninteresting kind is usual. But the greatest criminals are, as a rule, amateurs—that is to say, people who, by virtue of their surroundings and their family history, might have been expected to lead the inglorious life of a city clerk or the unstable existence of a decayed gentleman.

So crime is no longer romantic, but domestic. The higher education of the lower classes of men has unfitted them for the athletic, bludgeonous class of offence against the peace, and the person. The increased wants of people who are not necessarily in society has driven many of them to the higher grades of financial turpitude—not punishable with “the cat.”

The criminal population is a floating population, and its tendency is to float upwards into the ranks of the very well educated.

When Jack Sheppard was tried at the Old Bailey, London flocked to see him as a curiosity.

When Jacob Taubman was tried at the Old Bailey, London flocked to see him as a factor in its everyday life. Taubman had caused several thousand times more misery than Sheppard. Numbers of people had prudently taken their lives rather than face the misery that the failure of the Taubman companies had set before them. Sheppard was a low blackguard who would kill a fellow for a chance forty guineas or so. Had he been born into the belauded morality of the twentieth century, his flimsy frame and his constitutional trickery would have guided him as a jockey into the bosom of popular favour, and not into the sycophantic grip of the "Topsman."

Morrison, standing on the steps to her left, nodded to Lady Hewitt. Whenever he was mentally troubled, it was his practice to go to the Old Bailey. No matter what his trouble might be, he was always certain of finding there in the dock, as it were "on draught," somebody whose worry was greater than his own.

Imogen had declined to love him. That was bad. In the Old Court were several men who were on trial for what was more than life. They were gentlemen who were liable to undergo several years of terrible discomfort. It is said that "there is one law for the rich, and another for the poor." There is.

The dweller in Whitechapel, the horny-handed charwoman, the ordinary ill-educated sneak-thief,

may undergo a term of hard labour and return home, having suffered no whit of social degradation. A hearty welcome and a "friendly lead" await the prisoner restored to the freedom of the Green Man, or the Bull's Head.

But, at present, it is not possible for a gentleman to come back from five years at Dartmoor with an air of pleasant joviality as though he had returned from five weeks at Dinard. If there is one law for the rich, and another for the poor, the law for the rich is the harder of the two.

Morrison realized that any person of decent breeding who found himself in the dock was in the direst mental anguish, compared to which his own love trouble was as nothing. He believed in the homœopathic principle—to cure pain with pain—but he developed and improved the homœopathic principle; he cured his own imaginary suffering with another's palpable anguish.

Opposite to Lady Hewitt the jurors of our Lord the King were settling themselves in their box. The jurors were not an intelligent set of men. It would have been hard to collect any other twelve persons so conspicuously unrepresentative of anything as they. Mutton-chop whiskers were very much worn. It may be that it is impossible to judge character by mutton-chop whiskers. But beyond all doubt these ornaments do not tend to make the wearer look intelligent. Each of these gentlemen was a man with a stake

in the country. In bulk they were addressed by counsel as "men of the world." Each recognized the truth of that description. In certain outlying parts of London it is, apparently, still possible to wear mutton-chop whiskers to almost any extent without forfeiting the right of that proud and comprehensive title, "a man of the world."

They were thoroughly representative British jurymen, of whom thirteen ought really to go to the dozen. Each in his own walk of life probably walked successfully and with financial credit to himself. On any trivial question which interested the retail trader, they could doubtless, by putting their heads together, have pronounced an opinion of some slight value, expressed in unsound grammar. On a simple question of life and death, in which the only point to be determined was—a murder having been committed, did the person in the dock do it or not?—they would probably select the right alternative. Juries, therefore, cannot do any great harm in murder cases. But in trials involving delicate questions of finance, they are liable to go hopelessly astray. It is scarcely satisfactory to know that one's liberty depends on the collective intelligence of twelve unintelligent men, since a crowd is always as stupid as its stupidest member. For two weeks, ten barristers, thirty witnesses, and five prisoners had been talking complicated mathematics to those twelve small shopkeepers. During all this time

the small shopkeepers had been very anxious to get back to their shops, which they kept very well. But the law had dragged these "bulwarks of the liberty of the British citizen" to adjudicate on a subject which they could never hope to understand. There was not a man among them who had any idea why the prices of gold-mining shares are quoted at an inverse ratio to the dividends paid.

The jurors of our Sovereign Lord the King would take one of two personal views; they could not be expected to weigh the evidence and form a judgment. They had been dragged away from their business, and that gross grievance would be visited on some one. If the blame was due to our Lord the King, as represented by the prosecuting counsel, they would acquit the prisoners. If, on the other hand, they splenetically visited their grievance on the men in the dock, they would find the prisoners guilty. The judge's summing up would not modify their personal bias. It would merely bore them.

The counsel engaged in the case were trooping into Court. They naturally did not take this view of the way in which the jury would unconsciously misinterpret their oaths. The barristers believed that such trivial things as tricky little pieces of cross-examination, which the jury had completely forgotten, would influence the verdict. The counsel for the defence appeared jubilant. They always

u

do, believing that jubilation on the part of counsel for the defence convinces the jury of the justice of their clients' case. As a matter of fact, they were very hopeful that their clients would get off. For each had gone into the witness-box and done the right thing. Each had behaved like a hopeless fool. Apparently, no single one of them was in any way acquainted with finance. Bennett-Brinton scarcely knew the meaning of the word "debenture." Colonel Golding posed as an American tourist, who regarded our Stock Exchange merely as an interesting British institution. Bertie Daventry thought "contango" was a woman's name. They were not hawks; they were the stupidest sort of turtle-doves.

Tremayne was very pale. His face like carved ivory, he sat fronting the jury-box with folded arms. S. P. Bright was pouring mathematics into his unheeding ear.

The first man to enter the dock was Bennett-Brinton. He was comatose with drink, and at once sat down. The colonel followed him, alert and brisk. Then came Taubman, looking huger than ever. His large fleshy form seemed like an extinct institution. As the principal defendant, he took the seat furthest from the jury. Then came Hans (or Henry) Mayer and Bertie Daventry. The latter looked unconsciously at the steps on his right, down which, in the event of conviction, he would have to pass. With an almost

imperceptible shudder he took the seat nearest to the jury-box. Lady Hewitt saw the shudder, and was sorry for the boy.

Mr. Justice Barnett always sat unpunctually at 10.30. It was a quarter to eleven when he entered the Court, accompanied by some tradesmen in fancy dress. Sir William Barnett had taken the precaution to be the younger brother of a brilliant manufacturer, who eventually pushed his way into the Cabinet. He had never had any practice at the Bar, and his unfortunate taste for speculation had made him an incubus on his brilliant brother until he used his influence to get him put on the Bench. There, strangely enough, he had made a very good judge. His entire lack of knowledge of the common law had compelled him to fall back on his large stock of common sense. His reasons for doing anything judicial were always wrong, but his decisions were invariably right. He was very popular with the public, who called him "the hanging judge." People have a strange fondness for a man who hangs other people to any considerable extent.

When the judge had taken his seat, Tremayne rose to begin his speech for the prosecution, and Lady Hewitt settled herself to enjoy an intellectual treat. She knew that the counsel for the defendants had made brilliantly hysterical orations, and that in the minds of the jury chaos must undoubtedly be prevailing. Her brother's task, therefore, would

be to rebuild a solid structure from the wilderness of half-forgotten evidence. He would have to give the jury a lesson in pictorial mathematics. He would have to teach them by interesting them. Oratory was out of the question. He must hold their attention and acquire their confidence whilst weaving the string of evidence into a rope for the necks of the prisoners.

He was dull. Before he had spoken for five minutes, the attention of the jury began to wander.

Bright, seated on Tremayne's left hand, cast a furtive glance upward at his leader's face.

Tremayne became duller and duller.

After ten minutes, people began to cough. One jurymen closed his eyes.

Lady Hewitt was terribly disappointed. She foresaw failure. She could not associate Richard with forensic collapse. What was the matter with him? Willie Kemble beamed at Charlie Galt. Charlie Galt winked a reassuring wink at Willie Kemble.

Lady Hewitt rose and left the Court in peevish dudgeon.

A few minutes afterwards Mr. Vincent Skrene paid half a crown to the usher, and was courteously ushered to the seat in the "City lands" Division vacated by Lady Hewitt.

CHAPTER XXIII

LOWNDES SQUARE

LADY HEWITT was not worried about her brother, for she had no reason to suppose that there was cause for worry. The fact that he had not slept at home on the previous night she regarded as a healthy sign, as evidence that he was engrossed in work. But she was grievously disappointed in his speech. In order to obtain relief she plunged into the vortex of domesticity. By means of the omnibus system of London, with which she was perfectly acquainted, she succeeded in laying out various small sums, amounting in all to a couple of pounds, in very remote parts of the metropolis. The large quantity of time which she could waste in saving small sums of money was perhaps the most striking proof of her unparalleled skill as a housekeeper. If a hassock had to be re-covered, she would herself take it in a cab to a shop in Bunhill Row. The cab fare amounted to four shillings. The going and coming wasted a whole morning. The little man in Bunhill Row charged a couple of shillings for an operation which a Sloane Street

upholsterer would have undertaken for two and nine. So, Lady Hewitt saved money and gained experience invaluable for conversation with Bayswater matrons, of whose society she was inordinately fond.

To-day, after one of those free lunches which Messrs. Maple & Co. press on importunate customers in order to allow their salesmen to attend on more profitable clients, she had visited all the leading Registry Offices, where in return for a fee of half a crown the housewife is assured on the best authority that it is impossible to get a second footman. Having therefore done a thoroughly good day's work, consisting of the maximum of locomotion and the minimum of result, she burst with a glow of triumph into her haven at Lowndes Square. After telling the butler that one of the blinds in Dick's room was higher than the other, a discovery that somewhat damped the pleasure of her home-coming, she took what other steps seemed to her necessary in order to make the home comfortable. By the time she had removed her hat and cloak, she had jarred on the nerves of every servant in the establishment.

Then, thoroughly happy, she entered the drawing-room. When she had adjusted such chairs as the exigencies of life had moved an inch or two from the only positions in which it was at all fitting that they should be found, she noticed that her father's portrait was missing from its place on the wall. In amazement, she asked—

"Who under the sun has done that?"

A useless reply in the form of a weary question came from Margaret, who was lying on the sofa—

"What is the matter now?"

"I presume, Margaret, that it is not by your orders that my father's portrait has been removed."

"I'm not very liable to give any sort of orders in this house—in your house."

Lady Hewitt took no notice of the reproach implied.

She rang the bell. She was a woman with whom bell-ringing was a substitute for swearing. Possibly she was wise, for a bell must be answered—an oath need not be.

When the butler arrived, she extracted the truth about the picture.

She was horrified. "My brother cannot be well. You have no business to interfere with anything in the house without consulting me."

Margaret bit her lips.

"No, my lady," said the butler.

"Blackstone, I am very much displeased with you. Go and get that picture. It is a portrait of my dear father."

"I'm sorry, my lady, that I met with an accident. Moving pictures is a handy man's job."

"And are you not a handy man?"

"Not by profession, my lady."

"What was the accident?"

"I happened to put my foot through the

picture, the frame being very old, and I not being a handy man."

"There are two footmen under you, Blackstone. But the more servants one has, the more people there are who are incapable of doing any work. I don't know what servants are coming to. I should certainly never dream of keeping a handy man."

"I don't say, my lady, that he should be a permanency. But it would be very convenient if a handy man could come in from eight to eight. In a big house like this, there are lots of little jobs that a good handy man could do."

"For instance, your work, Blackstone?"

Servants hate sarcasm as much as schoolboys hate it. Blackstone looked ill-used, and left the room.

Then Lady Hewitt gave her sister-in-law a short synopsis of the duties and difficulties of a housekeeper's life. Margaret, who had her own serious miseries, tapped her feet together impatiently on the sofa.

"After all, does it really matter very much?"

"My dear Margaret, what would anybody say who saw that we had no picture to match that one of the Prince Consort on the other side of the mantelpiece?"

"Nothing."

"I'm afraid you will never make a housekeeper."

"I hope not."

"Don't say anything so ridiculous. You might be taken at your word. You see you never help

me with suggestions about the house." She added, as though patting herself on the back, "But I have decided what to hang up in that empty space. I shall take the picture by Frith that is in my own bedroom and have it hung there."

"You mean that picture of two thousand badly dressed people looking at a Noah's Ark?"

"Certainly not, the ark is not Noah's. It is the *Great Eastern*. The badly dressed people are or were some of the noblest and best people in the land. It is the largest picture that has ever been painted by hand, and is called 'The Launching of the Leviathan.' I should be ashamed."

"I would not live in a room containing a picture by Frith. A picture by Frith immediately makes a room look like a railway station. Doré is bad enough."

"Doré is the most tone-raising artist that has ever lived. The marvel is that he was a Frenchman. Doré has a more tone-raising effect than . . . Dickens."

She suddenly noticed that Margaret's head was resting on a cushion decorated, if that be the term, with an unusually ruddy fox's head on an emerald green background. (The fox had the colouring of a City father.)

"You've got your head upon the best cushion!"

And without another word she seized it in a workmanlike way, held it at arm's length, banged

it into shape, and put it on top of the electric blue obelisk.

Margaret raised herself on clenched hands. This was the last straw.

"Can't you leave me alone?" she said fiercely.

"But, my dear," Lady Hewitt answered with the air of one who is all reasonableness, "that cushion is not meant to be lain upon. I've had it for twenty-three years. You must be reasonable. If it had been used as a cushion, what do you suppose it would be like now? It wouldn't be fit to look at."

"It isn't. Nothing in this house is fit to look at. Everything in the place is hideous, and you know it. And you like it."

"Margaret! I'm surprised."

"Perhaps you are. Do you think any woman would like to be married into all this ugliness, and have you here all the time to look after it, so that she can't change a thing? The house isn't mine. No woman would like it." Her eyes were dry of tears; her voice seemed dry from weeping.

Lady Hewitt noticed the red rings and the wet lashes.

"Margaret, you do not mean to be rude," she said kindly. "I know what is the matter with you," she added, judicially. "Your nerves are out of order again."

Margaret had been wrong about the last straw. But surely it had come now. When one is far sunk in the depths of woe it is maddening for

the anguish to be attributed—even rightly—to “nerves.” Margaret rose from the sofa quivering. She said the unkindest things to her sister-in-law. She accused her of making her life miserable, of usurping her legitimate functions in the house—in a word, of being a general disturber of the peace.

Lady Hewitt was baffled. Outside her house she was a pleasant woman, and she firmly believed herself even more attractive when surrounded by the monstrosities that she had preserved in spite of the improved taste that prevailed towards the end of the nineteenth century. She was in love with the house, and its hideous embrace entirely stifled her sense of humour. When in its clutches she always appeared to be suffering from mental malaria.

“Margaret, I am at a loss to understand you.”

“I thought I had made myself clear.”

“You have certainly made yourself very disagreeable.”

“Oh, don’t talk. Don’t you see I’m miserable? For Heaven’s sake don’t talk to me. I can’t bear it.” And she buried her forehead in her hands. The poor girl was distraught. She had no idea of what line her husband would take. She was defenceless. But it was some relief to attack her husband’s sister.

“Nonsense, my child. You are not miserable. You are a remarkably lucky young woman. Few girls of your age are so remarkably lucky as you.

You are surrounded by luxuries and pleasantness. But nowadays young women never seem to be really happy unless they can make themselves thoroughly miserable. If it isn't one thing, it's another. You really ought to be ashamed of yourself." Lady Hewitt always regretted that people who did not agree with her did not seem to be ashamed of themselves.

At that moment Imogen came in.

Margaret, conscious of her red eyes and vibrating voice, left the room. Lady Hewitt took refuge in her household duties, and went to the tea-table.

"Tea, dear?"

"No, thank you," the girl answered with a sigh. The colour had left her cheeks, and her eyes seemed larger than ever. But the "snap" had gone out of them, and also, in a measure, out of her conversation.

She sat down limply on a puce-coloured satin chair, cunningly shaped so as to suggest, without exactly resembling, a pilgrim's cockle-shell.

"And so, my dear Imogen, you are leaving us to-morrow. I'm so sorry that you and Dick have not made up your differences. The whole thing is to me inexplicable."

"These things can't be explained. They can only be felt."

"Dick feels it as much as you do, I'm sure."

"I'm very sorry for Dick, believe me. But it can't be helped, Lady Hewitt."

"And you don't appear happy at the prospect of going away."

"There's nothing deceptive about my appearance. I'm not." The apparent flippancy of the words was modified by the sorrow of the voice.

"Then why do you go, dear?"

"Now that our engagement is broken off, I feel that I ought to go." To remain in the same house with the man she loved, but could not marry, was, of course, impossible.

"Ah! In my young days an engagement was as good as a marriage," said Lady Hewitt, reflectively.

"What a shocking state of morals that must have been!" the girl answered, almost with a smile.

"My dear! my dear! you misunderstand me."

"Yes, I find that. When English people misunderstand me, they're shocked; when I misunderstand them, they're shocked too. English people spend all their time in being shocked. It suits them."

The conversation dropped. At last Lady Hewitt said—

"This is a very cheerful house to-day. Mrs. Tremayne is miserable, no one knows why; Dick hasn't gone into the City, and is moping in his room, no one knows why; and you——"

"But in my case we *do* know why."

"Yes, that makes it all the worse."

Lady Hewitt was very much annoyed at the engagement having been broken off. She had seen

a vista of weeks spent in selecting furniture for the young couple. She had her eye on a mahogany sideboard which was incredible in construction. Probably no other piece of furniture of its bulk could have been so absolutely useless. Of itself it would have made any dining-room uninhabitable. She shook her head sadly.

The butler announced, "Mr. Morrison, my lady."

Arthur came in, looking somewhat pale.

The three shook hands.

In allusion to the conversation at the Brydes' dance, Lady Hewitt said cryptically—

"You are not matrimonially inclined to-day, Mr. Morrison?"

Arthur, who had forgotten all about the affair, took the remark as an allusion to Imogen's engagement having been broken off. He wondered whether he stood any chance with the girl. Her attitude of bored depression did not favour the idea.

Anxious to change the subject, he asked if Mr. Tremayne had come back.

"Oh! he never gets home as early as five," Lady Hewitt answered.

"I hope it was nothing serious."

"What could have been serious?"

"Why, haven't you heard? Didn't you know that he fainted in Court this morning?"

"Richard fainted in Court?" his sister cried in alarm. "Tell me about it."

"It was just after you left the Old Bailey, Lady Hewitt. Almost directly he began summing up for the prosecution I saw that he wasn't himself. He seemed awfully odd. Then he took to staring at the dock as though he saw something in it that alarmed him. I give you my word I never saw anything so ghastly in my life. Everybody kept absolutely quiet. After a bit he stopped speaking, and began to heave about. Then he fainted dead away. I never saw such a look on a man's face. It was sheer cold fright."

"Yes, yes! What happened then?"

"Well, nothing. They took him out of Court. Mind you, if you ask me, I don't suppose it's anything at all serious. Everybody knows that he's fearfully overworked. So probably his strength gave way."

"My poor Richard! Where is he?"

"I thought he'd have come back here, but I suppose he was taken to his chambers."

Imogen took no part in the conversation, but held Lady Hewitt's hand in sympathy.

"Yes," she answered, "that's what it is—overwork." Then she sent the butler to make inquiries about her brother at King's Bench Walk.

Arthur, being in a position of importance, continued to talk.

"I was awfully disappointed, because I'm very keen on oratory. You know, I'm a pupil of Charlie Galt's. I'm going to the Bar myself;

should have gone long ago but for the exams. Now, look at Mr. Tremayne. In his day there wasn't any examination, and look what a brilliant man he is! I find that the examinations exhaust all my knowledge of law."

"Are they as severe as that?" Imogen asked.

"Quite! Of course I shouldn't go in for it, but I've got an uncle, a director of the Great Western, who'll put a lot of cases in my way."

"Are you sure that you won't get in the way of the cases, Mr. Morrison?"

Somehow, the presence of this ex-suitor annoyed Imogen now that she had broken off her engagement with Dick. She was really very much in love with the young man, and though convinced that she had judged him justly, she felt that her judgment had been harsh. That she had done the right thing she had no doubt. Still, the doing of the right thing had cost her bitter pain. But her strong sense of conscience made it impossible to forgive him.

Arthur took no notice of her comment, and continued—

"The worst of it was, that when Tremayne broke down, that blitherer Bright went on with the case."

"Who?" asked Lady Hewitt, roused from her anxiety for her brother.

"The old Chucklehead. I left."

"Who?" she repeated.

"Old Bright. I call him the Chucklehead."

"May I ask why you call him a—head of that description?" she inquired with pompous dignity.

"Because he's got a head like any other fool, and he chuckles. At least, I suppose so."

Lady Hewitt was intensely ruffled, and rearranged the tea-table.

Imogen apparently was seized with an idea, and looked as though on the point of questioning the young man. He, however, was delighted at the opportunity of posing as an expert in law before the ladies.

"Of course I won't go so far as to say that Barnett was right in allowing a junior counsel to continue the speech of his leader. But then, what does Barnett know of criminal law?"

"He is a judge," answered Lady Hewitt, who always held a brief for the Bench.

"But he was never a lawyer in the sense that your brother is a lawyer. Now, there are lots of things that are odd about Barnett. For instance, he's a Unitarian—not that there is anything odd in a man being a Unitarian. But you know what I mean."

"I can't say I do."

"Well, if Barnett were presiding in the Admiralty Court, I'm quite sure he is too strict a Unitarian to sit with Trinity Masters."

Lady Hewitt looked at the young man uneasily, as though she saw decided symptoms of matrimonial propositions.

He interpreted her glance and spoke uneasily :

“Directly Mr. Tremayne was taken out of Court, all the counsel for the defence urged that old Bright should sum up for the Crown, so that when their clients were acquitted nobody could say that they had got off by an accident, or that everything that could be urged against them hadn't been urged against them.

“That sounded well to the jury. Besides, you see, if the Crown had practically no reply at all, the judge would feel it his duty to make the summing up a speech for the prosecution. Whereas, if Bright had his say and muddled up the whole thing, the judge would feel that the responsibility was not on his shoulders, and would merely say, ‘Gentlemen, consider your verdict,’ of course, in a roundabout, judicial way. Some of our best judges take half an hour to tell a jury to consider their verdict, when they've been considering it in their addle-headed way for two or three days.”

“You are not an admirer of the jury system, Mr. Morrison?”

“It is absurd that trials should be conducted by experts and decided by amateurs. Trial by jury is as ridiculous as trial by ordeal or trial by tossing up. Now, in this case defendants' counsel knew that if their men were acquitted, they couldn't get any more money out of them, and if they were convicted, there wasn't any chance of raising funds to go to the Court of Crown Cases Reserved, even if the conviction was wrong. So they got the

honour and glory of saying, 'We deeply regret the indisposition of Mr. Tremayne, but our clients who have stood the racket of this infernally long trial are entitled to have their reputations cleared, don't you know, gentlemen of the jury. The reputation of a company promoter in the city of London is like the bloom on a peach, don't you know, gentlemen. Touch it, and it is jolly well gone for ever. Let them throw all the mud they like. It won't tarnish us. One of the mud-throwers has gone down. Let his understudy, our learned friend Mr. Bright, who knows more law than he's ever been able to understand, take on the business. We demand that the worst should be said against our clients. We don't want it to be suggested that they got off by the skin of their teeth, or any silly thing like that.' Don't you see, Lady Hewitt?"

Arthur, who had found that he amused chorus girls by talking to them in the manner of a well-educated man, always imagined that he amused ladies by speaking with language of affected foolishness.

There was no comment either from Lady Hewitt or from Imogen.

"Crafty of them, wasn't it?" he said, after the pause.

"I do not see that it was crafty—as you call it—for the counsel on behalf of the defendants to give Mr. Bright the opportunity of replying unless

the law permits such a reply, which I personally do not imagine it does," said Lady Hewitt, deliberately. "Of course I may go wrong on this point of law," she added in a manner that negatived any belief in such a possibility.

"Personally, I should think that you are about the very last person in the world to go wrong on this or any other point. I would allow no one, Lady Hewitt, but yourself to suggest your liability to go wrong. But that doesn't affect the craftiness of the move, does it?"

"I fail to see the craftiness."

"But don't you see what a hash that silly old fool Bright was bound to make of the case?" said Arthur, with a pleasant instructive smile that was intensely annoying to Lady Hewitt. "He would bore the jury to death, absolutely to death. They would only remember what jolly good witnesses the prisoners had made, what awfully brilliant speeches their counsel had made, and what a shocking ass old Bright had made of himself."

Lady Hewitt glared. "But you do not know that Mr. Bright did make an ass of himself?"

"But surely Mr. Bright is a self-made man!" said Arthur, with that deliberation with which he uttered anything that he considered worthy of himself.

Lady Hewitt rearranged the chocolate macaroons into a structure that concealed the discreditable fact that any of them had been eaten. Evidence tending to show that any article in the

house was ever used seemed a slur on the housewifery of Lady Hewitt.

Arthur turned for appreciation to the American girl; but it was a second before he caught her attention, that had been fixed on nothing connected with Morrison.

"You're rather happy in giving nicknames to people, aren't you, Mr. Morrison?" asked Imogen.

"I sometimes hit on a good thing."

"Who was the woman whom you used to call 'The Golf Ball'?"

He thought for a moment. "A woman called 'The Golf Ball'? Are you sure it wasn't a girl I christened 'The Ambulance Wagon'?"

"No. I'm sure it wasn't."

"I've never called any woman any name quite like that."

"She was called so because she was always getting into holes," Imogen said to help his memory.

"I only know one ball of that sort, and it was a man."

"Who? Who?"

"Bertie Daventry."

She took both his hands and shook them warmly, and the "snap" came back into her eyes.

"Oh, thank you, thank you. You've made me so grateful."

"I don't quite see how, but if I can ever make you equally grateful again at a similar outlay, count on me."

He turned to Lady Hewitt, who glared in a manner that convinced him that he was not finding favour in her sight.

"Good-bye," was the best repartee he could think of.

"Good-bye," answered Lady Hewitt, ringing the bell; "so good of you to come."

He was leaving the room. Suddenly he came back.

"I almost forgot. Here's a note for you;" he handed an envelope to Imogen. "Bertie, 'The Golf Ball,' gave it to me this morning."

Then he went out of the room.

"Golf Ball!" said Imogen.

"Chucklehead!" thought Lady Hewitt.

The girl read the note.

It had been a difficult note to write. Bertie did not want to say too much, and he was afraid of saying too little.

On paper stamped with the Arms of London on the left, and—

"Central Criminal Court, City of London, E.C."
on the right, it ran—

"DEAR IMOGEN,—I dare say it is impertinent for me to write to you at all.

"The hundred pounds that Dick got when we were at Oxford were for me, not for a woman.

"He is the best friend I ever had. Yours,
"H. D.

"P.S.—I hope you will do justice to Dick."

She read the letter with a great feeling of relief.

At any rate, Dick was guiltless of the offence that in her eyes was greater even than the forgery ; the action, shameful as it was, had not been done for a woman. She had taken counsel with those who could speak with authority, and had gathered a good deal of knowledge as to the private conscience of an English public schoolboy. Although she grasped that forgery is not a custom of the country, she learned that a schoolboy will go to practically any lengths to save his friend from the hands of the authorities.

A 'Varsity man is only a schoolboy with enlarged facilities for getting into difficulties.

With the expression represented in the humblest homes by a picture called "The Soul's Awakening," she stood erect, clasping Bertie's letter to her breast.

Lady Hewitt sent the footman for Dick.

He slouched hopelessly into the room, and received the news of his father's illness.

His aunt suggested that he should go to the Temple at once, and get information about what had happened.

He flatly refused, having no wish to put his head into the lion's mouth, even if the lion were recovering from a fainting fit.

"I don't suppose," he said, "there's anything to be alarmed at. Morrison is such a fool. He has probably exaggerated the whole thing."

"Then you won't go?"

"I don't see the use."

"I don't see the use of the young man of to-day."

"I grasp your point, Aunt Nelly."

"Really, Dick, I don't like your tone. You are no help to me whatever."

"I don't like your cynicism."

"Then I shall have to go myself."

"If you can leave the house to take care of itself—in your absence."

"Dick, do you know that I sometimes think you are a fool. It pains me to think so, but I am compelled to. All you young men seem to me to be fools till you're thirty, and then you let equally foolish young women make fools of you."

She flounced out of the room.

"Dick, may I make a fool of you now?"

"I don't understand."

"This letter is from Bertie Daventry. Do you understand?"

Dick did. Happiness stood suddenly before him with open arms.

"Do you mean that you forgive me?" he stammered.

"Yes, Dick, and I'm proud to do it. Poor Bertie has told me of what you did, and the reason."

For the moment he was speechless with joy.

The girl spoke first : " Say, don't you think it would help any if you were to kiss me ? "

He thought it would.

" Now things are on a sound basis," she said, with all the old enthusiasm.

" My father knows it ! " Dick exclaimed, sadly.

" I don't care if the whole world and half the society papers know it."

" But I do. I'd sooner have died than that my father knew of this."

" Well, dying's out of the question now. I've got a life interest in you. We've got to make the best of it, and so's he."

" Ah ! " said the boy. He didn't quite see how his father would make the best of it.

" So you thought it right to tell him ? Well, that's mean." The girl felt that the terrible secret should have been hers alone.

" I didn't tell him : he found out, or rather, Vincent Skrene told him."

" Did he ? Then he's a brute. See here, Dick. This affair has got nothing to do with anybody but me. I take on this trouble as part of my marriage settlement."

He kissed her gratefully.

The door opened, and Tremayne came in.

CHAPTER XXIV

LOWNDES SQUARE

HE was older by ten years. As he stood in the doorway looming gaunt and threatening, the couple on the sofa were startled at the change in him.

"Richard," he cried in a voice that had not lost its strength, but seemed very strange in tone.

With an air of defiant enthusiasm, Imogen said, "He called you 'Richard.' When a father calls his son his full name in America, we think a blizzard's coming."

"I want to speak to you," said Tremayne directly to his son, taking no notice of the girl.

"Pardon me; anything you want to say to him must be said in the presence of his *fiancée*. That's the post I hold."

"Then he has no right to let you hold it."

"Pardon me. When a man says he loves a girl and when the girl is sure she loves the man: well, then, in a case like that——"

"He can have no secrets from her," said Tremayne, sternly.

"And he has none from me."

The father turned to the son. "Have you told her? Have you no sense of shame?"

"I've told her. I told her two days ago."

"You told her and not me!"

"No, father; I was afraid. You know the story now. You know what I did."

"And you know why he did it?" Imogen asked.

"That I know too," Tremayne answered.

There was a certain sadness in his voice that held them speechless. He spoke with no bitterness, but with the sorrow of a ruined man.

Of the depths of his tragedy they knew nothing. The son assumed that the wreck to which his father was reduced, was due entirely to himself.

Relentlessly and as though his heart were shedding blood, Tremayne continued: "If this girl loves you, and if you feel you have a right to love at all after scattering to pieces the fabric of my life, you are of course free to marry her. You are my only son. Your life has cost me my honour. This is the end of everything. You may go. It is not necessary that I should ever see you again. That is all."

The boy sprang to his father, livid with pain.

"Father," he said, with a cry of sympathy at the sight of the strong man as it were paralyzed with sorrow. He made protestation of regret, promises of amendment, offers to go abroad, everything.

Sadly and slowly his father answered him :
“You can’t begin a new life by running away from the old one. There is no such thing as a new life. What you will do to-morrow is the sequence of what you are doing to-day.”

Then there was silence in the room. For each of these three this was a great situation in their lives, a situation that Tremayne controlled. The fact that he spoke in generalities prevented the boy and the girl from taking their parts in the scene. The situation hung fire.

As Tremayne looked at his son, a memory came to him which was less a memory than a vision. Morrison had said that before the K.C. fainted he stared into the dock as though he “saw something there.” He had. At the moment when the feverish brain was struggling to keep control of the worn-out body, it had seemed to Tremayne that his son was standing in the dock at the Old Bailey, that the words he was using against the prisoners were directed also against his son. Then in a whirl of dissolving faces he had fainted away.

All was dark ; the words had dried on his tongue and he knew nothing more. But still in his delirium he could see the face of his son, pleading for mercy as it pleaded the night before. Yet from his lips the only words that came were, as last night, “It is true ; it is true.”

As he looked at Dick this scene floated back

into his mind. With a movement of hopeless misery which was pathetic in its impotence, he passed his hand over his forehead. It was a movement that seemed to imply that he had given up the game of life, almost a white flag of surrender.

"If you feel like that, how do you think Dick feels?" asked Imogen, with every nerve alert.

A shrug of the shoulders—a shrug that expressed nothing, neither irritation nor disgust—was his answer.

The fact that he had broken down in Court was clearly not a thing for her to mention. The collapse of the strong is a proof of weakness not lightly to be alluded to. Imogen saw no possibilities of bringing father and son together. She understood that it was her duty to be the instrument of their union, which, if not effected now, might possibly never be effected at all. But she was powerless. Her heart bled for both of them. In a dilemma of despair she burst out crying. Then she threw herself suddenly on Tremayne's shoulder in a paroxysm of sobbing.

"And do you think," she said, through a stream of tears, "do you think that he hasn't suffered, that he isn't suffering now? Has a father no more sacred duty to his son than punishment? Has he not forgiveness?"

"God knows I'd have given my life for this not to have happened," he answered with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Yes, you'd have taken your life—to save your son. That is noble. He committed a trivial crime, a fault it was, to save his friend. If that isn't noble—well, I say it is noble, and I love the man who did it. And I may be so far wrong as to love him for doing it."

Tremayne was moved at the genuineness of the girl's affection.

Her eyes were shining through her tears. "I broke off our engagement for this very thing when he told me of it."

Here was a new light to Tremayne.

"I know it's a wicked, a horrible thing to do—what Dick did—to forge. But I'm proud to marry a man who risks losing the love of a father like you in order to save a friend."

"If he has won your love, and has kept it in spite of everything, that is a great deal," said Tremayne, as he threw himself wearily on the sofa.

Imogen saw that the battle was won. She kissed him several times fondly on the forehead, saying between the kisses: "There's a great deal more in that than in all the law books that ever drove men mad; there's a smattering of common sense. See here, if you don't forgive the boy, I shall never own you as my father-in-law."

Tremayne took her hand gratefully.

Then she left them together. Tremayne felt the impossibility of losing both his son and his wife. He longed for tenderness. Imogen gave

it to him. He was completely softened. He put his hand on the hand of his son, and looking at him very tenderly, said : " Dick, I've been unkind, severe to you, perhaps, but you know how much I loved you, how much I must love you always. That is my excuse for my severity. The page is turned. We will never open it again, and I pray that God will seal down the book. I've been brought up in a hard school, and I've led a hard life ; but I can't afford to lose you, Dick ; I can't afford to lose my boy."

" Do you forgive me ?" said Dick ; " I am ashamed, father, very much ashamed. Can you forgive me ?"

Tremayne's answer was a " Yes " of absolute finality.

" Father, father !" the boy cried, " I don't know how to thank you."

" Thank that dear girl."

" With all my heart."

" Make her a good husband. You may be sure that she will make you the best of wives."

" I'm sure of that."

" Go to her, my boy. She and I have only you."

There was something in his tone that forbade questioning. Puzzled, but happy, Dick left the room, leaving his father to his bitter thoughts.

Tremayne had been thrust out of a fool's paradise. That was the view he took ; but never for a moment did he think that his neglect of his

wife might have been a factor in her downfall. Indeed, he reproached himself with nothing. He had married a woman who had the faults as well as the merits of her sex—a complete woman, in fact. That was all. There were, of course, good women in the world. He knew that the great majority of women were good—true, at any rate, to their marriage vows. Still, his wife was not ; and the strange thing about it was that he felt a terrible sense of loss. He could not account for it. He was astonished at the oppressive feeling of loneliness which came over him. Many things in life only seem worth the having until we make them ours. We only appreciate the value of our most necessary possessions, such as a sound body, or a lucid mind, or a sense of humour, when we find that they have gone from us, or friends hint that we have worn them out.

Truisms were no consolation to Tremayne. He felt that he was too large a figure in public life to be influenced by mere elementary emotions. The folly of his son he set in its correct position in the ranks of human errors. It was a serious juvenile fault, but it was a fault of judgment, not of heart. Still, he himself was surprised at the lenient view he took of the matter. His collapse at the Old Bailey had not proved to be the fearful blow to him that he would have expected. He had suddenly become almost callous to his career at the Bar. Tremayne was unconsciously becoming

human. The soul of the lawyer was undergoing a species of transmigration and entering into the body of the husband. Possibly, in a measure, the process was assisted by the two blows he had received, one to the orthodox parental devotion, the other to his professional pride.

But at any rate, in the upheaval that disturbed his very being, those two blows were nullified by the sense that he had lost his wife. There was no possibility of forgiveness for her. It merely remained for him to go to her room, state what allowance he would make her, and through what solicitor it should be paid, and send her away. He pictured Margaret in her bedroom, sobbing and remorseful. He would, of course, be inexorable. He did not picture himself as taking part in the scene at all. He would pass a certain sentence, and certain effects would result to the woman who was reaping the harvest of her sin.

Suddenly the door opened, and to his intense surprise his wife appeared. She had come apparently to reap the harvest. It was no shivering sinner that the husband saw. Margaret was not dressed in a tea-gown, the orthodox uniform of repentance. As she walked firmly into the room, it was clear, both by her carriage and by her dress, that she was not about to go on her knees as a suppliant.

"I have made up my mind, Richard: this sort of thing can't go on," she said, in tones which, in

Y

spite of a slight tremble, had in them nothing of indecision.

He was astounded at her effrontery.

"Of course not," he said, interested as to what she should dare to say.

"I know that I owe everything to you, for you took me without a penny, and you have given me a great position."

He did not express disapproval of her statement, but rather waved it aside as an ill-timed allusion to a matter of only slight importance.

"But it hasn't been a happy position for me. Indeed, I don't know that during the years we have been married, I have enjoyed a single really happy day. I have found out that there may be happiness in married life of which I never dreamed till lately—till the last few days. But all the time, I felt that there was something wanting. I didn't know what that something was. And I'm quite sure that you didn't either. You were always working or thinking of your work. Of course, Richard, I know that you meant to be kind to me. You have never said an unkind word to me—no, I can't remember a single word of the sort—yet there were so many kind words which you might have said, but you didn't. Oh! you don't know how lonely I've been all these years! In this big, ugly house, I've been all alone. For a long time I fancied that it was my fault, that I was naturally

discontented and wickedly ungrateful for all—that you might have done—all that you thought you were doing. Now I feel that it wasn't so. If I have been unhappy, it was no fault of mine—at any rate, no fault that I could remedy. Here's an instance. To-day you have been ill. You come home. The last person to hear of your fainting, the last person you ask for, is your wife. And it's a blow to you, Richard, a heavy blow. These men will be acquitted, and then probably your chance of being attorney-general will be gone. People tell me that you have set your heart on holding that position, but as far as I can remember you have never spoken to me on the subject at all."

He looked intently at his wife, who was making the strangest defence that he had ever heard. Certainly she didn't speak in the hysterical accents of a suppliant, but rather as a sufferer, who took a common-sense view of her suffering.

"But I've found out," she said, looking him firmly in the face, "that what was wanting in our lives was love."

This was too much for Tremayne. She had wanted love! She had got it from Vincent Skrene!

"Good heavens, Margaret! How dare you come and tell me that?"

"Because it's right that you should know it," she went on, with melting eyes. "Whether you have ever really loved me or not, I don't know."

Perhaps in your own cold way you have cared for me a little. But you have never shown it in the ordinary way. The little attentions, the trifling kindnesses that are so much in a woman's life, you have never shown me ; and, believe me, these little things are everything. They make all the difference between heaven and hell. Oh, Richard," she said, in tones of anguish, "if you had only loved me sometimes !"

With outstretched arms she went towards him. If he would not bring his love to her, she would bring her love to him. Entirely innocent as was her motive in going to Skrene's rooms, she had not the remotest idea that her husband had placed a hideous interpretation on that visit. Margaret, hungering for tenderness, wanted to draw her husband's massive head down to her neck, and kiss his graven features into a smile.

With a look, he repelled her. She almost understood the meaning of that look. A shiver of fear fluttered to her heart, and her arms dropped limply to her sides. Tremayne and Margaret were standing face to face.

He was a beaten man. His hopes were crushed, and his ideals shattered. Before him was standing the woman who should have given him rest and consolation ; in her he should have been sure of sympathy and tenderness. She stood a yard from him, apparently the quintessence of all that is sweetest and most lovable in womanhood. But

between them floated the physical image that had lived with him all last night. He for the first time realized to the full the extent of his loss, as well as the loathsome manner in which the loss had been sustained.

"The scene will be painful for both of us," he said, speaking slowly as though the words were heavings of his heart—"that is, assuming you are capable of feeling pain."

She stared at him with wide-open eyes as he spoke: "What it costs me to say this God knows. But the thing must be said—and as shortly as possible for both our sakes. I shall not divorce you."

Without any sound her lips framed a trembling echo of the word "divorce."

"Because I have no wish to publish your shame or my dishonour ; neither have I any desire that you should marry again—either him or another."

"Richard ! " she cried, as her whole body seemed to shrink.

"This is my decision. You shall have five hundred a year, and you will reside abroad. You may live anywhere you like. You may invent any story you please. I should prefer you not to use my name ; but I do not suppose you will be influenced by my wishes. Personally, I shall say nothing. The world may say what it likes." The clenched jaw and the flashing eyes of the man showed how deeply he felt his disgrace. "But nobody shall say any word to me."

Then he turned away from her. He knew that he was doing the right thing in the right way, but he had a fear to face her eyes. He was depriving himself of what should have been the greatest treasure of his life—a treasure which he had only just learnt to value at its proper worth. Into the sea he was flinging it, shining with a brightness that he had never known before, taking away the light that should have shone upon his barren life. He felt that this sentence which he was passing upon Margaret was a terrible sentence upon himself. But her guilt was proved, and her doom was just.

Pacing up and down the room, he said with deep sadness—

“I don’t want to reproach you. Possibly in the years to come I may reproach myself. It may be that I have been cold to you. When we married a certain course was marked out for me to run, and perhaps I was too engrossed on winning it. But I have never wavered in my love for you. However, you as a young woman preferred—a younger man.” He couldn’t bring himself to speak the name. “Possibly the house is ugly ; but it used to be my home, and I didn’t notice it. Yes, the house is old-fashioned. But it’s no use talking of that.”

Whilst he had been speaking the whole horror of his accusation struck her between the eyes. In a second she mentally realized the blow.

When he turned round it was no soft and tender little wife who stood facing him, but an outraged woman with flashing eyes.

"You accuse me of that! Let us make no mistake. That is the sort of woman you think I am!"

Her love for him had dried up for the moment. She felt nothing but the horror that he outraged her by believing.

Her attitude infuriated him. That she who was as clay in the hands of Skrene should turn on him in brazen defiance was more than he was prepared to allow.

"Don't speak, woman," he cried, with hands tightly clenched. "If you have no words of repentance or of sorrow I will not hear you speak."

"I have no words of sorrow or repentance, because I am innocent."

"Innocent!" he cried.

"You think that last night——"

"I specify no night. I find you in a black-guard's rooms. That's enough. If you were not his mistress you wouldn't be there; you wouldn't set foot inside his door. You were playing hostess to the gaol-birds of the Old Bailey."

The sting of the false accusation caught Margaret by the throat and stifled the explanation that she was about to make. She was furious; indignation overcame her sense of judgment. With every nerve quivering she stood silent and throbbing.

"My God!" cried her husband. "That it should have been Skrene!"

On that word the physical image that Tremayne had seen last night passed into her brain.

As each stared at the other each felt what the other saw. For an instant the woman dominated the man.

"You brute!" she said, with the wound slashing her heart. "You brute!"

He made no answer, for the glare in her eyes held him dumb. Then her strength failed, and she flung herself face forward on the sofa. Her shoulders heaved as though they would burst her dress. When waves of agony had passed over her, there came a long-drawn cry of bitter pain, and after that the tears.

Unconsciously he took a couple of steps towards her, and with his right hand made the natural movement of a man to soothe a woman who is weeping. But he drew his hand away when the gesture was half formed.

Her head was thrown forward, and the back of her neck was bare.

The thought of Skrene came into his mind and tightened his lips.

He went out of the room leaving her weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER XXV

LOWNDES SQUARE

It was some time before Margaret recovered from her paroxysm of tears and was fully able to grasp the situation. Her first feeling was not so much of horror at the idea of the accusation that Richard had made as of indignation at him for believing it. She had gone to Skrene's rooms to benefit her husband, and this action her husband had construed into positive proof of incredible guilt. He had accused her of being in love with Skrene, of being his mistress.

The terrible injustice of her husband's conclusion almost killed her regard for him. He would not divorce her! He had said so. He would not place her in a position of proving her innocence. But neither should he turn her from his house like a discharged servant. She would stand her ground; of that she was fully determined. But she would not at the moment bemean herself by defending her innocence; when it was called in question it should be proved. It was his place to attack, and the

Divorce Court provided the suitable machinery. She could do nothing at present. But she would assuredly defend herself hereafter.

The butler announced Mr. Skrene. She was astonished, bewildered, at the suddenness of his visit. But, notwithstanding the fact that her cheeks were wet with tears, she welcomed the arrival of the mercurial Irishman. His appearance did not suggest that he had been knocked down on the previous night. He was dressed with extreme care, and wore a knitted red silk tie in which fluttered a pin of two turquoise drops and a diamond set between them. This red, white, and blue scheme on his chest harmonized with his air of a man marching to victory. Skrene was triumphant and glossy. As a man borne high on a wave of success he came rapidly towards her and shook her hand. After Tremayne's collapse, the acquittal of Golding was assured, and Skrene without a care in the world had lunched alone at Prince's, speculating confidently and triumphantly on what the future held in store for him. The tears in Margaret's eyes showed him that there had been a terrible scene between husband and wife. Clearly fortune was smiling on Vincent. At that moment he noticed that the picture of the elder Tremayne was gone. This seemed to him the best possible omen.

"Oh, Mr. Skrene, I'm so glad that you've come. Something terrible has happened."

"With your husband? I'm so sorry," he said sadly.

"Yes." Then she stopped, absolutely unable to explain to him the view which her husband had taken with regard to them.

He came to her assistance. "I think I can guess," he said delicately. "Your husband puts a false interpretation on your visit to me last night—a legal rather than a human interpretation."

A spontaneous sob was her answer. But pride and shame kept her speechless.

"Did you try to explain?" he tentatively suggested.

"No, I was too much taken aback—too horrified. It's only just happened. Besides—besides, he might not have believed me, and I should only have destroyed his faith in Dick if I had told the truth. Then he would have no one left."

"He would have himself," was on the tip of Skrene's tongue, but he understood that the falseness of the husband's accusation must have so wounded the heart of the innocent wife, that it was not necessary to add any abuse of Tremayne. Instead, he asked with an assumption of sadness, and looking down, "What is he going to do?"

"He wants to send me away."

"Not to divorce you?" said Skrene, half hopefully.

"How can he divorce me? I am innocent."

Vincent leant over her caressingly. In his softest voice he said—

“Innocent people are often divorced, you know. Sometimes innocent people want to be divorced.”

He evidently was not about to make the proposition which she hoped for from him—to defend her himself. There was only one person who could clear her character; that person was Vincent Skrene.

“Perhaps you would like to see my husband?” she suggested, hesitatingly.

“I am anxious to see him on another matter.” Vincent saw what was in her mind, and was not inclined to help her.

“You will tell him that all this is untrue?” her voice was pleading and almost tender.

“I shall think it incumbent on me to give him a denial. He would expect no less. But, you know his opinion of me—I can’t undertake to convince him.”

“No, I suppose not.” She knew her husband had no faith in Skrene.

“I think it is hopeless, completely hopeless for me to make the attempt, my dear Mrs. Tremayne. You have failed, you whom he respects. Well, he doesn’t respect me at all. But I shall give him the denial as a man of the world. And he, as a man of the world, won’t accept it. The thing is hopeless.”

“Then what am I to do? Oh, tell me what I am to do!”

Vincent thought that the moment for which he had waited had come at last.

He saw a clear financial horizon stretching before him in the future. The woman he loved was at his side. She had been shamefully treated by her husband, who believed the worst of her. Surely now she would fall into his arms. Logically, indeed, no other course was open to her.

“I’ll tell you. Yours has been a cruelly unhappy life. You have borne it very bravely and without a word; but you haven’t concealed it from me. Ever since I’ve known you, I’ve seen that you are thrown away on him. Women aren’t meant to be thrown away. You, of all women, are least fitted for a loveless life. He’s accused you of being fond of me. Now let us, for Heaven’s sake, make that accusation true! He deserves it! I love you more than anything on earth. Let me take you away from here, out of this barrack of a house, away from this monster of a husband!”

With horror in her eyes, she tried to stop him, but he went on. “He says you’re faithless to him; well, by God! he deserves that you should be! But I know that you’re the purest woman in the world. The love I felt for you I’ve never spoken; and Heaven knows the pain it has been to me not to speak, for I’ve felt all along what

you have only just found out, that he's unworthy of your love, that he doesn't understand and appreciate you, that he is unworthy even of your presence in his house. But now that you see what sort of man he is, I am right in saving you from him. He offers you nothing, I offer you love."

"Oh ! don't speak to me like that !" she said, as though the warmth of his passion sent a chill through her. "I thought you were a friend."

"So I was—but—now I love you." He was surprised at the effect the words had on him. Passionately fond of her though he was, yet he felt astounded at the thrill that ran through his frame as this cry burst suddenly from his heart.

"Margaret, surely you must understand ? Surely you must have guessed that I loved you madly ? What is Tremayne to you ? The mistake of your life. But you are young, and you can remedy it. Leave him ! Hasn't he sent you away ? What do you lose ? You lose that iceberg, and *I* will always be your slave." By all the laws of conduct that influenced the women he had known, Margaret must turn to him ; and he cursed himself for his lack of enterprise in not having made his devotion clear to her before. Possibly she thought he was making love on the spur of the moment, a moment when he found her weak.

"Whatever my husband has done to me, or

thought of me, you have no right to say these things," she said reproachfully, obviously shocked and surprised.

"No right!" he echoed; "every right in the world! Ever since I've known you I have worshipped you. But you belonged to some one else, so I worshipped you silently. Now I know that your husband has finished with you. You know it. He wants to cast you out on the road that leads to the Riviera. You know what that means to a woman. Now I speak; and I should think myself a cur if I did not. Come to me, my darling! Put your future in my care. No tears shall ever spring into those dear eyes!" He spoke with Irish fervour, convincing and passionate. He tried to carry her away with the strength of his passion.

He moved towards her as though to take her into his life. "And that blackguard made you cry!" he added—a fatal piece of stupidity for once, clever as he was.

His chances of success had never been more than infinitesimal, but the word "blackguard" ended the interview.

Into her eyes came the same expression, an expression of scorn, of outraged delicacy, that her husband had conjured up by his mention of Skrene as the companion of her guilt.

That expression conquered Skrene as it had conquered Tremayne.

His warmth was frozen. In an instant he was in retreat, humbled and aghast at his absolute failure. The laws governing the conduct of all the women he had ever made love to had no authority with this fragile little woman. He saw as in a sudden flash that she was not for him. With a sigh of despair he said, "I was wrong, I see."

"Wrong! You little know *how* wrong." Her voice was vibrating with horror and surprise.

"I'm afraid—you think that I've insulted you," he said ineffectually.

"What do I matter? I know that you have insulted my husband. Perhaps it will surprise you to hear that I love my husband! Perhaps nothing will surprise you. I don't understand what sort of——"

But she found no words.

She had not only been incensed at his declaration. She had been shocked. It was the first that she had ever heard. No woman in her heart really hates and despises a man simply because he loves her. But Margaret happened to be in love with Tremayne.

A person who considered Tremayne a black-guard lacked in her opinion moral intelligence; he was a man whose love was an insult. Vincent honestly believed that Margaret would be entirely happy either as Mrs. Vincent Skrene, or as the reputed Mrs. Vincent Skrene, therefore he thought that by her rejection of his advance she was closing

the gates of Paradise both for herself and for him. But he had intuition enough to see that the gates were irrevocably shut, and he now saw that they had never been so much as ajar. In any event it was no use for him to batter his fists against them. He took his dismissal at once. Indeed, he was preparing to bid her good-bye with what grace he could when the door opened and Tremayne appeared. The suddenness of his entrance unnerved Vincent, who was feeling very sick at heart.

Tremayne moved directly towards him. There was a set purpose in his eyes. The Irishman retreated, talking. He had been repulsed by the wife ; he felt uneasy in the presence of the husband. Nervously he took refuge in verbiage.

"Look here, Mr. Tremayne, I won't keep you long, but for your own sake you had better listen. I'm not going to apologize for anything, but I'm going to tell you the truth. Whether you believe it or not is your business."

Margaret watched the two men anxiously.

"I will listen to what you have to say, and then I will have you thrown out of the house."

"You will act as you think right. Now, with regard to what happened last night. I had told your wife that I possessed a letter in which your son stated that he had forged my name. Why I told her is my business. She came to my rooms to get it, because she is jealous of your honour and

your son's, and she was afraid that it might fall into the hands of a blackmailer. She had never been to my rooms before, and I never asked her to come. I swear this. If I had expected her last night I should not have invited the guests that you met. Her presence was as much a surprise to me as yours. Mrs. Tremayne, is that true or not?"

"Every word is true."

"You ask me to believe that!" said Tremayne, from his heart.

"It is the truth," Margaret answered.

"It's your fault if you don't believe it," Vincent said aggressively.

The barrister looked searchingly at his wife.

"This is what Mr. Skrene gave me," said Margaret, taking the letter from her dress. The truth was obvious; Tremayne could not resist it; he saw it in her eyes.

"You may remember, Mr. Tremayne, that there was some discussion about it in my rooms last night," Vincent said, with a smile.

"I remember," answered Tremayne, taking the letter and reading it.

His face showed no sign of his sensations.

Eagerly Margaret, who was scanning his features, cried, "It is true, is it? That letter is from Dick?" She was seized with a sudden fear that the whole thing might have been a device of Skrene's to get her to his rooms, that the envelope

contained nothing important, and that therefore it was he had induced her to promise not to open it.

"Haven't you read this?" asked her husband.

"No. I believed his word."

"You believed, on this man's word, that Dick had committed a forgery?"

"I'm ashamed to say I did. Is it all false? Is it all a fraud?"

"Mrs. Tremayne," said Vincent, "it is not exactly a fraud, but it is a copy of a letter which never existed." As he said this he noticed, as he thought, the dawn of a grateful look from Tremayne. But the look developed into astonishment. Margaret was palpably bewildered. Vincent himself had been surprised by a generous impulse. The presence of the woman's purity that he had vainly striven to defile awoke for a moment the best part of his nature. Margaret would pass for ever out of his life, that he knew. But he would do all that lay in his power to re-establish the happiness of hers. Mrs. Tremayne's opinion of him mattered nothing now. His love was hopeless; yet it was strong enough to make him place her happiness above his own revenge. He determined to rehabilitate Dick's character even at the expense of his own, if necessary; and he put the finishing touch to his lie by saying deliberately to her, "When I told you that I had proofs of the accusation I firmly believed that they were genuine. I am

glad to say that I was mistaken. Dick is as honourable a man as his father." Then he added, with an emphasis that was unintelligible to Tremayne, "I have misjudged both."

He walked away from the husband and wife whom he had reunited in a way which did not seem to him Quixotic. He was surprised that it didn't. Tremayne grasped the situation in its entirety.

"Forgive me, Margaret."

She pressed her husband's hand.

He could say no more. Now that his wife was restored and blameless she was far more to him than she had ever been. Margaret could say nothing, but she felt instinctively that a new life of hitherto unknown happiness was dawning for each of them.

Tremayne went up to Vincent.

"Mr. Skrene," he said, in a low voice and in tones that he had never used before to the Irishman, "why did you say that? It would have been so easy for you to have shattered her belief in my son, to have told her that this letter is, as it is, genuine."

"Candidly, I never waste a good action or a bad one. Besides, I owe you a debt of gratitude. It was easy of repayment, so I repaid it."

"Gratitude?" said Tremayne. "I don't understand."

"Yes. I suppose in this world one owes

gratitude to a man who keeps his word. You *fainted* in Court this morning excellently well. Every one was deceived. I myself almost thought it real. So that when your junior went on with the case I left and had my lunch."

"Then by Heaven you were deceived."

Skrene smiled incredulously.

"Whichever way you put it the result is the same. I don't mind giving you the credit."

"I tell you that you were deceived."

"Put it in that way if you like. I am perfectly satisfied."

The door was flung open and Bright entered. He was bubbling over with excitement, and seized Tremayne by the hand.

"It's all right." He almost stammered.

"What's all right?"

"Convicted them all but one."

Vincent became livid.

"Who got off?" he said.

"Daventry."

"What did they get?"

"Taubman got twelve years, six on two counts—a vindictive sentence."

"Yes? Yes?"

"Bennett-Brinton and Mayer, six months' imprisonment in the second class."

"And Colonel Golding?" Vincent asked, breathlessly.

"Three years' penal servitude."

"Good God !"

Vincent's half stifled cry was drowned by the entrance of Lady Hewitt. When Bright had finished describing his triumph, which he attributed quite justly to Tremayne's conduct of the case, Vincent had left the room.

Nobody had noticed his departure. The others were so interested in themselves. A peculiar light played in Bright's eyes. (It was only Lady Hewitt who identified it as the light of love.)

"Yes, if you wish it," she said, with a smile.

Triumphantly Bright turned to Tremayne, who unconsciously was holding his wife's hand, but Margaret was pleasantly conscious of this unusual act of tenderness.

"Tremayne, your sister and I have arranged to be married. Personally, I am prepared to marry on any day that is convenient to her before I go circuit, unless, indeed, she would prefer to go circuit for the honeymoon." He produced a pocket calendar.

"My dear Nelly," said her brother, "I congratulate you."

"Not at all," Bright answered gallantly. "I am the person to be congratulated."

"Then I congratulate you."

Margaret was too wrapped up in her own happiness to appreciate anything else, but she murmured indiscriminate words of pleasure.

Lady Hewitt, however, took exception to the

scheme of the honeymoon : "Where does your circuit start ?"

"At Manchester."

"Well, I do not see myself beginning my second married life in the Wellington Chamber of the Queen's Hotel."

"I am perfectly willing to allow my bride a certain latitude in choosing the locality of the honeymoon. There are, I am told, some admirable hydropathics in Derbyshire."

"I shall probably decide to go abroad."

"Very well, my dear Nelly, as you wish."

"By-the-by, Mr. Bright, what is your Christian name ?"

"I regret to say that it is Simon Peter. But it is *your* secret. No one could ever employ a counsel called Simon Peter?" he said interrogatively.

"Let us talk it over."

"Certainly," said Bright, who was all reasonableness.

Tremayne suggested cheerily, "In these cases it is usual to embrace the lady, is it not ?"

"I believe so," was Lady Hewitt's answer, to which she attempted vainly to add a blush.

"Ah, of course ; forgive me. I do so little divorce work," Bright replied rather awkwardly.

"Richard," said Margaret, "as Nelly and Dick are both going away, don't you think that this house will be too big for us ? Don't you think it would be nice if you could give it with all the

furniture and everything to Nelly as a wedding present? Then we could take that pretty little house in Pont Street that I admire."

"How can I refuse you anything, my darling?" he answered in a voice which thrilled her with surprised happiness. In an instant she was enveloped in the stupendous embrace of Lady Hewitt. Bright (mindful of Richmond) was not enthusiastically demonstrative. But Lady Hewitt embraced him and carried the day. Then for the first time Vincent's absence was noticed.

"Who was that pleasant looking fellow?" asked Bright. "He seemed to take a great interest in the case. I suppose he has lost money through the Taubman gang."

* * * * *

Vincent O'Shaughnessy Skrene, described in the Old Bailey Calendar as *aged 43, well-educated, and of no occupation*, before receiving the sentence of six months' imprisonment (without hard labour) passed upon him by the Recorder of the City of London, purchased a site in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus for the purpose of building a theatre. The plans have been passed by the London County Council. It is rumoured that he will call it either the King's or the Venus.

THE END

AN ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE OF BOOKS IN FICTION AND GENERAL LITERATURE PUBLISHED BY CHATTO & WINDUS 111 ST. MARTIN'S LANE CHARING CROSS LONDON, W.C.

[MAR., 1902.]



Adams (W. Davenport), Works by.

A Dictionary of the Drama: being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Crown 8vo, half-bound, 12s. 6d. [Preparing.]
Quips and Quiddities. Selected by W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Agony Column (The) of 'The Times,' from 1800 to 1870. Edited with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Alexander (Mrs.), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each. **Maid, Wife, or Widow?** | **Blind Fate.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each.
Valerie's Fate. | **A Life Interest.** | **Mona's Choice.** | **By Woman's Wit.**

Crown 8vo, cloth 2s. 6d. each.
The Cost of her Pride. | **Barbara, Lady's Maid and Peeress.** | **A Fight with Fate.**
A Golden Autumn. | **Mrs. Grichton's Creditor.** | **The Step-mother.**
A Missing Hero.

Allen (F. M.).—Green as Grass. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Allen (Grant), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

The Evolutionist at Large. | **Moorland Idylls.**

Post-Frandial Philosophy. Crown 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.		
Babylon. 12 Illustrations.	The Devil's Die.	The Duchess of Powysland.
Strange Stories.	This Mortal Coil.	Blood Royal.
The Beckoning Hand.	The Tents of Shem.	Ivan Greet's Masterpiece.
For Maimie's Sake.	The Great Taboo.	The Scallywag. 24 Illusts.
Philistia.	Dumaresq's Daughter.	At Market Value.
In all Shades.	Under Sealed Orders.	

Dr. Palliser's Patient. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

Anderson (Mary).—Othello's Occupation. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Antrobus (C. L.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

Quality Corner: A Study of Remorse. | **Wildersmoor.**

Appleton (G. Webb).—Rash Conclusions. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Arnold (Edwin Lester), Stories by.

The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 12 Illustrations by H. M. PAGET, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
The Constable of St. Nicholas. With Frontispiece by S. L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Artemus Ward's Works. With Portrait and Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.—Also a POPULAR EDITION post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Ashton (John), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century. With 82 Illustrations.
English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon the First. With 115 Illustrations.

Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne. With 85 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

Social Life under the Regency. With 90 Illustrations.
Florizel's Folly: The Story of GEORGE IV. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 12 Illustrations.

Bacteria, Yeast Fungi, and Allied Species, A Synopsis of. By W. B. GROVE, B.A. With 87 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Baldoin (H. B.).—Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study in Criticism. With 2 Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s

Bardsley (Rev. C. Wareing, M.A.), Works by.

English Surnames: Their Sources and Significations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Barr (Robert: Luke Sharp), Stories by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. each.

In a Steamer Chair. With Frontispiece and Vignette by DEMAIN HAMMOND.

From Whose Bourne, &c. With 47 Illustrations by HAL HURST and others.

Revenge! With 12 Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEND and others.

A Woman Intervenes. With 8 Illustrations by HAL HURST.

The Unchanging East: Notes on a Visit to the Farther Edge of the Mediterranean. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

A Royal Tramp. With 12 Illustrations by E. J. SULLIVAN. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Barrett (Frank), Novels by.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

The Sin of Olga Zassoulich.

Between Life and Death.

Folly Morrison. | **Little Lady Linton.**

A Prodigal's Progress. | **Honest Davie.**

John Ford; and His Helpmate.

A Recoiling Vengeance.

Lieut. Barnabas. | **Found GUILTY.**

For Love and Honour.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Fettered for Life. | **The Woman of the Iron Bracelets.** | **The Harding Scandal**

A Missing Witness. With 8 Illustrations by W. H. MARGETSON.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Under a Strange Mask. With 10 Illus. by E. F. BIRWTNALL. | **Was She Justified?**

Barrett (Joan).—Monte Carlo Stories. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Besant (Sir Walter) and James Rice, Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.

The Golden Butterfly.

My Little Girl.

With Harp and Crown.

This Son of Vulcan.

The Monks of Thelama.

By Callia's Arbour.

The Chaplain of the Fleet.

The Esmyr Side.

The Case of Mr. Luerast.

Twins in Trafalgar's Bay.

The Ten Years' Tenant.

* There are also LIBRARY EDITIONS of all the above, excepting the first two. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

Besant (Sir Walter), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men. With 12 Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.

The Captains' Room, &c. With Frontispiece by E. J. WHEELER.

All in a Garden Fair. With 6 Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS.

Dorothy Forster. With Frontispiece by CHARLES GREEN.

Uncle Jack, and other Stories. | **Children of Gibeon.**

The World Went Very Well Then. With 12 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.

Herr Fatulus: His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall.

For Faith and Freedom. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY.

To Call Her Mine, &c. With 9 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.

The Holy Rose, &c. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD.

Armored of Lyonesse: A Romance of To-day. With 12 Illustrations by F. BARNARD.

St. Katherine's by the Tower. With 12 Illustrations by C. GREEN.—Also in picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, &c. With a Frontispiece by GORDON BROWNE.

The Ivory Gate. | **The Rebel Queen.**

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. With 12 Illustrations by W. H. HYDE.

In Deacon's Orders, &c. With Frontispiece by A. FORESTIER. | **The Revolt of Man.**

The Master Craftsman. | **The City of Refuge.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Fountain Sealed. | **The Changeling.** | **The Fourth Generation.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

The Orange Girl. With 8 Illustrations by F. PEGRAM.

The Lady of Lynn. With 12 Illustrations by G. DEMAIN-HAMMOND.

No Other Way. With Illustrations.

[Preparing.]

POPULAR EDITIONS, Medium 8vo, 6d. each.

The Golden Butterfly.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.

The Charm, and other Drawing-room Plays. By Sir WALTER BESANT and WALTER H. POLLOCK.

With 50 Illustrations by CHRIS HAMMOND and JULE GOODMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Fifty Years Ago. With 144 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

London. With 125 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Westminster. With an Etched Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER, R.E., and 130 Illustrations by WILLIAM PATTEN and others. LIBRARY EDITION, demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 18s.:

POPULAR EDITION, demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

South London. With an Etched Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER, R.E., and 118 Illustrations.

Demy 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, 18s.: POPULAR EDITION, demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

East London. With an Etched Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER, and 55 Illustrations by PHIL MAY, L. RAVEN HILL, and JOSEPH PENNELL. Demy 8vo, cloth, 18s.

Jerusalem: The City of Herod and Saladin. By WALTER BESANT and E. H. PALMER. Fourth Edition. With a new Chapter, a Map, and 12 Illustrations. Small demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Sir Richard Whittington. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.

Gaspard de Golligny. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.

The Art of Fiction. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, red top, 1s. net.

As We Are, and As We May Be. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.

Essays and Historiettes. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.

[Shortly.]
[Shortly.]

Baring Gould (Sabine, Author of 'John Herring,' &c.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Red Spider.

8vo.

Beaconsfield, Lord. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Bechstein (Ludwig).—As Pretty as Seven, and other German Stories. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 98 Illustrations by RICHTER. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Bellew (Frank).—The Art of Amusing: A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. With 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Bennett (Arnold).—The Grand Babylon Hotel. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Bennett (W. C., LL.D.).—Songs for Sailors. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2s.

Bewick (Thomas) and his Pupils. By AUSTIN DOBSON. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Bierce (Ambrose).—In the Midst of Life: Tales of Soldiers and Civilians. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Bill Nye's Comic History of the United States. With 146 Illustrations by F. OPFER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Bindloss (Harold), Novels by.

Ainallie's Ju-Ju: A Romance of the Hinterland. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

A Sower of Wheat. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Bookin (M. McD., K.C.), Books by.

Dora Myrl, the Lady Detective. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Shillelagh and Shamrock. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Bourget (Paul).—A Living Lie. Translated by JOHN DE VILLIERS. With special Preface for the English Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Bourne (H. R. Fox), Books by.

English Merchants: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. With 32 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

English Newspapers: Chapters in the History of Journalism. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 5s.

The Other Side of the Elin Pasha Relief Expedition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Boyd.—A Versailles Christmas-tide. By MARY STUART BOYD. With 53 Illustrations by A. S. BOYD. Fcap. 4to, cloth gilt and gilt top, 6s.

Boyle (Frederick), Works by. Post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2s. each.

Chronicles of No-Man's Land. | Camp Notes. | Savage Life.

Brand (John).—Observations on Popular Antiquities; chiefly Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Brayshaw (J. Dodsworth).—Slum Silhouettes: Stories of London Life. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Brewer (Rev. Dr.), Works by.

The Reader's Handbook of Famous Names in Fiction, Allusions, References, Proverbs, Fables, Stories, and Poems. Together with an ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BIBLIOGRAPHY, and a LIST OF THE AUTHORS AND DATES OF DRAMAS AND OPERAS. A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

A Dictionary of Miracles: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Brewster (Sir David), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. each.

More Worlds than One: Creed of the Philosopher and Hope of the Christian. With Plates.

The Martyrs of Science: GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, and KEPLER. With Portraits.

Letters on Natural Magic. With numerous Illustrations.

Brillat-Savarin.—Gastronomy as a Fine Art. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Bryden (H. A.).—An Exiled Scot: A Romance. With a Frontispiece, by J. S. CROMPTON, R.I. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Brydges (Harold).—Uncle Sam at Home. With 91 Illustrations. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

6 CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers, 111 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

Cram (Ralph Adams).—Black Spirits and White. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Crellin (H. N.), Books by.

Romances of the Old Saragossa. With 28 Illustrations by S. L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Tales of the Caliph. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.
The Nazarenes! A Drama. Crown 8vo, 1s.

Crim (Matt.).—Adventures of a Fair Rebel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with a Frontispiece by DAN. BRARD, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Crockett (S. R.) and others.—Tales of Our Coast. By S. R. CROCKETT, GILBERT PARKER, HAROLD FREDERIC, 'Q.', and W. CLARK RUSSELL. With 8 Illustrations by FRANK BRANGWYN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Croker (Mrs. B. M.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Pretty Miss Neville.
Proper Pride.
A Bird of Passage.
Diana Harrington.
Two Masters.

Interference.
A Family Likeness.
A Third Person.
Mr. Jervis.

Village Tales & Jungle Tragedies.
The Royal Lady Hilda.
Married or Single?

Some One Else.

In the Kingdom of Kerry.

Terence. With 6 Illustrations by SIDNEY PAGET.

Miss Balmaline's Past.

Jason, &c.

Beyond the Pale.

Infatuation.

'To Let,' &c. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

The Cat's-paw. With 12 Illustrations by FRED. PEGRAM. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack. Complete in Two SERIES: The FIRST, from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND, from 1844 to 1851. A Gathering of the Best Humour of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With numerous Steel Engravings and Woodcuts by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. each.

The Life of George Cruikshank. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With 84 Illustrations and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Cumming (C. F. Gordon), Works by. Large cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

In the Hebrides. With an Autotype Frontispiece and 23 Illustrations.

In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains. With 42 Illustrations.

Two Happy Years in Ceylon. With 28 Illustrations.

Via Cornwall to Egypt. With a Photographic Frontispiece.

Cussans (John E.).—A Handbook of Heraldry; with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. Fourth Edition, revised, with 408 Woodcuts and 2 Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Daudet (Alphonse).—The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Davenant (Francis, M.A.).—Hints for Parents on the Choice of a Profession for their Sons when Starting in Life. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Davidson (Hugh Coleman).—Mr. Sadler's Daughters. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Davies (Dr. N. E. Yorke-), Works by. Cr. 8vo, 1s. ea.; cl., 1s. 6d. ea.

One Thousand Medical Maxims and Surgical Hints.

Nursery Hints: A Mother's Guide in Health and Disease.

Foods for the Fat: The Dietetic Cure of Corpulency and of Gout.

Aids to Long Life. Crown 8vo, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works. Collected and Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

De Guerin (Maurice), The Journal of. Edited by G. S. TREBUTIEN. With a Memoir by SAINT-BRUYE. Translated from the 20th French Edition by JESSIE P. FROTHINGHAM. Fcap. 8vo, half-bound, 2s. 6d.

De Maistre (Xavier).—A Journey Round my Room. Translated by HENRY ATTWELL. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Derby (The): The Blue Ribbon of the Turf. With Brief Accounts of THE OAKS. By LOUIS HENRY CURZON. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Dewar (T. R.).—A Ramble Round the Globe. With 220 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

De Windt (Harry), Books by.

Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits. With Map and 33 full-page Illustrations. Cheaper Issue. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6s.

True Tales of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Dickens (Charles), About England with. By ALFRED RIMMER. With 99 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERNOOF and the AUTHOR. Square 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Dictionaries.

The Reader's Handbook of Famous Names in Fiction, Allusions, References, Proverbs, Plots, Stories, and Poems. Together with an ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BIBLIOGRAPHY, and a LIST OF THE AUTHORS AND DATES OF DRAMAS AND OPERAS. By Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
A Dictionary of Miracles: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men. With Historical and Explanatory Notes by SAMUEL A. BENT, A.M. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
The Slang Dictionary: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Dilke (Rt. Hon. Sir Charles, Bart., M.P.).—The British Empire. Crown 8vo, buckram, 3s. 6d.

Dobson (Austin), Works by.

Thomas Bewick and his Pupils. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Four Franchwomen. With Four Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.
Nineteenth Century Vignettes. IN THREE SERIES. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s. each.
A Paladin of Philanthropy, and other Papers. With 2 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, buckram, 6s.

Dobson (W. T.).—Poetical Ingenuities and Eccentricities. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Donovan (Dick), Detective Stories by.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
The Man-Hunter. | **Wanted!** | **Suspicion Aroused.** | **Riddles Read.**
Caught at Last. | **Tracked to Doom.** | **A Detective's Triumphs.**
Tracked and Taken. | **Link by Link.** | **In the Grip of the Law.**
Who Poisoned Betty Duncan? | **From Information Received.**
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.
The Man from Manchester. With 23 Illustrations.
The Mystery of Jamaica Terrace. | **The Chronicles of Michael Danewitch.**
 Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
The Records of Vincent Trill, of the Detective Service.—Also picture cloth, flat back, 2s.
The Adventures of Tyler Tatlosh, Private Detective.
Deacon Brodie; or, Behind the Mask. | **Tales of Terror.**
 Dark Deeds. Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Dowling (Richard).—Old Corcoran's Money. Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Doyle (A. Conan).—The Firm of Girdlestone. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Dramatists, The Old. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., with Portraits, 3s. 6d. per Vol.

Ben Jonson's Works. With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.
Chapman's Works. Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete; Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with an Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.
Marlowe's Works. Edited, with Notes, by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.
Masinger's Plays. From GIFFORD'S Text. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Dublin Castle and Dublin Society, Recollections of. By A. NATIVE. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Duncan (Sara Jeannette: Mrs. EVERARD COTES), Books by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
A Social Departure. With 111 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.
An American Girl in London. With 80 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.
The Simple Adventures of a Memmahib. With 37 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
A Daughter of To-Day. | **Vernon's Aunt.** With 47 Illustrations by HAL HURST.

Dutt (Romesh C.).—England and India: A Record of Progress during One Hundred Years. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

Early English Poets. Edited, with Introductions and Annotations,

by Rev. A. B. GROART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. per Volume.
Fletcher's (Giles) Complete Poems. One Vol.
Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works. Two Vols.
Marriak's (Robert) Complete Collected Poems. Three Vols.
Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete Poetical Works. Three Vols.

Edgcombe (Sir E. R. Pearce).—Zephyrus: A Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s.

Edwards (Mrs. Annie), Novels by.

A Word of Honour. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. | **A Plaster Saint.** Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Archie Lovell. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; illustrated boards, 2s.

Edwards (Eliezer).—Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Egerton (Rev. J. C., M.A.).—Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways. With Introduction by Rev. Dr. H. WACE, and Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. 6d.

Eggleston (Edward).—Roxy: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

8 CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers, 111 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

Englishman (An) in Paris. Notes and Recollections during the Reign of Louis Philippe and the Empire. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Englishman's House, The: A Practical Guide for Selecting or Building a House. By C. J. RICHARDSON. Coloured Frontispiece and 534 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Ewald (Alex. Charles, F.S.A.).—The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart, Count of Albany (THE YOUNG PRETENDER). With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Eyes, Our: How to Preserve Them. By JOHN BROWNING. Cr. 8vo, 1s.

Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men. By SAMUEL ARTHUR BENT, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Faraday (Michael), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d. each.
The Chemical History of a Candle: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.
On the Various Forces of Nature, and their Relations to each other. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With Illustrations.

Farrer (J. Anson).—War: Three Essays. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Fenn (G. Manville), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The New Mistress. | **Witness to the Deed.** | **The Tiger Lily.** | **The White Virgin.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Woman Worth Winning.
Cursed by a Fortune.
The Case of Alisa Gray.
Commodore Junk.
Black Blood.

Double Cunning.
A Flattered Dovecote.
King of the Castle.
The Master of the Ceremonies.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

The Story of Antony Grace
The Man with a Shadow.
One Maid's Mischief.
This Man's Wife.
In Jeopardy.

The Bag of Diamonds, and Three Bits of Paste.

Running Amok: a Story of Adventure.

The Cankerworm: being Episodes of a Woman's Life.

A Crimson Crime. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Feuerheerd (H. L.).—The Gentleman's Cellar; or, The Butler and Cellarman's Guide. SECOND EDITION. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

Fiction, A Catalogue of, with Descriptive Notices and Reviews of over NINE HUNDRED NOVELS, will be sent free by Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS upon application.

Fin-Bec.—The Cupboard Papers: Observations on the Art of Living and Dining. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Firework-Making, The Complete Art of; or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With 267 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

First Book, My. By WALTER BESANT, JAMES PAYN, W. CLARK RUSSELL, GRANT ALLEN, HALL CAINE, GEORGE R. SIMS, RUDYARD KIPLING, A. CONAN DOYLE, M. E. BRADTON, F. W. ROBINSON, H. RIDER HAGGARD, R. M. BALLANTYNE, I. ZANGWILL, MORLEY ROBERTS, D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, MARY CORELLI, J. K. JEROME, JOHN STRANGE WINTER, BRET HARTE, 'Q.', ROBERT BUCHANAN, and R. L. STEVENSON. With a Prefatory Story by JEROME K. JEROME, and 185 Illustrations. A New Edition. Small demy 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.

Fitzgerald (Percy), Works by.

Little Essays: Passages from the Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Fatal Zero. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Bella Donna.
Polly.

The Lady of Brantome.
Never Forgotten.

The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.

Sir Henry Irving: Twenty Years at the Lyceum. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Flammarion (Camille), Works by.

Popular Astronomy: A General Description of the Heavens. Translated by J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S. With Three Plates and 288 Illustrations. Medium 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

Urania: A Romance. With 87 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.) Complete Poems; Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Notes by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

Forbes (Archibald).—The Life of Napoleon III. With Photogravure Frontispiece and Thirty-six full-page Illustrations. Cheaper Issue. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Forbes (Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D.).—Dumb. Cr. 8vo, cl., gilt top, 6s.

Francillon (R. E.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

One by One. | **A Real Queen.** | **A Dog and his Shadow.** | **Ropes of Sand.** Illust.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Queen Cophetua. | **Olympia.** | **Romances of the Law.** | **King or Knave?**
Jack Doyle's Daughter. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers, 111 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. 9

Frederic (Harold), Novels by. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each;
illustrated boards 2s. each.
Seth's Brother's Wife. | **The Lawton Girl.**

French Literature, A History of. By HENRY VAN LAUN. Three
Vols., demy 8vo, cloth boards, 22s. 6d.

Fry's (Herbert) Royal Guide to the London Charities, 1901-2.
Edited by JOHN LANE. Published Annually. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Gardening Books. Post 8vo, 1s. each; cloth limp, 1s. 6d. each.

A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse. By GEORGE GLENNY.
Household Horticulture. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.
The Garden that Paid the Rent. By TOM JERROLD.

Gardner (Mrs. Alan).—Rifle and Spear with the Rajpoots: Being
the Narrative of a Winter's Travel and Sport in Northern India. With numerous illustrations by the
Author and F. H. TOWNSEND. Demy 4to, half-bound, 21s.

Gaulot (Paul).—The Red Shirts: A Tale of 'The Terror.' Translated
by JOHN DE VILLIERS. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.;
picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Gentleman's Magazine, The. 1s. Monthly. Contains Stories,
Articles upon Literature, Science, Biography, and Art, and 'Table Talk' by SYLVANUS URBAN. ;
* * Bound Volumes for recent years kept in stock, 8s. 6d. each. Cases for binding, 2s. each.

Gentleman's Annual, The. Published Annually in November. 1s.

German Popular Stories. Collected by the Brothers GRIMM and
Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. With Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN, and as Steel Plates after
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Gibbon (Chas.), Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. ea.; post 8vo, bds., 2s. ea.
Robin Gray. With Frontispiece. | **Loving a Dream.** | **The Braes of Yarrow.**
The Golden Shaft. With Frontispiece. | **Of High Degree.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Flower of the Forest.
The Dead Heart.
For Lack of Gold.
What Will the World Say?
For the King.

A Hard Knot.
Queen of the Meadow.
In Pastures Green.
In Love and War.
A Heart's Problem.

By Mead and Stream.
Fancy Free.
In Honour Bound.
Heart's Delight.
Blood-Money.

Gibney (Somerville).—Sentenced! Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Gilbert (W. S.), Original Plays by. In Three Series, 2s. 6d. each.

The FIRST SERIES contains: The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Charity—The Princess—
The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

The SECOND SERIES: Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb
—H.M.S. 'Pinafore'—The Sorcerer—The Pirates of Penzance.

The THIRD SERIES: Comedy and Tragedy—Fogarty's Fairy—Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern—
Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Ruddigore—The Yeomen of the Guard—The Gondoliers—
The Mountebanks—Utopia.

Eight Original Comic Operas written by W. S. GILBERT. In Two Series. Demy 8vo, cloth,
2s. 6d. each. The FIRST containing: The Sorcerer—H.M.S. 'Pinafore'—The Pirates of Penzance—
Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury.

The SECOND SERIES containing: The Gondoliers—The Grand Duke—The Yeomen of the Guard—
His Excellency—Utopia, Limited—Ruddigore—The Mountebanks—Haste to the Wedding.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Birthday Book: Quotations for Every Day in the Year, selected
from Plays by W. S. GILBERT set to Music by Sir A. SULLIVAN. Compiled by ALEX. WATSON.
Royal 8mo, Japanese leather, 2s. 6d.

Gilbert (William).—James Duke, Costermonger. Post 8vo,
illustrated boards, 2s.

Gissing (Algernon), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.
A Secret of the North Sea. | **The Wealth of Hallerstand.**

Glanville (Ernest), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Lost Helmsman: A Tale of Love, Battle, and Adventure. With Two Illustrations by H. NISBET.
The Fossilizer: A Romance of Mashonaland. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET.
A Fair Colonist. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD.

The Golden Rock. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Kloof Yarna. Crown 8vo cloth, 1s. 6d.

Tales from the Wild. With Twelve Illustrations by M. NISBET. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Max Thornton. With 8 Illustrations by J. S. CROMPTON, R.L. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt
edges, 5s.; cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Gleny (George).—A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse:
Practical Advice as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

10 CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers, 111 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

Godwin (William).—Lives of the Necromancers. Post 8vo, cl., 2s.

Golden Treasury of Thought, The: A Dictionary of Quotations
from the Best Authors. By THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Goodman (E. J.).—The Fate of Herbert Wayne. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Grace (Alfred A.).—Tales of a Dying Race. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Greeks and Romans, The Life of the, described from Antique
Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Grey (Sir George).—The Romance of a Proconsul: Being the
Personal Life and Memoirs of Sir GEORGE GREY, K.C.B. By JAMES MILNE. With Portrait. SECOND
EDITION. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6s.

Griffith (Cecil).—Corinthia Marazion: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth
extra, 3s. 6d.

Gunter (A. Clavering, Author of 'Mr. Barnes of New York').—
A Florida Enchantment. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hair, The: Its Treatment in Health, Weakness, and Disease. Trans-
lated from the German of Dr. J. PINCUS. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Hake (Dr. Thomas Gordon), Poems by. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s. each.
New Symbols. | **Legends of the Morrow.** | **The Serpent Play.**

Walden Ecstasy. Small 4to, cloth extra, 6s.

Halifax (C.).—Dr. Rumsey's Patient. By Mrs. L. T. MEADE and
CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hall (Mrs. S. C.).—Sketches of Irish Character. With numerous
Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Hall (Owen), Novels by.

The Track of a Storm. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Jetsam. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Bureka. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Halliday (Andrew).—Every-day Papers. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Hamilton (Cosmo), Stories by. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. each.
The Glamour of the Impossible. | **Through a Keyhole.**

Handwriting, The Philosophy of. With over 100 Facsimiles and
Explanatory Text. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s. 6d.

Hanky-Panky: Easy and Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of
Hand, &c. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Hardy (Rev. E. J., Author of 'How to be Happy though Married').—
Love, Courtship, and Marriage. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hardy (Iza Duffus), Novels by.

The Lesser Evil. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

Man, Woman, and Fate.

Hardy (Thomas).—Under the Greenwood Tree. Post 8vo, cloth
extra, 3s. 6d.; illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.—Also the FINE PAPER EDITION, post 8vo,
cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

Haweis (Mrs. H. R.), Books by.

The Art of Beauty. With Coloured Frontispiece and 91 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth bds., 6s.

The Art of Decoration. With Coloured Frontispiece and 74 Illustrations. Sq. 8vo, cloth bds., 6s.

The Art of Dress. With 32 Illustrations. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Chaucer for Schools. With the Story of his Times and his Work. A New Edition, revised.

With a Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Chaucer for Children. With 38 Illustrations (8 Coloured). Crown 4to, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Haweis (Rev. H. R., M.A.).—American Humorists: WASHINGTON
IRVING, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS WARD, MARK
TWIN, and BRET HARTE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Hawthorne (Julian), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Garth. | **Ellice Quentin.**

Beatrice Randolph. With Four Illust.

Sebastian Strome. | **Dust.** Four Illusts.

David Poindexter's Disappearance.

Fortune's Fool.

The Spectre of the Camera.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Miss Cadogna.

Love—or a Name.

Harte's (Bret) Collected Works. Revised by the Author. **LIBRARY**

EDITION, in Ten Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

- Vol. I. COMPLETE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Steel-plate Portrait.
 " II. THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP—BOHEMIAN PAPERS—AMERICAN LEGEND.
 " III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS—EASTERN SKETCHES.
 " IV. GABRIEL CONROY. | Vol. V. STORIES—CONDENSED NOVELS, &c.
 " VI. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.
 " VII. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE—II. With Portrait by JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
 " VIII. TALES OF THE PINE AND THE CYPRESS.
 " IX. BUCKEYE AND CHAPPAREL.
 " X. TALES OF TRAIL AND TOWN, &c.

Bret Harte's Choice Works, in Prose and Verse. With Portrait of the Author and 40 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Bret Harte's Poetical Works. Printed on hand-made paper. Crown 8vo, buckram, 4s. 6d.

Some Later Verses. Crown 8vo, linen gilt, 5s.

In a Hollow of the Hills. Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each.

Gabriel Conroy.

A Wolf of the Plains. With 60 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.

A Ward of the Golden Gate. With 50 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

A Sappho of Green Springs, &c. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET.—Also in picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Colonel Starbottle's Client, and Some Other People. With a Frontispiece.

Susy; A Novel. With Frontispiece and Vignette by J. A. CHRISTIE.

Sally Down, &c. With 47 Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND and others.

A Protegee of Jack Hamlin's, &c. With 20 Illustrations by W. SMALL and others.

The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, &c. With 30 Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY and others.

Clarence; A Story of the American War. With Eight Illustrations by A. JULE GOODMAN.

Barker's Luck, &c. With 30 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER, PAUL HARDY, &c.

Devil's Ford, &c. With a Frontispiece by W. H. OVEREND.

The Crusade of the "Excelsior." With a Frontispiece by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Three Partners; or, The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill. With 8 Illustrations by J. GULICH.

Tales of Trail and Town. With Frontispiece by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

An Heiress of Red Dog. | **The Luck of Roaring Camp.** | **Californian Stories.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Flip.

Maruja.

A Phyllis of the Sierras.

Heckethorn (C. W.), Books by.

London Souvenirs. | **London Memories: Social, Historical, and Topographical.**

Helps (Sir Arthur), Books by. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Animals and their Masters.

Social Pressure.

Ivan de Biron; A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Henderson (Isaac).—Agatha Page: A Novel. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Henty (G. A.), Novels by.

Rajah, the Juggler. With Eight Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD. Small demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 2s.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Colonel Thorndyke's Secret. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD. Small demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Queen's Cup.

Dorothy's Double.

Herman (Henry).—A Leading Lady. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Herrick's (Robert) Hesperides, Noble Numbers, and Complete Collected Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GOSART, D.D. Steel Portrait, &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. each.

Hertzka (Dr. Theodor).—Freeland: A Social Anticipation. Translated by ARTHUR RANSOM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hesse-Wartegg (Chevalier Ernst von).—Tunis: The Land and the People. With 22 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Hill (Headon).—Zambra the Detective. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Hill (John), Works by.

Treason-Felony. Post 8vo, boards, 2s. | **The Common Ancestor.** Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hinkson (H. A.).—Fan Fitzgerald. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Hoey (Mrs. Cashel).—The Lover's Creed. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Holiday, Where to go for a. By E. P. SHOLL, Sir H. MAXWELL, Bart., M.P., JOHN WATSON, JANE BARLOW, MARY LOVETT CAMERON, JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, PAUL LANGE, J. W. GRAHAM, J. H. SALTER, PHEBE ALLEN, S. J. BECKETT, L. RIVERS VINE and C. F. GORDON CUMMING. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

12 CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers, 111 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

Hollingshead (John).—According to My Lights. With a Portrait.
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Holmes (Oliver Wendell), Works by.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. Another Edition, post 8vo, cloth, 2s.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table and The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.
In One Vol. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Hood's (Thomas) Choice Works in Prose and Verse. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hood's Whims and Oddities. With 85 Illustrations. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Hook's (Theodore) Choice Humorous Works; including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With a Life. A New Edition, with a Frontispiece.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hooper (Mrs. Geo.).—The House of Raby. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Hopkins (Tighe), Novels by.

For Freedom. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

'Twixt Love and Duty. With a Frontispiece. **The Incomplete Adventurer.**

The Nugents of Carriconna. | **Nell Haffenden.** With 8 Illustrations by C. GREGORY.

Horne (R. Hengist).—Orion: An Epic Poem. With Photograph
Portrait by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

Hornung (E. W.).—The Shadow of the Rope. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Hugo (Victor).—The Outlaw of Iceland (Han d'Islande). Translated by Sir GILBERT CAMPBELL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hume (Fergus), Novels by.

The Lady from Nowhere. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

The Millionaire Mystery. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Hungerford (Mrs., Author of 'Molly Bawn'), Novels by.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

In Durance Vile.

An Unsatisfactory Lover.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

A Maiden All Forlorn.

Marvel.

A Modern Circe.

April's Lady.

Peter's Wife.

Lady Patty.

Lady Verner's Flight.

The Red-House Mystery.

The Professor's Experiment.

The Three Graces.

Nora Creina.

A Mental Struggle.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

An Anxious Moment. | **The Coming of Chloe.** | **A Point of Conscience.** | **Loriot.**

Hunt's (Leigh) Essays: A Tale for a Chimney Corner, &c. Edited by EDMUND OLLIER. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Hunt (Mrs. Alfred), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The London Gasket.

Self-Condemned.

That Other Person.

Mrs. Juliet. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Hutchison (W. M.).—Hints on Colt-breaking. With 25 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Hydrophobia: An Account of M. PASTEUR's System; The Technique of his Method, and Statistics. By RENAUD SUZOR, M.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Impressions (The) of Aureole. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Indoor Paupers. By ONE OF THEM. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Inman (Herbert) and Hartley Aspden.—The Tear of Kalee.
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

In Memoriam: Verses for every Day in the Year. Selected and arranged by LUCY RIDLEY. Small square 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.

Innkeeper's Handbook (The) and Licensed Victualler's Manual.
By J. TREVOR-DAVIES. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

Irish Wit and Humour, Songs of. Collected and Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Irving (Sir Henry): A Record of over Twenty Years at the Lyceum.
By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

James (C. T. C.).—A Romance of the Queen's Hounds. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

Jameson (William).—My Dead Self. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Japp (Alex. H., LL.D.).—Dramatic Pictures, &c. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Jefferies (Richard), Books by. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Nature near London. | *The Life of the Fields.* | *The Open Air.*
Also the HAND-MADE PAPER EDITION, crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s. each; and the FINE PAPER EDITION of *The Life of the Fields*, post 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. By Sir WALTER BESANT. With a Photograph Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Jennings (Henry J.), Works by.

Curiosities of Criticism. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Lord Tennyson: A Biographical Sketch. With Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Jerome (Jerome K.), Books by.

Stageland. With 64 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Fcap. 4to, picture cover, 1s.

John Ingerfield, &c. With 9 Illusts. by A. S. BOYD and JOHN GULICH. Fcap. 8vo, pic. cov. 1s. 6d.

Jerrold (Douglas).—The Barber's Chair; and The Hedgehog Letters. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, 2s.

Jerrold (Tom), Works by. Post 8vo, 1s. ea.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d. each.

The Garden that Paid the Rent.

Household Horticulture: A Gossip about Flowers. Illustrated.

Jesse (Edward).—Scenes and Occupations of a Country Life.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Jones (William, F.S.A.), Works by. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Finger-Ring Lore: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With Hundreds of Illustrations.

Crowns and Coronations: A History of Regalia. With 92 Illustrations.

Jonson's (Ben) Works. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and

a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Josephus, The Complete Works of. Translated by WHISTON. Con-

taining 'The Antiquities of the Jews' and 'The Wars of the Jews.' With 32 Illustrations and Maps. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-cloth, 12s. 6d.

Kempt (Robert).—Pencil and Palette: Chapters on Art and Artists.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Kershaw (Mark).—Colonial Facts and Fictions: Humorous

Sketches. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

King (R. Ashe), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

'The Wearing of the Green.' | *Passion's Slave.* | *Ball Barry.*

A Drawn Game. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Kipling Primer (A). Including Biographical and Critical Chapters,

an Index to Mr. Kipling's principal Writings, and Bibliographies. By F. L. KNOWLES, Editor of 'The Golden Treasury of American Lyrics.' With Two Portraits. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Knight (William, M.R.C.S., and Edward, L.R.C.P.).—The

Patient's Vade Mecum: How to Get Most Benefit from Medical Advice. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Knights (The) of the Lion: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century.

Edited, with an Introduction, by the MARQUESS OF LORNE, K.T. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Lambert (George).—The President of Boravia. Crown 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Lamb's (Charles) Complete Works in Prose and Verse, including

'Poetry for Children' and 'Prince Dorn.' Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of the 'Essay on Roast Pig.' Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Essays of Elia. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, 2s.

Little Essays: Sketches and Characters by CHARLES LAMB, selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb. With Introduction and Notes by BRANDER MATTHEWS, and Steel-plate Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, half-bound, 2s. 6d.

Landor (Walter Savage).—Citation and Examination of William

Shakespeare, &c. before Sir Thomas Lucy, touching Deer-stealing, 19th September, 1582. To which is added, A Conference of Master Edmund Spenser with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, 1595. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 2s. 6d.

Lane (Edward William).—The Thousand and One Nights, com-

monly called in England *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.* Translated from the Arabic, with Notes. Illustrated with many hundred Engravings from Designs by HARVEY. Edited by EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. With Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. ea.

Larwood (Jacob), Works by.

Anecdotes of the Clergy. Post 8vo, laid paper, half-bound, 2s.

Foranistic Anecdotes. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Theatrical Anecdotes.

14 CHATTO & WINDUS, Publishers, 111 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

Lehmann (R. C.), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

Harry Fludyer at Cambridge.

Conversational Hints for Young Shooters: A Guide to Polite Talk.

Leigh (Henry S.).—Carols of Cockayne. Printed on hand-made paper, bound in buckram, 5s.

Leland (C. Godfrey).—A Manual of Mending and Repairing. With Diagrams. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Lepelletier (Edmond).—Madame Sans-Gêne. Translated from the French by JOHN DE VILLIERS. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture boards, 2s.

Leys (John K.), Novels by.

The Lindsays. Post 8vo, picture bds., 2s. | *A Sore Temptation.* Cr. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Lilburn (Adam).—A Tragedy in Marble. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Lindsay (Harry, Author of 'Methodist Idylls'), Novels by.

Rhoda Roberts. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
Judah Pyscroft, Puritan. | *The Jacobites: A Romance of the Conspiracy of 'The Forty.'* Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Linton (E. Lynn), Works by.

An Octave of Friends. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Patricia Kemball. | *Ione.* Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas. | *Under which Lord? With 12 Illustrations.*
The World Well Lost. With 12 illus. | *'My Love!'* | *Sowing the Wind.*
The One Too Many. | *Paston Carew, Millionaire and Miser.*
| *Dulcie Swarton.* | *With a Silken Thread.*

The Rebel of the Family.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Witch Stories.

| *Ourselfes: Essays on Women.*

Free-shooting: Extracts from the Works of Mrs. LYNN LINTON.

Lowe (Charles, M.A.).—Our Greatest Living Soldiers. With 8 Portraits. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Lucy (Henry W.).—Gideon Fleyce: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Macalpine (Avery), Novels by.

Teresa Itasca. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 1s.
Broken Wings. With Six Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

MacColl (Hugh), Novels by.

Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Ednor Whitlock. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Macdonell (Agnes).—Quaker Cousins. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

MacGregor (Robert).—Pastimes and Players: Notes on Popular Games. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Mackay (Charles, LL.D.).—Interludes and Undertones; or, Music at Twilight. Crown 8vo, cloth extra 6s.

Mackenna (Stephen J.) and J. Augustus O'Shea.—Brave Men in Action: Thrilling Stories of the British Flag. With 8 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD. Small demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

McCarthy (Justin), Works by.

A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. LIBRARY EDITION. Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each.—Also a POPULAR EDITION, in Four Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.—And the JUBILEE EDITION, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, in Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

A History of Our Own Times, from 1830 to the Diamond Jubilee. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s.; or crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

A Short History of Our Own Times. One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.—Also a CHEAP POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

A History of the Four Georges and of William the Fourth. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY and JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY. Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each.

The Reign of Queen Anne. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each. [Preparing.]

Reminiscences. With a Portrait. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 24s. [Vols. III. & IV. shortly.]

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

The Waterdale Neighbours. | *Donna Quixote.* With 12 Illustrations.

My Enemy's Daughter. | *The Comet of a Season.*

A Fair Saxon. | *Linley Rochford.* | *Maid of Athens.* With 12 Illustrations.

Dear Lady Disdain. | *The Dictator.* | *Camilla: A Girl with a Fortune.*

Miss Misanthrope. With 12 Illustrations. | *Red Diamonds.* | *The Riddle Ring.*

The Three Disgraces, and other Stories. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Mononia: A Love Story of "Forty-eight." Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

'The Right Honourable.' By JUSTIN MCCARTHY and Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

McCarthy (Justin Huntly), Works by.

The French Revolution. (Consequent Assembly, 1789-91). Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each.
An Outline of the History of Ireland. Crown 8vo, 12s.; cloth, 12s. 6d.
Ireland Since the Union: Sketches of Irish History, 1798-1886. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Halls in London: Poems. Small 8vo, gold cloth, 3s. 6d.
Our Sensation Novel. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 12s.; cloth limp, 12s. 6d.
Doom: An Atlantic Episode. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 12s.
Dolly: A Sketch. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 12s.; cloth limp, 12s. 6d.
Lily Lass: A Romance. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 12s.; cloth limp, 12s. 6d.
A London Legend. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
The Royal Christopher. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MacDonald (George, LL.D.), Books by.

Works of Fancy and Imagination. Ten Vols., 16mo, cloth, gilt edges, in cloth case, 21s.: or the Volumes may be had separately, in Grolier cloth, at 2s. 6d. each.
 Vol. I. WITHIN AND WITHOUT.—THE HIDDEN LIFE.
 „ II. THE DISCIPLE.—THE GOSPEL WOMEN.—BOOK OF SONNETS.—ORGAN SONGS.
 „ III. VIOLIN SONGS.—SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS.—A BOOK OF DREAMS.—ROADSIDE POEMS.—POEMS FOR CHILDREN.
 „ IV. PARABLES.—BALLADS.—SCOTCH SONGS.
 „ V. & VI. PHANTASTES: A Faerie Romance. | Vol. VII. THE PORTENT.
 „ VIII. THE LIGHT PRINCESS.—THE GIANT'S HEART.—SHADOWS.
 „ IX. CROSS PURPOSES.—THE GOLDEN KEY.—THE CARASOYN.—LITTLE DAYLIGHT.
 „ X. THE CRUEL PAINTER.—THE WOV O' RIVEN.—THE CASTLE.—THE BROKEN SWORDS.
 „ —THE GRAY WOLF.—UNCLE CORNELIUS.

Poetical Works of George MacDonald. Collected and Arranged by the Author. Two Vols. crown 8vo, buckram, 12s.

A Threefold Cord. Edited by GEORGE MACDONALD. Post 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Phantastes: A Faerie Romance. With 25 Illustrations by J. BELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Heather and Snow: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Lilith: A Romance. SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Machray (Robert).—A Blow over the Heart. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

MacIse Portrait Gallery (The) of Illustrious Literary Characters: 85 Portraits by DANIEL MACLISE; with Memoirs—Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—illustrative of the Literature of the former half of the Present Century, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Macquoid (Mrs.), Works by. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

In the Ardennes. With 50 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany. 34 Illus. by T. R. MACQUOID.

Through Normandy. With 25 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.

About Yorkshire. With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Magician's Own Book, The: Performances with Eggs, Hats, &c.

Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Magic Lantern, The, and its Management: Including full Practical

Directions. By T. C. HEPPWORTH. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 12s.; cloth, 12s. 6d.

Magna Charta: An Exact Facsimile of the Original in the British

Museum, 3 feet by 2 feet, with Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours, 5s.

Mallory (Sir Thomas).—Mort d'Arthur: The Stories of King

Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. (A Selection.) Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Mallock (W. H.), Works by.

The New Republic. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture boards, 2s.

The New Paul and Virginia: Positivism on an Island. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Poems. Small 4to, parchment, 8s. | **Is Life Worth Living?** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Margueritte (Paul and Victor).—The Disaster. Translated by

FREDERIC LEE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Marlowe's Works. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes

and Introductions, by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Massinger's Plays. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited

by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Matthews (Brander).—A Secret of the Sea, &c. Post 8vo, illus-

trated boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 3s. 6d.

Max O'Rell, Books by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Her Royal Highness Woman. | **Studies in Cheerfulness.**

Merivale (Herman).—Bar, Stage, and Platform: Autobiographic

Memoirs. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Merrick (Leonard), Novels by.

The Man who was Good. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

This Stage of Fools.

Cynthia: A Daughter of the Philistines.

Meade (L. T.), Novels by.

- A Soldier of Fortune.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
The Voice of the Charming. With 8 Illustrations.
In an Iron Grip. | **On the Brink of a Chasm.** | **A Son of Ishmael.**
The Siren. | **The Way of a Woman.** | **An Adventuress.**
Dr. Rumsey's Patient. By L. T. MEADE and CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

This Troublesome World. SECOND EDITION. | **A Stumble by the Way.**

Mexican Mustang (On a), through Texas to the Rio Grande. By

A. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY KNOX. With 265 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Miller (Mrs. F. Fenwick).—Physiology for the Young; or, The

House of Life. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Milton (J. L.), Works by. Post 8vo, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

- The Hygiene of the Skin.** With Directions for Diet, Soaps, Baths, Wines, &c.
The Bath in Diseases of the Skin.
The Laws of Life, and their Relation to Diseases of the Skin.

Minto (Wm.).—Was She Good or Bad? Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Mitchell (Edmund), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

The Lone Star Rush. With 8 Illustrations by NORMAN H. HARDY.
Only a Nigger.

Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat backs, 2s. each.

Plotters of Paris. | **The Temple of Death.** | **Towards the Eternal Snows.**

Mitford (Bertram), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

- The Gun-Runner:** A Romance of Zululand. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD.
The King's Assagai. With Six full-page Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.
Renshaw Fanning's Quest. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD.
The Luck of Gerard Ridegley. Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat back, 2s.
The Triumph of Hilary Blachland. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Molesworth (Mrs.).—Hathercourt Rectory. Crown 8vo, cloth,

3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Moncrieff (W. D. Scott-).—The Abdication: An Historical Drama.

With Seven Etchings by JOHN PETTIE, W. O. ORCHARDSON, J. MACWHIRTER, COLIN HUNTER, R. MACBETH and TOM GRAHAM. Imperial 4to, buckram, 25s.

Montagu (Irving).—Things I Have Seen in War. With 16 full-

page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Moore (Thomas), Works by.

- The Epicurean; and Alciphron.** Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.
Prose and Verse; including Suppressed Passages from the MEMOIRS OF LORD BYRON. Edited by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Morrow (W. C.).—Bohemian Paris of To-Day. With 106 Illustrations by EDOUARD CUCUEL. Small demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Muddock (J. E.), Stories by.

- Maid Marian and Robin Hood.** With 12 Illustrations by STANLEY WOOD.
Basile the Jester. With Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD.
Young Lochinvar. | **The Golden Idol.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Dead Man's Secret. | **From the Bosom of the Deep.**

Stories Weird and Wonderful. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Murray (D. Christie), Novels by.

- Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
A Life's Atonement. | **A Model Father.** | **Bob Martin's Little Girl.**
Joseph's Coat. 12 Illusts. | **Old Blazer's Hero.** | **Time's Revenges.**
Coals of Fire. 3 Illusts. | **Cynic Fortune.** Frontisp. | **A Wasted Crime.**
Val Strange. | **By the Gate of the Sea.** | **In Direct Peril.**
Hearts. | **A Bit of Human Nature.** | **Mount Despair.**
The Way of the World. | **First Person Singular.** | **A Captiv' o' Nails.**
The Making of a Novelist: An Experiment in Autobiography. With a Colotype Portrait. Cr. 8vo, buckram, 3s. 6d.

My Contemporaries in Fiction. Crown 8vo, buckram, 3s. 6d.

His Own Ghost. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

This Little World. | **A Race for Millions.**

Tales in Prose and Verse. With Frontispiece by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

The Church of Humanity. | **Despair's Last Journey.**

Murray (D. Christie) and Henry Herman, Novels by.

- Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
One Traveller Returns. | **The Bishops' Bible.**
Paul Jones's Alias, &c. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and G. NICOLET.

Murray (Henry), Novels by.

A Game of Bluff. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each. | *A Song of Sixpence.*

Newbolt (H.).—Taken from the Enemy. Post 8vo, leatherette, 1s.

Nisbet (Hume), Books by.

'Ball Up.' Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Dr. Bernard St. Vincent. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Lessons in Art. With 21 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

Norris (W. E.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each.
Saint Ann's. | *Billy Bellow.* With a Frontispiece by F. H. TOWNSEND.

Miss Wentworth's Idea. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Oakley (John).—A Gentleman in Khaki: A Story of the South African War. Demy 8vo, picture cover, 1s.

Ohnet (Georges), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Doctor Rameau. | *A Last Love.*

A Weird Gift. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Love's Depths. Translated by F. ROTHWELL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Oliphant (Mrs.), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Primrose Path. | *Whitsladies.*

The Greatest Heiress in England.

The Sorceress. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

O'Shaughnessy (Arthur), Poems by:

Mists and Moonlight. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each. | *Songs of a Worker.*

Lays of France. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Ouida, Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. ea.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. ea.

Held in Bondage.

Tricorin.

Strathmore. | *Chandos.*

Cecil Castlemaine's Gage

Under Two Flags.

Fuck. | *Idalia.*

Felle-Farine.

A Dog of Flanders.

Pascarel. | *Sigma.*

Two Wooden Shoes.

In a Winter City.

Ariadne. | *Friendship.*

A Village Commune.

Moths. | *Pipistrallo.*

In Maremma. | *Wanda.*

Bimbi. | *Syrin.*

Frascoes. | *Othmar.*

Princess Napraxine.

Gulideroy. | *Ruffino.*

Two Offenders.

Santa Barbara.

POPULAR EDITIONS. Medium 8vo, 6d. each; cloth, 1s. each.

Under Two Flags.

Moths.

Held in Bondage.

Medium 8vo, 6d. each.

Fuck.

The Waters of Edera. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, 8s. 6d.

Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.—CHEAP EDITION, illustrated boards, 2s.

Pandurang Hari; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With Preface by Sir BARTLE FRERE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Paris Salon, The Illustrated Catalogue of the, for 1902. (Twenty-fourth Year.) With over 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 3s. (May.)

Payn (James), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Lost Sir Hasingbald.

A County Family.

Less Black than We're Painted.

By Proxy. | *For Cash Only.*

High Spirits.

A Confidential Agent. With 12 Illusts.

A Grape from a Thorn. With 12 Illusts.

The Family Scapegrace.

Holiday Tasks.

The Talk of the Town. With 12 Illusts.

The Mystery of Milbridge.

The Word and the Will.

The Burnt Millon.

Sunny Stories. | *A Trying Patient.*

Post 8vo illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Humorous Stories. | *From Exile.*

The Foster Brothers.

Married Beneath Kim.

Bentinck's Tutor. | *Walter's Word.*

A Perfect Treasure.

Like Father, Like Son.

A Woman's Vengeance.

Carlyon's Year. | *Cecil's Trust.*

Murphy's Master. | *At Her Mercy.*

The Clyffards of Clyffe.

Some Private Views.

Found Dead. | *Gwendoline's Harvest.*

Mirk Abbey. | *A Marine Residence.*

The Canon's Ward.

Not Wood, But Wom.

Two Hundred Pounds Reward.

The Best of Husbands.

Halves. | *What He Cost Her.*

Fallen Fortunes. | *Kit: A Mamory.*

Under One Roof. | *Glow-worm Tales.*

A Prince of the Blood.

A Modern Dick Whittington; or, A Patron of Letters. With a Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, 8s. 6d.

In Peril and Privation. With 17 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Notes from the 'News.' Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes by T. M'CRIE, D.D. Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

Paul (Margaret A.).—Gentle and Simple. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece by HELEN PATERSON, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Payne (Will).—Jerry the Dreamer. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Pennell (H. Cholmondeley), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. ea.

Puck on Pegasus. With Illustrations.

Pegasus Re-saddled. With Ten full-page Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER.

The Muses of Mayfair: Vers de Societ . Selected by H. C. PENNELL.

Phelps (E. Stuart), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

An Old Maid's Paradise.

Burglars in Paradise.

Beyond the Gates. Post 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Jack the Fisherman. Illustrated by C. W. REED. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Phil May's Sketch-Book. Containing 54 Humorous Cartoons. Crown folio, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Phipson (Dr. T. L.), Books by. Crown 8vo, art canvas, gilt top, 5s. ea.

Famous Violinists and Fine Violins.

Voice and Violin: Sketches, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences.

Planche (J. R.), Works by.

The Pursuivant of Arms. With Six Plates and 209 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Songs and Poems, 1819-1879. With Introduction by Mrs. MACKARNESS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men. With Notes and a Life of

Plutarch by JOHN and WM. LANGHORNE, and Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-cloth 10s. 6d.

Poe's (Edgar Allan) Choice Works: Poems, Stories, Essays.

With an Introduction by CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Pollock (W. H.).—The Charm, and other Drawing-room Plays. By

Sir WALTER BESANT and WALTER H. POLLOCK. With 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

Pond (Major J. B.).—Eccentricities of Genius: Memories of

Famous Men and Women of the Platform and the Stage. With 91 Portraits. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s.

Pope's Poetical Works. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Porter (John).—Kingsclere. Edited by BYRON WEBBER. With 19

full-page and many smaller Illustrations. Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Praed (Mrs. Campbell), Novels by. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. each.

The Romance of a Station.

The Soul of Countess Adrian.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, boards, 2s. each.

Outlaw and Lawmaker.

Christina Chard. With Frontispiece by W. PAGET.

Mrs. Tragaskies. With 8 Illustrations by ROBERT SAUBER.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Nulma.

Madame Isan.

'As a Watch in the Night.'

Price (E. C.).—Valentina. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Princess Olga.—Radna: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Pryce (Richard).—Miss Maxwell's Affections. Crown 8vo, cloth,

with Frontispiece by HAL LUDLOW, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Proctor (Richard A.), Works by.

Flowers of the Sky. With 55 Illustrations. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Easy Star Lessons. With Star Maps for every Night in the Year. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Familiar Science Studies. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Saturn and its System. With 13 Steel Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Mysteries of Time and Space. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

The Universe of Suns, &c. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Wages and Wants of Science Workers. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Rambosson (J.).—Popular Astronomy. Translated by C. B. PITMAN.

With 20 Coloured Plates and 65 Woodcut Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Randolph (Col. G.).—Aunt Abigail Dykes. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Read (General Meredith).—Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne,

and Savoy. With 31 full-page Illustrations. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 8s.

Richardson (Frank).—The King's Counsel. Cr. 8vo, cl., gilt top, 6s.

Riddell (Mrs. J. H.), Novels by.

A Rich Man's Daughter. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Weird Stories. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Uninhabited House.

Fairy Water.

The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.

Her Mother's Darling.

The Mystery in Palace Gardens.

The Nun's Curse. | *Idle Tales.*

Reade's (Charles) Novels.

The New Collected LIBRARY EDITION, complete in Seventeen Volumes, set in new long primer type, printed on laid paper, and elegantly bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d. each.

1. Peg Woffington; and Christie Johnstone.
2. Hard Cash.
3. The Cloister and the Hearth. With a Preface by Sir WALTER BESANT.
4. 'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'
5. The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth; and Singleheart and Doubleface.
6. The Autobiography of a Thief; Jack of all Trades; A Hero and a Martyr; and The Wandering Heir.
7. Love Me Little, Love me Long.
8. The Double Marriage.
9. Griffith Gaunt.
10. Foul Play.
11. Put Yourself in His Place.
12. A Terrible Temptation.
13. A Simpleton.
14. A Woman-Hater.
15. The Jilt, and other Stories; and Good Stories of Man and other Animals.
16. A Perilous Secret.
17. Readiana; and Bible Characters.

In Twenty-one Volumes, post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
 Peg Woffington. | Christie Johnstone.
 'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'
 The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth.
 The Autobiography of a Thief; Jack of all Trades; and James Lambert.
 Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
 The Double Marriage.
 The Cloister and the Hearth.

Hard Cash. | Griffith Gaunt.
 Foul Play. | Put Yourself in His Place.
 A Terrible Temptation.
 A Simpleton. | The Wandering Heir.
 A Woman-Hater.
 Singleheart and Doubleface.
 Good Stories of Man and other Animals.
 The Jilt, and other Stories.
 A Perilous Secret. | Readiana.

LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITIONS. Post 8vo, cl., gilt top, 2s. net ea.; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net ea.
 The Cloister and the Hearth. | 'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'

POPULAR EDITIONS. Medium 8vo, 6d. each; cloth, 1s. each.
 Peg Woffington; and Christie Johnstone. | Hard Cash.

Medium 8vo, 6d. each.
 'It is Never Too Late to Mend.' | The Cloister and the Hearth. | Foul Play.

Christie Johnstone. With Frontispiece. Chocely printed in Elzevir style. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxb., 2s. 6d.
 Peg Woffington. Chocely printed in Elzevir style. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxb., 2s. 6d.

The Cloister and the Hearth. In Four Vols., post 8vo, with an Introduction by Sir WALTER BESANT, and a Frontispiece to each Vol., buckram, gilt top, 6s. the set.

The Cloister and the Hearth. NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION, with 16 Photogravure and 24 half-tone Illustrations by MATT B. HEWERDINE. Small 4to, cloth gilt and gilt top, 1s. 6d. net, Bible Characters. Fcap. 8vo, leatherette, 1s.

Selections from the Works of Charles Reade. With an Introduction by Mrs. ALEX. IRELAND. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

Rimmer (Alfred), Works by. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Rambles Round Eton and Harrow. With 53 Illustrations by the Author.
 About England with Dickens. With 58 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF and A. RIMMER.

Rives (Amelie, Author of 'The Quick or the Dead?'), Stories by.

Barbara Daring. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
 Meriel: A Love Story.

Robinson Crusoe. By DANIEL DEFOE. With 37 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Post 8vo, half-cloth, 2s.

Robinson (F. W.), Novels by.

Women are Strange. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
 The Hands of Justice. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
 The Woman in the Dark. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Robinson (Phil), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

The Poets' Birds. | The Poets' Beasts.
 The Poets and Nature: Reptiles, Fishes, and Insects.

Roll of Battle Abbey, The: A List of the Principal Warriors who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, 1066. Printed in Gold and Colours, 5s.

Rosengarten (A.).—A Handbook of Architectural Styles. Translated by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 630 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Ross (Albert).—A Sugar Princess. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Rowley (Hon. Hugh), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Funiana: Riddles and Jokes. With numerous Illustrations.
 More Funiana. Profusely Illustrated.

Runciman (James), Stories by.

Schools and Scholars. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Skippers and Shellbacks. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Russell (Dora), Novels by.

A Country Sweetheart. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.
 The Drift of Fate. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. picture cloth, flat back, 2s.

Russell (Herbert).—True Blue; or, 'The Lass that Loved a Sailor.'

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Russell (W. Clark), Novels, &c., by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Round the Galley-Fire. | **An Ocean Tragedy.**
In the Middle Watch. | **My Shipmate Louise.**
On the Fo'k'sle Head. | **Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.**
A Voyage to the Cape. | **The Good Ship 'Mohock.'**
A Book for the Hammock. | **The Phantom Death.**
The Mystery of the 'Ocean Star.' | **Is He the Man?**
The Romance of Jenny Harlowe. | **The Convict Ship.**
The Tale of the Ten. | **Heart of Oak.** | **The Last Entry.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Tale of Two Tunnels.

The Death Ship.

The Ship: Her Story. With 50 Illustrations by H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT. Small 4to, cloth, 6s.
The 'Pretty Polly': A Voyage of Incident. With 22 Illustrations by G. E. ROBERTSON.
 Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

Saint Aubyn (Alan), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
A Fellow of Trinity. With a Note by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and a Frontispiece.
The Junior Dean. | **The Master of St. Benedict's.** | **To His Own Master.**
Orchard Demeral. | **In the Face of the World.** | **The Tramlet Diamonds.**

Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. each.

The Old Maid's Sweetheart.

Modest Little Sara.

The Wooing of May.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Fortune's Gate.

A Tragic Honey-moon.

A Proctor's Wooing.

Mary Unwin. With 8 Illustrations by PERCY TARRANT.

Gallantry Bower.

Bonnie Maggie Lauder.

Mrs. Dunbar's Secret.

Saint John (Bayle).—A Levantine Family. A New Edition.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Sala (George A.).—Gaslight and Daylight. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Scotland Yard, Past and Present: Experiences of Thirty-seven Years.

By Ex-Chief-Inspector CAVANAGH. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Secret Out, The: One Thousand Tricks with Cards; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or 'White' Magic. By W. H. CREMER. With 300 illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Seguin (L. G.), Works by.

The Country of the Passion Play (Oberammergau) and the Highlands of Bavaria. With Map and 37 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Walks in Algiers. With Two Maps and 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Senior (Wm.).—By Stream and Sea. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Sergeant (Adeline), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Under False Pretences.

Dr. Endicott's Experiment.

Shakespeare for Children: Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

With Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Crown 4to, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Shakespeare the Boy. With Sketches of the Home and School Life, the Games and Sports, the Manners, Customs, and Folk-lore of the Time. By WILLIAM J. ROLFE, Litt.D. A New Edition, with 22 Illustrations, and an INDEX OF PLAYS AND PASSAGES REFERRED TO. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Sharp (William).—Children of To-morrow. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Shelley's (Percy Bysshe) Complete Works in Verse and Prose.

Edited, Prefaced, and Annotated by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. Five Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Poetical Works, in Three Vols.:

Vol. I. Introduction by the Editor; Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Shelley's Correspondence with Stockdale; The Wandering Jew; Queen Mab, with the Notes; Alastor, and other Poems; Rosalind and Helen; Prometheus Unbound; Adonais, &c.

" II. Laon and Cythna; The Cenci; Julian and Maddalo; Swellfoot the Tyrant; The Witch of Atlas; Epipsychidion; Hellas.

" III. Posthumous Poems; The Masque of Anarchy; and other Pieces.

Prose Works, in Two Vols.:

Vol. I. The Two Romances of Zastrozzi and St. Irvyne; the Dublin and Marlow Pamphlets; A Refutation of Deism; Letters to Leigh Hunt, and some Minor Writings and Fragments.

II. The Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments, edited by Mrs. SHIRLEY. With a Biography of Shelley, and an Index of the Prose Works.

Sherard (R. H.).—Rogues: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Sheridan's (Richard Brinsley) Complete Works, with Life and

Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, and Jokes. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Rivals, The School for Scandal, and other Plays. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Sheridan's Comedies: The Rivals and The School for Scandal. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes to each Play, and a Biographical Sketch, by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, half-parchment, 12s. 6d.

Shiel (M. P.).—The Purple Cloud. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete Poetical Works, including all those in 'Arcadia.' With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. each.

Signboards: Their History, including Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With Coloured Frontispiece and 94 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Sims (George R.), Works by.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.	
The Ring o' Belles.	My Two Wives.
Tinkletop's Crime.	Tales of To-day.
Zeph: A Circus Story, &c.	Memoirs of a Landlady.
Dramas of Life. With 60 Illustrations.	Scenes from the Show.
	The Ten Commandments: Stories.

Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each.
The Dagonet Reciter and Reader: Being Readings and Recitations in Prose and Verse, selected from his own Works by GEORGE R. SIMS.

The Case of George Candelmas. | **Dagonet Ditties.** (From *The Refrains*.)

How the Poor Live; and Horrible London. With a Frontispiece by F. BARNARD.

Crown 8vo, leatherette, 1s.
Dagonet Dramas of the Day. Crown 8vo, 1s.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Mary Jane's Memoirs. | **Mary Jane Married.** | **Rogues and Yagabonds.**
Dagonet Abroad.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
Once upon a Christmas Time. With 8 Illustrations by CHARLES GREEN, R.L.
In London's Heart: A Story of To-day.—Also in picture cloth, flat back, 2s. | **A Blind Marriage.**
Without the Limelight: Theatrical Life as it is. | **The Small-part Lady, &c.**

Sister Dora: A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. With Four Illustrations. Demy 8vo, picture cover, 4d.; cloth, 6d.

Sketchley (Arthur).—A Match in the Dark. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Slang Dictionary (The): Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.

Smart (Hawley), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each.	
Beatrice and Benedick.	Long Odds.
Without Love or Licence.	The Master of Rathkelly.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each. | **A Racing Rubber.**

The Outsider
The Plunger. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Smith (J. Moyr), Works by.

The Prince of Argilla. With 120 Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
The Wooing of the Water Witch. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Snazelleparilla. Decanted by G. S. EDWARDS. With Portrait of G. H. SNAZELLE, and 65 Illustrations by C. LYALL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Society in London. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Somerset (Lord Henry).—Songs of Adieu. Small 4to Jap. vel., 6s.

Spalding (T. A., LL.B.).—Elizabethan Demonology: An Essay on the Belief in the Existence of Devils. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Speight (T. W.), Novels by.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.	
The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.	The Loudwater Tragedy.
By Devious Ways, &c.	Burgo's Romance.
Hoodwinked; & Sandycroft Mystery.	Quittance in Full.
The Golden Hoop. Back to Life.	A Husband from the Sea.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each. | **Wife or No Wife?**

A Barren Title.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
A Secret of the Sea. | **The Gray Monk.** | **The Master of Tranance.**
A Million of the Moon: A Romance of the King's Highway.
The Secret of Wyvern Towers. | **The Doom of Silva.** | **The Web of Fate.**
The Strange Experiences of Mr. Verschoyle.

Spenser for Children. By M. H. TOWRY. With Coloured Illustrations by WALTER J. MORGAN. Crown 4to, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Sprigge (S. Squire).—An Industrious Chevalier. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Spettigue (H. H.).—The Heritage of Eve. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Stafford (John), Novels by.

Doris and I. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. | **Carlton Priors.** Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Starry Heavens (The): A POETICAL BIRTHDAY BOOK. Royal 16mo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

Stag-Hunting with the 'Devon and Somerset.' An Account of the Chase of the Wild Red Deer on Exmoor, 1887-1901. By PHILIP EVERED. With 70 Illustrations by H. M. LOMAS. Crown 4to, cloth gilt 16s. net.

Stedman (E. C.).—Victorian Poets. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Stephens (Riccardo, M.B.).—The Cruciform Mark: The Strange Story of RICHARD TRIGENNA, Bachelor of Medicine (Univ. Edinb.) Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.

Stephens (Robert Neilson).—Philip Winwood: A Sketch of the Domestic History of an American Captain in the War of Independence. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Sterndale (R. Armitage).—The Afghan Knife: A Novel. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; Illustrated boards, 2s.

Stevenson (R. Louis), Works by.

Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s. each.

Travels with a Donkey. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE

An Inland Voyage. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.

Familiar Studies of Men and Books.

The Silverado Squatters. With Frontispiece by J. D. STRONG.

The Merry Men.

Memories and Portraits.

Virginibus Puerisque, and other Papers. | Ballads.

Across the Plains, with other Memories and Essays. | Prince Otto.

Weir of Hermiston. | In the South Seas.

Familiar Studies of Men and Books. LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION. Post 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net.

A Lowden Sabbath Morn. With 27 Illustrations by A. S. BOYD. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Songs of Travel. Crown 8vo, buckram, 5s.

New Arabian Nights. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

—POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

The Suicide Club; and The Rajah's Diamond. (From NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.) With

Eight Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Stevenson Reader: Selections from the Writings of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by LLOYD OSBOURNE. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; buckram, gilt top, 3s. 6d.

The Pocket R.L.S. Favourite Passages from his Works. Small 16mo, cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.

LARGE TYPE, FINE PAPER EDITION. Post 8vo, cl., gilt top, 2s. net each; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net each.

Familiar Studies of Men and Books. | New Arabian Nights.

Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study in Criticism. By H. BELYSE BAILDON. With 2 Portraits. SECOND EDITION, REVISED. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.

Stockton (Frank R.).—The Young Master of Hyson Hall. With numerous Illustrations by VIRGINIA H. DAVISSON and C. H. STEPHENS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Storey (G. A., A.R.A.).—Sketches from Memory. With 93 Illustrations by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s. 6d.

Stories from Foreign Novelists. With Notices by HELEN and ALICE ZIMMERN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra 3s. 6d.

Strange Manuscript (A) Found in a Copper Cylinder. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 19 Illustrations by GILBERT GAUL, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Strange Secrets. Told by PERCY FITZGERALD, CONAN DOYLE, FLORANCE MARRYAT, &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Strutt (Joseph).—The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummers, Shows, &c., from the Earliest Period. Edited by WILLIAM HONE. With 140 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Sundowner, Stories by.

Told by the Taffrail. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Tale of the Serpent. Crown 8vo, cloth, flat back, 2s.

Surtees (Robert).—Handley Cross; or, Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt. With 70 Illustrations by JOHN LEECH. A New Edition. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s.

Swinburne's (Algernon C.) Works.

Selections from the Poetical Works of A. C. Swinburne. Fcap. 8vo 6s.

Atlanta in Calydon. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Chastelard: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Poems and Ballads. FIRST SERIES. Crown 8vo, or fcap. 8vo, 9s.

Poems and Ballads. SECOND SER. Cr. 8vo, 9s.

Poems & Ballads. THIRD SERIES. Cr. 8vo, 7s.

Songs before Sunrise. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Bothwell: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

Songs of Two Nations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

George Chapman. (See Vol. II. of G. CHAPMAN'S Works.) Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Essays and Studies. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Erechtheus: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Note on Charlotte Brontë. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Shakespeare. Crown 8vo, 8s.

Songs of the Springtides. Crown vo, 6s.

Studies in Song. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Mary Stuart: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 8s.

Tristram of Lyonesse. Crown 8vo, 9s.

A Century of Roundels. Small 4to, 8s.

A Midsummer Holiday. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Marino Faliero: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Victor Hugo. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Miscellanies. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Loerine: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Ben Jonson. Crown 8vo, 7s.

The Sisters: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Astrophel, &c. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Studies in Prose and Poetry. Cr. 8vo, 9s.

The Tale of Balen. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Swift's (Dean) Choice Works, in Prose and Verse. With Memoir,

Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in 'Gulliver's Travels.' Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Gulliver's Travels, and A Tale of a Tub. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Jonathan Swift: A Study. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

Syntax's (Dr.) Three Tours: In Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With ROWLANDSON'S Coloured Illustrations, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Taine's History of English Literature. Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., small demy 8vo, cloth boards, 30s.—POPULAR EDITION, Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

Taylor (Bayard).—Divisions of the Echo Club: Burlesques of Modern Writers. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Taylor (Tom).—Historical Dramas: 'JEANNE D'ARC,' 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN,' 'THE FOOL'S REVENGE,' 'ARKWRIGHT'S WIFE,' 'ANNE BOLEYNE,' 'PLOT AND PASSION.' Crown 8vo, 1s. each.

Temple (Sir Richard, G.C.S.I.).—A Bird's-eye View of Picturesque India. With 32 Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Thackerayana: Notes and Anecdotes. With Coloured Frontispiece and Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Thames, A New Pictorial History of the. By A. S. KRAUSSE. With 340 Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Thomas (Annie), Novels by.

The Siren's Web: A Romance of London Society. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Comrades True. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Thomas (Bertha), Novels by.

The Violin-Player. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

In a Cathedral City.

The Son of the House.

The House on the Scar: a Tale of South Devon. SECOND EDITION.

Thomson's Seasons, and The Castle of Indolence. With Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and 48 Illustrations. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Thoreau: His Life and Aims. By H. A. PAGE. With a Portrait and View. Post 8vo buckram, 3s. 6d.

Thornbury (Walter), Books by.

The Life and Correspondence of J. M. W. Turner. With Eight Illustrations in Colours and Two Woodcuts. New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Tales for the Marines. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Timbs (John), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Clubs and Club Life in London: Anecdotes of its Famous Coffee-houses, Hostels, and Taverns. With 41 Illustrations.

English Eccentricities and Eccentricities: Stories of Delusions, Impostures, Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folk, &c. With 48 Illustrations.

Twain's (Mark) Books.

The Author's Edition de Luxe of the Works of Mark Twain, in 22 Volumes (limited to 600 Numbered Copies for sale in Great Britain and its Dependencies), price £13 15s. net (the Set; or, 12s. 6d. net per Volume, is now complete, and a detailed Prospectus may be had. The First Volume of the Set is SIGNED BY THE AUTHOR. (Sold only in Sets.)

UNIFORM LIBRARY EDITION OF MARK TWAIN'S WORKS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Mark Twain's Library of Humour. With 197 Illustrations by E. W. KEMBLE.

Roughing It; and The Innocents at Home. With 200 Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.

The American Claimant. With 82 Illustrations by HAL HURST and others.

***The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.** With 111 Illustrations.

***Tom Sawyer Abroad.** With 26 Illustrations by DAN BEARD.

***Tom Sawyer, Detective, &c.** With Photogravure Portrait of the Author.

Pudd'nhead Wilson. With Portrait and Six Illustrations by LOUIS LOEB.

***A Tramp Abroad.** With 314 Illustrations.

***The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress.** With 234 Illustrations. (The Two Shilling Edition is entitled **Mark Twain's Pleasure Trip**.)

***The Gilded Age.** By MARK TWAIN and C. D. WARNER. With 212 Illustrations.

***The Prince and the Pauper.** With 190 Illustrations.

***Life on the Mississippi.** With 300 Illustrations.

***The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.** With 174 Illustrations by E. W. KEMBLE.

***A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.** With 220 Illustrations by DAN BEARD.

***The Stolen White Elephant.** | ***The £1,000,000 Bank-Note.**

The Choice Works of Mark Twain. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.

. The books marked * may be had also in post 8vo, picture boards, at 2s. each.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. With Twelve Illustrations by F. V. DU MOND.

More Tramps Abroad.

The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg, and other Stories and Sketches. With a Frontispiece

Mark Twain's Sketches. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Trollope (Anthony), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Way We Live Now. | **Mr. Scarborough's Family.**
Frau Frohmann. | **Marion Fay.** | **The Land-Leaguers.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Kept in the Dark. | **The American Senator.** | **The Golden Lion of Granpere.**

Trollope (Frances E.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Like Ships upon the Sea. | **Mabel's Progress.** | **Anne Furness.**

Trollope (T. A.).—Diamond Cut Diamond. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Tytler (C. C. Fraser).—Mistress Judith: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Tytler (Sarah), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Buried Diamonds. | **The Blackhall Ghosts.** | **What She Came Through.**
 Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Bride's Pass. | **The Huguenot Family.** | **Noblesse Oblige.** | **Disappeared.**
Saint Mungo's City. | **Lady Bell.** | **Beauty and the Beast.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
The Macdonald Lass. With Frontispiece. | **Mrs. Carmichael's Goddesses.**
The Witch-Wife. | **Rachel Langton.** | **Sapphira.** | **A Honeymoon's Eclipse.**
A Young Dragon.

Citoyenne Jacqueline. Crown 8vo, picture cloth, flat back, 2s.
Three Men of Mark. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Upward (Allen), Novels by.—A Crown of Straw. Cr. 8vo, cl. 6s.

The Queen Against Owen. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.
The Prince of Balkistan. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Vandam (Albert D.).—A Court Tragedy. With 6 Illustrations by

J. BARNARD DAVIS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Vashti and Esther. By 'Belle' of *The World*. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Vizetelly (Ernest A.), Books by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Scorpion: A Romance of Spain. With a Frontispiece.
With Zola in England: A Story of Exile. With 4 Portraits.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.
A Path of Thorns. | **The Lover's Progress.**

Bluebeard: An Account of Comorre the Cursed and Gilles de Rais; with Summaries of various Tales and Traditions. With 9 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 9s. net.

Wagner (Leopold).—How to Get on the Stage, and how to Succeed there. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom (1902).

Containing Notices of the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of more than 12,000 Distinguished Heads of Families, their Heirs Apparent or Presumptive, the Offices they hold or have held, their Town and Country Addresses, Clubs, &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, 50s.

Waller (S. E.).—Sebastiani's Secret. With 9 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. 6s.

Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler. With Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth antique, 7s. 6d.

Walt Whitman, Poems by. Edited, with Introduction, by WILLIAM M. ROSSSETTI. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, hand-made paper and buckram, 6s.

Warden (Florence), Novels by.

Joan, the Curate. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; picture cloth, flat back, 2s.
A Fight to a Finish. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

Warman (Cy).—The Express Messenger. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Warner (Chas. Dudley).—A Roundabout Journey. Cr. 8vo, cl. 6s.

Warrant to Execute Charles I. A Facsimile, with the 59 Signatures and Seals. Printed on paper 22 in. by 14 in. 2s.

Warrant to Execute Mary Queen of Scots. A Facsimile, including Queen Elizabeth's Signature and the Great Seal. 2s.

Wassermann (Lillias).—The Daffodils. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Weather, How to Foretell the, with the Pocket Spectroscope.

By F. W. CORY. With Ten Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Webber (Byron).—Sport and Spangles. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

Werner (A.).—Chapenga's White Man. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Westbury (Atha).—The Shadow of Hilton Fernbrook: A Romance of Maoriland. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Westall (William), Novels by.

Trust Money. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

As a Man Sows.

Her Ladyship's Secret.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

A Red Bridal.

As Luck would have it.

The Old Bank.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Nigel Fortescue.

Ben Clough. (Birch Dene.)

The Old Factory (also at 6d.)

Sons of Belial.

Strange Crimes.

The Phantom City.

Ralph Norbreck's Trust.

A Queer Race.

Red Rivington.

Roy of Roy's Court.

A Woman Tempted Him.

For Honour and Life.

Her Two Millions.

Two Pinches of Snuff.

With the Red Eagle.

Wheelwright (E. Gray).—A Slow Awakening. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Whishaw (Fred.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

A Forbidden Name: A Story of the Court of Catherine the Great. | **Mazeppa.**

White (Gilbert).—Natural History of Selborne. Post 8vo, 2s.

Wilde (Lady).—The Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland; with Sketches of the Irish Past. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Williams (W. Mattieu, F.R.A.S.), Works by.

Science in Short Chapters. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

A Simple Treatise on Heat. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Chemistry of Cookery. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

A Vindication of Phrenology. With Portrait and 43 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Williamson (Mrs. F. H.).—A Child Widow. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

Wills (C. J.), Novels by.

An Easy-going Fellow. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. | **His Dead Past.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Wilson (Dr. Andrew, F.R.S.E.), Works by.

Chapters on Evolution. With 259 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Leisure-Time Studies. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Studies in Life and Sense. With 35 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Common Accidents: How to Treat Them. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Glimpses of Nature. With 35 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Winter (John Strange), Stories by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards,

2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Cavalry Life.

| **Regimental Legends.**

Cavalry Life and Regimental Legends. LIBRARY EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

A Soldier's Children. With 34 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Wissmann (Hermann von).—My Second Journey through

Equatorial Africa. With 92 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 16s.

Wood (H. F.), Detective Stories by. Post 8vo, boards, 2s. each.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard. | **The Englishman of the Rue Caïn.**

Woolley (Celia Parker).—Rachel Armstrong; or, Love and Theology. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Wright (Thomas, F.S.A.), Works by.

Caricature History of the Georges; or, Annals of the House of Hanover. Compiled from Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures, Lampoons, and Pictorial Caricatures of the Time. With over 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

History of Caricature and of the Grotesque in Art, Literature, Sculpture, and Painting. Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Wynman (Margaret).—My Flirtations. With 13 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Zola (Emile), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

The Joy of Life. Edited by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

The Fortune of the Rougons. Edited by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

Abbe Mouret's Transgression. Edited by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

The Conquest of Plassans. Edited by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

Germinal; or, Master and Man. Edited by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

The Honour of the Army, and other Stories. Edited by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

His Excellency (Eugene Rougon). With an Introduction by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

The Dram-Shop (L'Assommoir). With Introduction by E. A. VIZETELLY.

The Fat and the Thin. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

Money. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. | **Work.** Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

His Masterpiece. Edited by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

The Downfall. Translated by E. A. VIZETELLY.—Also a POPULAR EDITION, medium 8vo, 6d.

The Dream. Translated by ELIZA CHASE. With Eight Illustrations by JEANNOT.

Doctor Pascal. Translated by E. A. VIZETELLY. With Portrait of the Author.

Louderes. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

Rome. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. | **Paris.** Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

Fruitfulness (Fécondité). Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, by E. A. VIZETELLY.

With Zola in England. By ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. With Four Portraits. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

'ZZ' (L. Zangwill).—A Nineteenth Century Miracle. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SOME BOOKS CLASSIFIED IN SERIES.

The St. Martin's Library. Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. net each; leather, 3s. net each.
The Cloister and the Hearth. By CHAS. READE. | **'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'** By CH. READE.
Familia: Studies of Men and Books. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
New Arabian Nights. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. | **The Deemster.** By HALL CAINE.
Under the Greenwood Tree. By THOMAS HARDY. | **The Life of the Fields.** By RICHARD JEFFRIES.

The Mayfair Library. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. per Volume.

Quips and Quiddities. By W. D. ADAMS.
The Agony Column of 'The Times.'
A Journey Round My Room. By X. DE MAISTRE.
Poetical Ingeniuties. By W. T. DOBSON.
The Cupboard Papers. By FIN-BEC.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. Three Series.
Songs of Irish Wit and Humour.
Animals and their Masters. By SIR A. HELPS.
Social Pressure. By SIR A. HELPS.
Autocrat of Breakfast Table. By O. W. HOLMES.
Curiosities of Criticism. By H. J. JENNINGS.
Pencil and Palette. By K. KEMPT.

Little Essays: from LAMB'S LETTERS.
Forensic Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD.
Theatrical Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD.
Ourselves. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Witch Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Pastimes and Players. By R. MACGREGOR.
New Paul and Virginia. By W. H. MALLOCK.
Puck on Pegasus. By H. C. PENNELL.
Pegasus Re-saddled. By H. C. PENNELL.
Funiana (Two Series). By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
By Stream and Sea. By WILLIAM SENIOR.

The Golden Library. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. per Volume.

Songs for Sailors. By W. C. BENNETT.
Lives of the Necromancers. By W. GODWIN.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Scenes of Country Life. By EDWARD JESSE.
La Mort d'Arthur: Selections from MALLORY.
The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.
Diversions of the Echo Club. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Handy Novels. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. each.

Dr. Palliser's Patient. By GRANT ALLEN.
Monte Carlo Stories. By JOAN BARRETT.
Black Spirits and White. By R. A. CRAM.

Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. M. E. COLBRIDGE.
The Old Maid's Sweetheart. By A. ST. AUBYN.
Modest Little Sara. By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

My Library. Printed on laid paper,
The Journal of Maurice de Guérin.
The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb.
Citation of William Shakespeare. W. S. LANDOR.

post 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 2s. 6d. each.
Christie Johnstone. By CHARLES READE.
Peg Woffington. By CHARLES READE.

The Pocket Library. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and hf.-bd., 2s. each.

Gastronomy. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN.
Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated by G. CRUIKSHANK.
Autocrat and Professor. By O. W. HOLMES.
Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal.
Whims and Oddities. By THOMAS HOOD.
Leigh Hunt's Essays. Edited by E. OLLIER.
The Barber's Chair. By DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Essays of Elia. By CHARLES LAMB.
Anecdotes of the Clergy. By JACOB LARWOOD.
The Epicurean, &c. By THOMAS MOORE.
Plays by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
Gulliver's Travels, &c. By DEAN SWIFT.
Thomson's Seasons. Illustrated.
White's Natural History of Selborne.

POPULAR SIXPENNY NOVELS.

The Orange Girl. By WALTER BESANT.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men. WALT. BESANT.
The Chaplain of the Fleet. BESANT & RICE.
Ready-Money Mortiboy. BESANT & RICE.
The Golden Butterfly. BESANT AND RICE.
The Deemster. By HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime. By HALL CAINE.
A Son of Hagar. By HALL CAINE.
Antonina. By WILKIE COLLINS.
The Moonstone. By WILKIE COLLINS.
The Woman in White. By WILKIE COLLINS.
The Dead Secret. By WILKIE COLLINS.
Man and Wife. By WILKIE COLLINS.

The New Magdalen. By WILKIE COLLINS.
Held in Bondage. By OUIDA.
Moths. By OUIDA. | **Puck.** By OUIDA.
Under Two Flags. By OUIDA.
Peg Woffington; and Christie Johnstone. By CHARLES READE. | **READE.**
The Cloister and the Hearth. By CHARLES READE.
Never Too Late to Mend. By CHARLES READE.
Hard Cash. By CHARLES READE.
Foul Play. By CHARLES READE.
New Arabian Nights. By R. L. STEVENSON.
The Old Factory. By WILLIAM WESTALL.
The Downfall. By H. ZOLA.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

LIBRARY EDITIONS OF NOVELS, many Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.
Valerie's Fate.
A Life Interest.
Mona's Choice.
By Woman's Wit.
The Cost of Her Pride.
A Missing Hero.

By F. M. ALLEN.—Green as Grass.

By GRANT ALLEN.
Philistia. | **Babyion.**
Strange Stories.
For Maimie's Sake.
In all Shades.
The Beckoning Hand.
The Devil's Die.
This Mortal Coil.
The Tents of Shem.
By M. ANDERSON.—Othello's Occupation.

By G. WEBB APPLETON.
Rash Conclusions.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD.
Phra the Phoenician. | **Constable of St. Nicholas.**
By ARTEMUS WARD.
Artemus Ward Complete.
By ROBERT BARR.

In a Steamer Chair. | **A Woman Intervenes.**
From Whose Source. | **Revenge.**

By FRANK BARRETT.
Woman of Iron Bracelets. | **Under a Strange Mask**
Pettered for Life. | **A Missing Witness.**
The Harding Scandal. | **Was She Justified?**

By 'BELLE.'—Vashti and Esther.

By SIR W. BESANT AND J. RICE.
Ready-Money Mortiboy. | **By Colla's Harbour.**
My Little Girl. | **Chaplain of the Fleet.**
With Harp and Crown. | **The Seamy Side.**
This Son of Vulcan. | **The Case of Mr. Lucraft.**
The Golden Butterfly. | **In Trafalgar's Bay.**
The Monks of Thelema. | **The Ten Years' Tenant.**

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—continued.

By **Sir WALTER BESANT.**
 All Sorts & Conditions.
 The Captains' Room.
 All in a Garden Fair.
 Dorothy Forster.
 Uncle Jack. | Holy Rose
 World Went Well Then.
 Children of Gibson.
 Herr Paulus.
 For Faith and Freedom.
 To Call Her Mine.
 The Revolt of Man.
 The Bell of St. Paul's.
 The Charm.
 Armored of Lyonsese.
 S. Katherine's by Tower
 Verbena Camellia, &c.
 The Ivory Gate.
 The Rebel Queen.
 Dreams of Avarice.
 In Deacon's Orders.
 The Master Craftsman.
 The City of Refuge.
 A Fountain Sealed.
 The Changeling.
 The Fourth Generation

By **AMBROSE BIERCE**—In Midst of Life.
 By **HAROLD BINDLOSS**, *Alma's Ju-Ju.*

By **M. McD. BODKIN.**
 Dora Myrl. | Shillelagh and Shamrock.
 By **PAUL BOURGET**.—A Living Lie.
 By **J. D. BRAYSHAW**.—Slum Silhouettes.

By **ROBERT BUCHANAN.**
 Shadow of the Sword.
 A Child of Nature.
 God and the Man.
 Martyrdom of Madeline
 Love Me for Ever.
 Anan Water.
 Foxglove Manor.
 The Charlatan.
 The New Abeldar.
 Matt. | Rachel Dene
 Master of the Mine.
 The Heir of Linne.
 Woman and the Man.
 Red and White Heather.
 Lady Kilpatrick.
 Andromeda.

By **R. W. CHAMBERS**.—The King in Yellow.
 By **J. M. CHAPPEL**.—The Minor Chord.
 By **HALL CAINE.**

Shadow of a Crime. | Deemster. | Son of Hagar.
 By **AUSTIN CLARE**.—By Rise of River.
 By **Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.**

Paul Ferroll. | Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.
 By **ANNE COATES**.—Rie's Diary.
 By **MACLAREN COBBAN.**

The Red Sultan. | The Burden of Isabel.
 By **WILKIE COLLINS.**
 Armadale. | After Dark.
 No Name. | Antonina
 Basil. | Hide and Seek.
 The Dead Secret.
 Queen of Hearts.
 My Miscellanies.
 The Woman in White.
 The Law and the Lady.
 The Haunted Hotel.
 The Moonstone.
 Man and Wife.
 Poor Miss Finch.
 Miss or Mrs. ?

By **MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.**
 Blacksmith & Scholar.
 The Village Comedy.
 M. J. COLOUHOUN. | Every Inch Soldier.
 By **HERBERT COMPTON.**
 The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham.
 By **E. H. COOPER**.—Geoffrey Hamilton.
 By **V. C. COTES**.—Two Girls on a Barge.
 By **C. E. CRADDOCK.**

The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.
 His Vanished Star.
 By **H. N. CRELLIN.**
 Romances of the Old Seraglio.
 By **MATT CRIM.**

The Adventures of a Fair Rebel.
 By **S. R. CROCKETT and others.**
 Tales of Our Coast.

By **B. M. CROKER.**
 Diana Barrington.
 Proper Pride.
 A Family Likeness.
 Pretty Miss Neville.
 A Bird of Passage.
 Mr. Jervis.
 Village Tales.
 Some One Else. | Jason.
 Infatuation.

The Real Lady Hilda.
 Married or Single ?
 Two Masters.
 In the Kingdom of Kerry
 Interference.
 A Third Person.
 Beyond the Pale.
 Miss Balmaine's Past.
 Terence.

By **ALPHONSE DAUDET.**
 The Evangelist ; or, Port Salvation.
 H. C. DAVIDSON. | Mr. Sadler's Daughters.

By **HARRY DE WINDT.**
 True Tales of Travel and Adventure.

By **DICK DOVONAN.**
 Man from Manchester. | Tales of Terror.
 Records of Vincent Trill | Chronicles of Michael
 The Mystical. | Danevitch, Detective.
 Jamaica Terrace. | Tyler Tatlock, Private
 Deacon Brodie.

By **RICHARD DOWLING.**
 Old Corcoran's Money.

By **A. CONAN DOYLE.**
 The Firm of Girdlestone.

By **S. JEANNETTE DUNCAN.**
 A Daughter of To-day. | Vernon's Aunt.

By **ANNIE EDWARDES.**
 Archie Lovell. | A Plaster Saint.

By **G. S. EDWARDS**.—Snazelleparilla.
 By **G. MANVILLE FENN**

Cursed by a Fortune. | A Fluttered Dovecote.
 The Case of Ailsa Gray. | King of the Castle
 Commodore Junk. | Master of Ceremonies.
 The New Mistress. | The Man with a Shado
 Witness to the Deed. | One Maid's Mischief.
 The Tiger Lily. | Story of Antony Grace.
 The White Virgin. | This Man's Wife.
 Black Blood. | In Jeopardy.
 Double Cunning. | A Woman Worth Win-

By **PERCY FITZGERALD**.—Fatal Zero
 By **R. E. FRANCILLON.**
 One by One. | Ropes of Sand.
 A Dog and his Shadow. | Jack Doyle's Daughter.
 A Real Queen.

By **HAROLD FREDERIC.**
 Seth's Brother's Wife. | The Lawton Girl.

By **GILBERT GAUL.**
 A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder.

By **PAUL GAULOT**.—The Red Shirts.
 By **CHARLES GIBBON.**

Robin Gray. | The Golden Shaft.
 Loving a Dream. | The Braes of Yarrow.
 Of High Degree

By **E. GLANVILLE.**
 The Lost Heiress. | The Golden Rock.
 Fair Colonist | Fossicker | Tales from the Veil.

By **E. J. GOODMAN.**
 The Fate of Herbert Wayne.

By **REV. S. BARING GOULD.**
 Red Spider. | Eve.

By **ALFRED A. GRACE.**
 Tales of a Dying Race.

By **CECIL GRIFFITH**.—Corinthia Marazion.
 By **A. CLAVERING GUNTER.**

A Florida Enchantment.

By **OWEN HALL.**
 The Track of a Storm. | Jetam.

By **COSMO HAMILTON**
 Glamour of Impossible. | Through a Keyhole.

By **THOMAS HARDY.**
 Under the Greenwood Tree.

By **BRET HARTE.**
 A Wolf of the Plains. | A Protégé of Jack
 A Ward of the Golden | Hamilton's
 Gate. | Springs. | Clarence.

A Sappho of Green | Barkers Luck.
 Col. Starbottle's Client. | Devil's Ford.
 Susy. | Sally Dows. | The Crusade of the 'Ex-
 Bell-Ringer of Angel's. | Three Partners.
 Tales of Trail and Town | Gabriel Conroy.

By **JULIAN HAWTHORNE.**
 Garth. | Dust.
 Ellice Quentin. | Beatrice Randolph.
 Sebastian Strome. | David Poindexter's Dis-
 Fortune's Fool. | appearance.
 Spectre of Camera.

By **Sir A. HELPS**.—Ivan de Biron.

By **I. HENDERSON**.—Agatha Page.

By **G. A. HENTY.**
 Dorothy's Double. | The Queen's Cup.

By **HEADON HILL**.—Zambra the Detective.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—continued.
By JOHN HILL.—The Common Ancestor.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.
 Twist Love and Duty. | Nugents of Carriconna.
 The Incomplete Adventurer. | Nell Hadden.
VICTOR HUGO.—The Outlaw of Iceland.
FERGUS HUME.—Lady from Nowhere.

By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.
 Marvel. | A Point of Conscience.
 A Modern Circe. | A Maiden all Forlorn.
 Lady Patty. | The Coming of Chloe.
 A Mental Struggle. | Nora Greina.
 Lady Verner's Flight. | An Anxious Moment.
 The Red-House Mystery. | April's Lady.
 The Three Graces. | Peter's Wife.
 Professor's Experiment. | Lovina.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.
 The Leaden Casket. | Self-Condemed.
 That Other Person. | Mrs. Juliet.

By R. ASHE KING.—A Drawn Game.

By GEORGE LAMBERT.

The President of Beravia.

By EDMOND LEPELLETIER.

Madame Sans-Gêne.

By ADAM LILBURN.—A Tragedy in Marble

By HARRY LINDSAY.

Rhoda Roberts. | The Jacobite.

By HENRY W. LUCY.—Gideon Fleyce.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball. | The Atonement of Leam
 Under which Lord? | Dundas.
 'My Love!' | Ione. | The One Too Many.
 Paston Carew. | Dulcie Everton.
 Sowing the Wind. | Rebel of the Family.
 With a Silken Thread. | An Octave of Friends.
 The World Well Lost.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
 Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
 Dear Lady Dindain. | The Omet of a Season.
 Camelia. | The Dictator.
 Waterdale Neighbours. | Red Diamonds.
 My Kneey's Daughter. | The Middle King.
 Miss Misanthrope. | The Three Disgraces.

By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.

A London Legend. | The Royal Christopher

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

Heather and Snow. | Phantasies.

W. H. MALLOCK.—The New Republic.

P. & V. MARGUERITTE.—The Disaster.

By L. T. MEADE.

A Soldier of Fortune. | On Brink of a Chasm.
 In an Iron Grip. | The Siren.
 Dr. Rumsey's Patient. | The Way of a Woman.
 The Voice of the Charmer. | A Son of Ishmael.
 An Adventuress. | The Blue Diamond.

By LEONARD MERRICK.

This Stage of Fools. | Cynthia.

By BERTRAM MITFORD.

The Gun-Runner. | The King's Assegai.

Luck of Gerard Ridgely. | Rensh Fanning's Quest.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

Hathercourt Rectory.

By J. E. MUDDOCK.

Maid Marian and Robin Hood. | Golden Idol.

Basile the Jester. | Young Lochinvar.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A Life's Atonement. | The Way of the World.
 Joseph's Coat. | Bob Martin's Little Girl
 Coals of Fire. | Time's Revenges.
 Old Blazer's Hero. | A Wasted Crime.
 Val Strange. | In Direct Peril.
 A Model Father. | Mount Despair.
 By the Gate of the Sea. | A Capful of Nails.
 A Bit of Human Nature. | Tales in Prose & Verse
 First Person Singular. | A Race for Millions.
 Cynic Fortune. | This Little World.
 His Own Ghost.

By MURRAY and HERMAN.
 The Bishop's Bible. | Paul Jones's Alias.
 One Traveller Returns.

By HUME NISBET.—'Ball Up!'

By W. E. NORRIS.

Saint Ann's. | Billy Sallow.

Miss Wentworth's Idea.

By G. OHNET.

A Weird Gift. | Love's Depths.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.—The Savarona.

By OUIDA.

Held in Bondage. | In a Winter City.
 Strathmore. | Chandon. | Friendship.
 Under Two Flags. | Moths. | Enfilade.
 Idalia. | Gage. | Pignatello. | Ariadne.
 Cecil Castlemaine's. | A Village Commune.
 Tricostia. | Pack. | Rimb. | Wanda.
 Felle Farina. | Francesco. | Othmar.
 A Dog of Flanders. | In Maremma.
 Pascarel. | Signa. | Syrlia. | Guildercy.
 Princess Naprazine. | Santa Barbara.
 Two Wooden Shoes. | Two Offenders.
 The Waters of Edora.

By MARGARET A. PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.

Lost Sir Massingberd. | The Talk of the Town.
 The Family Scapegrace. | Holiday Tasks.
 A Country Family. | For Cash Only.
 Less Black than We're | The Buried Million.
 Painted. | The Word and the Will.
 A Confidential Agent. | Sunny Stories.
 A Grape from a Thorn. | A Triving Patient.
 In Peril and Privation. | A Modern Dick Whit-
 Mystery of Mirbridge. | tington.
 High Spirits. | By Proxy.

By WILL PAYNE.—Jerry the Dreamer.

By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

Outlaw and Lawmaker. | Mrs. Tregaskiss.
 Christina Chard. | Nulma. | Madame Izan.
 'As a Watch in the Night.'

By E. C. PRICE.—Valentina.

By RICHARD PRYCE.

Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

Weird Stories. | A Rich Man's Daughter.

By AMELIE RIVES.

Barbara Doring. | Mariel.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

The Hands of Justice. | Woman in the Dark.

By ALBERT ROSS.—A Sugar Princess.

By HERBERT RUSSELL.—True Blue.

By CHARLES READE.

Feg Wollington. | Griffith Gaunt.
 Christie Johnstone. | Love Little, Love Long.
 Hard Cash. | The Double Marriage.
 Cloister & the Hearth. | Foul Play.
 Never Too Late to Mend. | Put Yourself in His Place
 The Course of True. | A Terrible Temptation.
 Love; and Single. | A Simpleton.
 Heart & Doubleface. | A Woman-Hater.
 Autobiography of a. | The Jilt. & other Stories.
 Thief; Jack of all. | & Good Stories of Man.
 Trades; A Hero and. | A Perilous Secret.
 a Martyr; and The. | Readiana; and Bible
 Wandering Heir. | Characters.

J. RUNCIMAN.—Shippers and Shellbacks.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Round the Galley-Fire. | My Shipmate Louise.
 In the Middle Watch. | Alone on Wide Wide Sea.
 On the Fo'k's Head. | The Phantom Death.
 A Voyage to the Cape. | Is He the Man?
 Book for the Hammock. | Good Ship 'Mehock.
 Mystery of 'Ocean Star' | The Convict Ship.
 Jenny Harlows. | Hart of Oak.
 An Ocean Tragedy. | The Tale of the Tem.
 A Tale of Two Tunnels. | The Last Entry.
 The Death Ship.

By DORA RUSSELL.—Drift of Fate.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—continued.
BAYLE ST. JOHN.—A Levantine Family.

By **ADELINE SERGEANT.**
 Dr. Endicott's Experiment.
 Under False Pretences.

By **GEORGE R. SIMS.**
 Dagonat Abroad. In London's Heart.
 Once Upon a Christmas Time. Mary Jane's Memoirs.
 Without the Lighthouse. Mary Jane Married.
 Rogues and Vagabonds. A Blind Marriage.

By **HAWLEY SMART.**
 Without Love or Licence. The Outsider.
 The Master of Bathkelly. Beatrice & Benedick.
 Long Odds. A Racing Rubber.

By **J. MOYR SMITH.**
 The Prince of Argolis.

By **T. W. SPEIGHT.**
 A Secret of the Sea. A Million of the Moon.
 The Grey Monk. Secret Wyvern Towers.
 The Master of Trencance. The Doom of Siva.
 The Web of Fate. As it was Written.
 The Strange Experiences of Mr. Verschoyle.

By **ALAN ST. AUBYN.**
 A Fellow of Trinity. The Tramelet Diamonds.
 The Junior Dean. The Wooing of May.
 Master of St. Benedict's. A Tragic Honeymoon.
 To his Own Master. A Proctor's Wooing.
 Gallantry Bower. Fortune's Gate.
 In Face of the World. Bonnie Maggie Lauder.
 Orchard Damersel. Mary Urwin.
 Mrs. Dunbar's Secret.

By **JOHN STAFFORD.**—Doris and I.

By **R. STEPHENS.**—The Cruciform Mark.

By **R. NEILSON STEPHENS.**
 Philip Winwood.

R. A. STERNDALE.—The Afghan Knife.

R. L. STEVENSON.—The Suicide Club.

By **FRANK STOCKTON.**
 The Young Master of Hyson Hall.

By **SUNDOWNER.** Told by the Taffrail.

By **ANNIE THOMAS.**—The Siren's Web.

BERTHA THOMAS.—The Violin-Player

By **FRANCES E. TROLLOPE**
 Like Ships upon Sea. Mabel's Progress.
 Anne Furness.

By **ANTHONY TROLLOPE.**
 The Way we Live Now. Scarborough's Family.
 Frau Frohmann. The Land-Leaguers.
 Marion Fay.

By **IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.**
 Stories from Foreign Novelists.

By **MARK TWAIN.**

Choice Works.	Pudd'nhead Wilson.
Library of Humour.	The Glided Age.
The Innocents Abroad.	Prince and the Pauper.
Laughing It; and The	Life on the Mississippi.
Innocents at Home.	The Adventures of
A Tramp Abroad.	Huckleberry Finn.
The American Claimant.	A Yankee at the Court
Adventures Tom Sawyer	of King Arthur.
Tom Sawyer Abroad.	Stolen White Elephant
Tom Sawyer, Detective	£1,000,000 Bank-note.

C. C. F.-TYTLER.—Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.	
What She Came Through	Mrs. Carmichael's God-
Buried Diamonds.	desses.
The Blackhall Ghosts.	Rachel Langton.
The Macdonald Lass.	A Honeymoon's Kelpies.
Witch-Wife. Sapphira	A Young Dragon.

By **ALLEN UPWARD.**
 The Queen against Owen.

By **ALBERT D. VANDAM.**

A Court Tragedy.

By **E. A. VIZETELLY.**—The Scorpion.

By **F. WARDEN.**—Joan, the Curate.

By **CY WARMAN.**—Express Messenger.

By **A. WERNER.**
 Chapenza's White Man.

By WILLIAM WESTALL.	
For Honour and Life.	The Old Factory.
A Woman Tempted Him	Red Ryrington.
Her Two Millions.	Ralph Norbreck's Trust
Two Pinches of Snuff	Trust-money
Nigel Fortescue.	Sons of Bellial.
Birch Dene.	Boy of Koy's Court.
The Phantom City.	With the Red Eagle.
A Queer Race.	Strange Crimes (True
Ben Clough.	Stories).

By **ATHA WESTBURY.**
 The Shadow of Hilton Fernbrook.

By **C. J. WILLS.**—An Easy-going Fellow.

By **JOHN STRANGE WINTER.**
 Cavalry Life; and Regimental Legends.
 A Soldier's Children.

By **E. ZOLA.**

The Joy of Life.	His Masterpiece.
The Fortune of the Rougons.	
Abbe Mouret's Transgression.	
The Conquest of Plassana.	Germinal.
The Honour of the Army	
The Downfall.	His Excellency.
The Dream.	Money.
Dr. Pascal.	Lourdes.
The Fat and the Thin.	Rome. Paris.
	Fruitfulness. Work

By 'ZZ.'—A Nineteenth Century Miracle.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

By **ARTEMUS WARD.**
 Artemus Ward Complete.

By **Mrs. ALEXANDER.**
 Maid, Wife, or Widow? A Life Interest.
 Blind Fate. Mona's Choice.
 Valerie's Fate. By Woman's Wit.

By **GRANT ALLEN.**
 Philistia. | Babylon.
 Strange Stories. Dumas's Daughter.
 For Maimie's Sake. Dumas's of Fowlsland.
 In all Shades. Blood Royal. (piece.)
 The Beckoning Hand. Ivan Grest's Master.
 The Devil's Die. The Scallywag.
 The Tents of Shem. This Mortal Coil.
 The Great Taboo. At Market Value.
 Under Sealed Orders.

By **E. LESTER ARNOLD.**
 From the Pharmician.

By **FRANK BARRETT.**

Fettered for Life.	Found Guilty.
Little Lady Linton.	A Recalling Vengeance.
Between Life & Death.	For Love and Honour.
Sin of Olga Zanzoulich.	John Ford, &c.
Folly Morrison.	Woman of Iron Brace's
Lieut. Barnabas.	The Hardine Scandal.
Honest Davis.	A Missing Witness.
A Frodgal's Progress.	

By **Sir W. BESANT and J. RICE.**

Ready Money Mortiboy	By Colla's Arbour.
My Little Girl.	Chaplain of the Fleet.
With Harp and Crown.	The Seamy Side.
This Son of Vulcan.	The Case of Mr. Luorait.
The Golden Butterfly.	In Trafalgar's Bay.
The Monks of Thelama.	The Ten Years' Tenant.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—continued.

By Sir WALTER BESANT.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.	The Bell of St. Paul's.
The Captains' Room.	The Holy Rood.
All in a Garden Fair.	Armour of Lyonsese.
Dorothy Forster.	S. Katherine's by Tower
Uncle Jack.	Verbona Camellia Ste-
The World Went Very Well Then.	phanotis.
Children of Gibbon.	The Ivory Gate.
Herr Paulus.	The Robt. Queen.
For Faith and Freedom.	Beyond the Dreams of
To Call Her Mine.	Avareia.
The Master Craftsmen.	The Revolt of Man.
	In Deacon's Orders.
	The City of Refuge.

By AMBROSE BIERCE.
In the midst of Life.

By FREDERICK BOYLE.

Camp Notes.	Chronicles of Ho-man's
Savage Life.	Land.

By BRET HARTE.

California Stories.	Pip.	Maraja.
Gabriel Conroy.	A Phyllis of the Sierras.	
Luck of Roaring Camp.	A Walk of the Plains.	
An Heiress of Red Dog.	Ward of Golden Gate.	

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Shadow of the Sword.	The Martyrdom of Ma-
A Child of Nature.	delaine.
God and the Man.	The New Abeland.
Love Me for Ever.	The Heir of Linne.
Foxglove Manor.	Woman and the Man.
The Master of the Mine.	Rachel Dene.
Annan Water.	Lady Kilpatrick.

By BUCHANAN and MURRAY.
The Chastrian.

By HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime. | The Doomster.
A Son of Hagar.

By Commander CAMERON.
The Cruise of the 'Black Prince.'

By HAYDEN CARRUTH.
The Adventures of Jones.

By AUSTIN CLARE.
For the Love of a Last.

By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.
Paul Ferroll.

Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.
The Curse of Souls. | The Red Sultan.

By C. ALLSTON COLLINS.
The Bar Sinister.

By MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.

Sweet Anne Page.	Sweet and Twenty.
Transmigration.	The Village Comedy.
From Midnight to Mid-	You Play me False.
night.	Blacksmith and Scholar
A Fight with Fortune.	Frances.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Armadae. After Dark.	My Miscellanies.
No Name.	The Woman in White.
Antonina.	The Moonstone.
Basil.	Man and Wife.
Hide and Seek.	Poor Miss Finch.
The Dead Secret.	The Fallen Leaves.
Queen of Hearts.	Jessabel's Daughter.
Miss or Mrs.?	The Black Robe.
The New Magdalen.	Heart and Science.
The Frozen Deep.	'I Say No!'
The Law and the Lady	The Evil Genius.
The Two Westmines.	Little Novels.
The Haunted Hotel.	Legacy of Cain.
A Rogue's Life.	Blind Love.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.
Every Inch a Soldier.

By C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.
The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

By MATT CRIM.
he Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By H. N. CRELLIN.—Tales of the Caliph.

By B. M. CROKER.

Pretty Miss Neville.	Village Tales and Jungle
Dianna Harrington.	Tragedies.
'To Let.'	Two Masters.
A Bird of Passage.	Mr. Jervis.
Proper Pride.	The Real Lady Hilda.
A Family Likeness.	Married or Single?
A Third Person.	Interference.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.
The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By DICK DONOVAN.

The Man-Hunter.	In the Grip of the Law.
Tracked and Taken.	From Information Re-
Caught at Last!	ceived.
Wanted!	Tracked to Doom.
Who Poisoned Hetty	Link by Link
Duncan?	Suspicion Aroused.
Man from Manchester.	Riddles Read.
A Detective's Triumphs	
The Mystery of Jamaica Terrace.	
The Chronicles of Michael Danevitch.	

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.
A Point of Honour. | Archie Lovell.

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Roxy.
By G. MANVILLE FENN.
The New Mistress. | The Tiger Lily.
Witness to the Deed. | The White Virgin.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.
Bella Donna. | Second Mrs. Tillicson.
Never Forgotten. | Seventy Ave Brooke
Polly. | Street.
Fatal Zero. | The Lady of Brantome

By P. FITZGERALD and others.
Strange Secrets.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

Olympic.	King or Knave?
One by One.	Romance of the Law.
A Real Queen.	Ropes of Sand.
Queen Ophelus.	A Dog and his Shadow

By HAROLD FREDERIC.
Seth's Brother's Wife. | The Lawton Girl.
Prefaced by Sir BARTLE FRERE.
Pandurang Hari.

By GILBERT GAUL.
A Strange Manuscript.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray.	In Honour Bound.
Fancy Free.	Flower of the Forest.
For Lack of Gold.	The Braes of Yarrow.
What will World Say?	The Golden Shaft.
In Love and War.	Of High Degree.
For the King.	By Head and Stream.
In Pasture Green.	Loving a Dream.
Queen of the Meadow.	Had Knot.
A Heart's Problem.	Heart's Delight.
The Dead Heart.	Blood-Money.

By WILLIAM GILBERT.
James Duke.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE.
The Lost Heiress. | The Posticker.

By Rev. S. BARING GOULD
Red Spider. | Eve.

By ANDREW HALLIDAY.
Every-day Papers.

By THOMAS HARDY.
Under the Greenwood Tree.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth.	Beatrice Randolph.
Ellice Quentin.	Love—or a Name.
Fortune's Fool.	David Peindexter's Dis-
Miss Cadogan.	appearance.
Sebastian Strome.	The Spectre of the
Dust.	Camera.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—continued.

By **SIR ARTHUR HELPS.**
Ivan de Siron.

By **G. A. HENTY.**
Rajah the Juggler.

By **HEADON HILL.**
Zambra the Detective.

By **JOHN HILL.**
Treason Felony.

By **MRS. CASHEL HOEY.**
The Lover's Creed.

By **MRS. GEORGE HOOPER.**
The House of Baby.

By **MRS. HUNGERFORD.**
A Maiden all Peril.
In Durango Vile.
Marvel.
A Mental Struggle.
A Modern Circle.
April's Lady.
Peter's Wife.
Lady Verner's Flight.
The Red-House Mystery.
The Three Graces.
Unsatisfactory Lover.
Lady Patty.
Mora Grains.
Professor's Experiment.

By **MRS. ALFRED HUNT.**
That Other Person.
Self-Condemed.
The Leaden Casket.

By **MARK KERSHAW.**
Colonial Facts and Fictions.

By **R. ASHE KING.**
A Drawn Game.
The Wearing of the Green.
Famion's Slave.
Bell Barry.

By **EDMOND LEPELLETIER.**
Madame Sans-Gene.

By **JOHN LEYS.**
The Lindsays.

By **E. LYNN LINTON.**
Patricia Kamball.
The World Well Lost.
Under which Lord?
Paston Carew.
'My Love!'
Iona.
With a Silken Thread.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
Rebel of the Family.
Sowing the Wind.
The One Too Many.
Dulcie Everton.

By **HENRY W. LUCY.**
Gideon Fleyce.

By **JUSTIN MCCARTHY.**
Dear Lady Disdain.
Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
A Fair Saxon.
Linsley Rochford.
Miss Misanthrope.
Camelia.
Donna Quixote.
Maid of Athens.
The Comet of a Season.
The Dictator.
Red Diamonds.
The Riddle Ring.

By **HUGH MACCOLL.**
Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet.

By **GEORGE MACDONALD.**
Weather and Snow.

By **AGNES MACDONELL.**
Quaker Cousins.

By **H. H. MALLOCK.**
The New Republic.

By **BRANDER MATTHEWS.**
A Secret of the Sea.

By **L. T. MEADE.**
A Soldier of Fortune.

By **LEONARD MERRICK.**
The Man who was Good.

By **MRS. MOLESWORTH.**
Hathercourt Rectory.

By **J. E. MUDDOCK.**
Stories Weird and Wonderful.
The Dead Man's Secret.
From the Bosom of the Deep.

By **D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.**

A Model Father.
Joseph's Coat.
Coals of Fire.
Val Strange, Heart.
Old Blazer's Hero.
The Way of the World.
Cynic Fortune.
A Life's Atonement.
By the Gate of the Sea.

A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.
Bob Martin's Little Girl.
Time's Revenge.
A Wasted Crime.
In Direct Peril.
Mount Deepair.
A Capful o' Nails.

By **MURRAY and HERMAN.**
One Traveller Returns.
Paul Jones's Alias.
The Bishop's Bible.

By **HUME NISBET.**
'Ball Up!'
Dr. Bernard St. Vincent.

By **W. E. NORRIS.**
Saint Anna's.
Billy Bellow.

By **GEORGES OHNET.**
Dr. Ramon.
A Last Love.
A Weird Gift.

By **MRS. OLIPHANT.**
Whiteladies.
The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

By **OIDA.**
Held in Bondage.
Strathmore.
Chandos.
Idalia.
Under Two Flags.
Cecil Castlemaine's Cage.
Tricotrin.
Puck.
Folle Farine.
A Dog of Flanders.
Pascarel.
Signa.
Princess Napraxina.
In a Winter City.
Ariadne.
Friendship.
Two Lit. Wooden Shoes.
Moths.
Bimbi.
Pipistrello.
A Village Commune.
Wanda.
Othmar.
Frescoes.
In Maremma.
Gulderoy.
Ruffino.
Syrin.
Santa Barbara.
Two Offenders.
Ouida's Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos.

By **MARGARET AGNES PAUL.**
Gentle and Simple.

By **MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.**
The Romance of a Station.
The Soul of Countess Adrian.
Outlaw and Lawmaker.
Christina Chard.
Mrs. Tregaakin.

By **RICHARD PRYCE.**
Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By **JAMES PAYN.**
Bentinck's Tutor.
Murphy's Master.
A County Family.
At Her Mercy.
Cecil's Tryst.
The Cliffhards of Clyffe.
The Foster Brothers.
Found Dead.
The Best of Husbands.
Walter's Word.
Halves.
Fallen Fortunes.
Humorous Stories.
£200 Reward.
A Marine Residence.
Mirk Abbey.
By Proxy.
Under One Roof.
High Spirits.
Carlyon's Year.
From Exile.
For Cash Only.
Kit.
The Canon's Ward.
The Talk of the Town.
Holiday Tasks.
A Perfect Taskmaster.
What He Cost Her.
A Confidential Agent.
Glow-worm Tales.
The Burnt Million.
Sunny Stories.
Lost Sir Massingberd.
A Woman's Vengeance.
The Family Scapegrace.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
Like Father, Like Son.
Married Beneath Him.
Not Wood, but Won.
Less Black than We're Painted.
Some Private Views.
A Grape from a Thorn.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Word and the Will.
A Prince of the Blood.
A Trying Patient.

By **Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.**
Weird Stories.
Fairly Water.
Her Mother's Darling.
The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
The Uninhabited House.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.
The Nun's Curse.
Idle Tales.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—continued.

By CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Christie Johnstone.
The Double Marriage.
Put Yourself in His Place.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
Course of True Love.
The Jilt.
The Autobiography of a Thief.

A Terrible Temptation.
Foul Play.
The Wandering Heir.
Hard Cash.
Singleheart and Double-Deceit.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Peg Woffington.
Griffith Gaunt.
A Perilous Secret.
A Simpleton.
Readiana.
A Woman-Hater.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

The Woman in the Dark

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Round the Galley Fire.
On the Fo' the Head.
In the Middle Watch.
A Voyage to the Cape.
A Book for the Ham-mock.
The Mystery of the 'Ocean Star.'
The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.

An Ocean Tragedy.
My Shipmate Louisa.
Alone on Wide Wide Sea.
Good Ship 'Mohock.'
The Phantom Death.
Is He the Man?
Heart of Oak.
The Convict Ship.
The Tale of the Ten.
The Last Entry.

By DORA RUSSELL.

A Country Sweetheart.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.
Gaslight and Daylight.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

The Ring o' Bella.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Tales of To-day.
Dramas of Life.
Tinklesop's Crime.
My Two Wives.

Zeph.
Memoirs of a Landlady.
Scenes from the Show.
The 10 Commandments.
Daynet Abroad.
Rogues and Vagabonds.

By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

A Match in the Dark.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Without Love or Licence.
Beatrice and Benedict.
The Master of Rathkelly.

The Plunger.
Long Odds.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
The Golden Hoop.
Woodwinked.
By Devious Ways.

Back to Life.
The Leadwater Tragedy.
Burg's Romance.
Quittance in Full.
A Husband from the Sea.

By R. A. STERNDAL.

The Afghan Knife.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A Fellow of Trinity.
The Junior Dean.
Master of St. Benedict's.
To His Own Master.

Orchard Damerel.
In the Face of the World.
The Tremlett Diamonds.

By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

New Arabian Nights.

By ROBERT SURTEES.

Handley Cross.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

Tales for the Marines.

By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

By F. ELEANOR TROLLOPE.

Like Ships upon the Sea.

Anne Furness.
Mabel's Progress.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Fran Frohmann.
Marion Fay.
Kept in the Dark.
The Way We Live Now.
The Land-Leaguers.

The American Senator.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
Golden Lion of Granpere.

By MARK TWAIN.

A Pleasure Trip on the Continent.
The Gilded Age.
Huckleberry Finn.
Mark Twain's Sketches.
Tom Sawyer.
A Tramp Abroad.

Stolen White Elephant.
Life on the Mississippi.
The Prince and the Pauper.
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.
£1,000,000 Bank-Note.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.

Bride's Pass.
Lady Bell.
Buried Diamonds.
St. Munro's City.
Noblesse Oblige.
Disappeared.

The Huguenot Family.
The Blackhall Ghosts.
What She Came Through.
Beauty and the Beast.

By ALLEN UPWARD.

The Queen against Owen. | *Prince of Balkistan.*

By WILLIAM WESTALL.

Trust-Money.

By Mrs. F. H. WILLIAMSON.

A Child Widow.

By J. S. WINTER.

Cavalry Life.

Regimental Legends.

By H. F. WOOD.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard.
The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

By MARGARET WYNMAN.

My Flirtations.

NEW SERIES OF TWO-SHILLING NOVELS.

Picture cloth boards, flat backs.

The Constable of St. Nicholas. By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

St. Katherine's by the Tower. By Sir WALTER BESANT.

Dora Myrt, the Lady Detective. By MCD. BODKIN, K.C.

Vincent Trill, Detective. By DICK DONOVAN.

Dark Deeds. By DICK DONOVAN.

A Crimson Crime. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

The Red Shirts. By PAUL GAULOT.

The Track of a Storm. By OWEN HALL.

In a Hollow of the Hills. By BRET HARTE.

A Apple of Green Springs. By BRET HARTE.

The Lady from Nowhere. By FERGUS HUME.

Plotters of Paris. By EDMUND MITCHELL.

The Temple of Death. By EDMUND MITCHELL.

Towards the Eternal Snows. By EDMUND MITCHELL.

The Luck of Gerard Ridgeley. By BERTRAM MITFORD.

His Own Ghost. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

The Waters of Edera. By OUIDA.

A Modern Dick Whittington. By JAMES PAYN.

The Drift of Fate. By DORA RUSSELL.

In London's Heart. By G. R. SIMS.

The Tale of the Serpent. By SUNDOWNER.

Citoyenne Jacqueline. By SARAH TYTLER.

Joan, the Curate. By FLORENCE WARDEN.

Spot and Spangles. By BYRON WEBBER.

THREE-AND-SIXPENNY BOOKS

BETWEEN OURSELVES: Some of the Little Problems of Life. By MAX O'RELL.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN. By MAX O'RELL.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE. By Rev. E. J. HARDY.

SHILLELAGH AND SHAMROCK. By M. McD. BODKIN, K. C.

RASH CONCLUSIONS. By G. W. APPLETON.

STRANGE SECRETS. By JAMES GRANT and others. Illust.

AS IT WAS WRITTEN. By T. W. SPEIGHT.

TALES OF A DYING RACE. By ALFRED A. GRACE.

A BLIND MARRIAGE. By GEORGE R. SIMS.

MARY JANE'S MEMOIRS. By GEORGE R. SIMS.

CHAPENGA'S WHITE MAN. By A. WERNER.

TOLD BY THE TAFFRAIL. By SUNDOWNER.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE. By JAMES PAYN.

PAUL FERROLL. By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.

WHY PAUL FERROLL KILLED HIS WIFE. By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.

DEACON BRODIE. By DICK DONOVAN.

WORK. By ÉMILE ZOLA. Translated by E. A. VIZETELLY.

HIS MASTERPIECE. By ÉMILE ZOLA.

AINSLIE'S JU-JU. By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

HATHERCOURT RECTORY. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

THEODORE HOOK'S CHOICE HUMOROUS WORKS.

CROWNS AND CORONATIONS. By WM. JONES, F.S.A.

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS

- THE KING'S COUNSEL. By FRANK RICHARDSON.
- ANNALS OF THE HORSE-SHOE CLUB. By FINCH MASON. Illustrated.
- THE TEAR OF KALEE. By HERBERT INMAN and HARTLEY ASPDEN.
- THE SHADOW OF THE ROPE. By E. W. HORNUNG.
- MAZEPPA. By FRED. WHISHAW.
- THE CAT'S-PAW. By B. M. CROKER.
- THE GRAND BABYLON HOTEL. By ARNOLD BENNETT.
- MAN, WOMAN, AND FATE. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY.
- A SLOW AWAKENING. By EDITH GRAY WHEELWRIGHT.
- AN INDUSTRIOUS CHEVALIER. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE.
- A BLOW OVER THE HEART. By ROBERT MACHRAY.
- JUDAH PYECROFT, PURITAN. By HARRY LINDSAY.
- THE OLD BANK. By WILLIAM WESTALL.
- FAN FITZGERALD. By H. A. HINKSON.
- A STUMBLE BY THE WAY. By L. T. MEADE.
- DUMB. By the Hon. Mrs. WALTER R. D. FORBES.
- DESPAIR'S LAST JOURNEY. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.
- THE TRIUMPH OF HILARY BLACHLAND. By BERTRAM MITFORD.
- THE PURPLE CLOUD. By M. P. SHIEL.
- THE LOVER'S PROGRESS. By ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.
- THE LADY OF LYNN. By Sir WALTER BESANT.
- A SOWER OF WHEAT. By HAROLD BINDLOSS.
- THE CANKERWORM. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.
- A FIGHT TO A FINISH. By FLORENCE WARDEN.
- THE HOUSE ON THE SCAR. By BERTHA THOMAS.
- THE WEALTH OF MALLERSTANG. By ALGERNON GISSING.
- THREE MEN OF MAR
- ONLY A NIGGER. By

